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SUMMER HOMES IN THE COUNTRY.—'Many town and city dwellers,' writes a well known public man to the Editor of *THE COUNTRYMAN*, 'have still a difficulty in finding houses in the country at which they can stay comfortably for a week end or for several days or for their whole holiday. The railway companies have done something with their guide-books, but a more useful hit would be a great boon to country lovers. Cannot you do something to encourage the advertising of a class of accommodation which would bring to the country people who delight in the country?'

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SIR DANIEL HALL, K.C.B., F.R.S., F.L.D.,

*Chief Scientific Adviser and Director General of the Agricultural
Department of the Ministry of Agriculture since 1919. He came
to combine his official duties with the continuation of the work of
the late William Bateson. A Sketch by A. VAN AMEROY, R.I.*

The Countryman

A Quarterly Review and Miscellany
of Rural Life and Progress

*Edited and Published by J. W. Robertson Scott
at Idbury, Kingham, Oxford*

Of all things from which gain is obtained, there is nothing better than agriculture—nothing more productive, nothing sweeter, nothing more worthy of a man.—*De Officiis*
The chief barrier is always distrust—a distrust of each other's morality and the illusion that the distrust is on one side only.—*The Foundations of Japan*

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AS ONE COUNTRYMAN TO ANOTHER

‘It is wholly incongruous that an industry, vast, fundamental and complicated, should be made the plaything of Party.’—*Times*

‘The decline in Agriculture ought to be tackled without reference to Party.’—*Mr. Lloyd George*

IT is an odd notion that country dwellers have, that politicians should love them for themselves alone! Politicians know very well that the countryside has only two attitudes towards them. Is not the countryside either worrying them to build a nice comfortable tariff wall round the countryside's market, or being exceedingly superior to them for mere vote-hunters? *The Non-Party Rural Position* THE COUNTRYMAN, because it chooses to be a non-Party periodical, must not fall into a condescending attitude towards the political world. Every man and woman of us is a politician, or ought to be. And every one of us knows very well that, ordinarily,

it is not politicians in general that we disapprove of. It is the politicians who are not of our Party.

WHAT people who do not think of themselves as politicians have always deplored in politicians is that so many of them place themselves in such a position that they must often vote with their Party rather than with what might seem to them, on investigation, to be the facts. But surely very many politicians are country dwellers, and sincerely seek the good of the countryside, according to their lights? Obviously, as long as the system of Party government, in which politicians and the rest of us have a share, is the best government that has been evolved by the civilization for which we all have our responsibility, our duty as citizens is to do what we can to make Party government work as well as it is possible for it to work.

THE advantage THE COUNTRYMAN has in discussing and arriving at judgments on rural problems is not the advantage of being more virtuous than Party politicians. The advantage is that, rightly or wrongly, THE COUNTRYMAN sees Rural Life as a bigger human interest than some politicians, in the stress of their calling, seem able to do. Not being Party-minded, THE COUNTRYMAN sees the welfare of the countryside as a more vital thing than electioneering. Not being a Party periodical, THE COUNTRYMAN recognizes that the men and women who are concerned for the future of Rural Britain, and are working for it unselfishly, according to their gifts and outlook, are not all in one Party camp. Among these men and women

there are varying degrees of information, acumen, experience and unselfishness. But their faces are set towards Jerusalem.

NATURALLY, it goes against the grain for a Conservative, a Liberal or a Socialist, keen on a Party triumph at the next Election, to have the fact forced on his attention that there are people among the political enemy who also have the root of the matter in them. But the fact that **THE COUNTRYMAN** may cause the Party man to blaspheme does not make its position unsound.

Who are the Conservatives or the Liberals or the Labour people, anyway, that they should stand forth as the only champions of the countryside? Rural Conservatives know a great deal about the countryside, and they gave us Parish Councils. But must there not have been something faulty in their talking or doing, or both, that things are as sadly as they are in the countryside? Blaming it all on Manchester will hardly wash. The Liberals, in their turn, may have done things and may be studious and energetic, but, if they have the advantage of being led by a peasant of genius, the proportion of townified minds in their ranks is large, and, for the present, they seem to be, in other people's eyes, the least of all the children of Israel. The Labour people may have been helpful, in the persons of the Webbs and their disciples, in varied research. They may have said what they thought about nationalization and have been constructive about standardization; and, through their rural affiliations, may know very well some of the places where the country shoe pinches; but they are, as yet, largely

townees, and the number of Labour M.P.s who make a mess of it before village audiences is still considerable. All three Parties have to carry on their backs a dead weight of indifference, intolerance, ignorance, and self-interest.

THE pretence that, in rural matters, any one political Party has in its ranks all truth, all right, and all public spirit imposes on no informed and honest countryman. Let us, then, as soon as our infirm human nature will, have done with the pretence. The wary countryman seeks butter on his rural parnsips. He has been done over and over again by Party men. They have driven him into a position in which he is ready to accept his due, in instalments, without caring much about the Party label on these instalments. He has been told so often that the country was going to the devil if it got into the hands of any other Party than the orator's Party, that he is well-nigh rhetoric-proof. That is his message to Parliamentary Candidates. These gentlemen have a way of thinking that their job is to teach or to preach. The job of most of them is to learn.

NEED we add that we are not so dense or selfish as to pretend, as some rural writers and speakers have pretended, that agriculture is the chief British national interest. The maintenance of Peace is more important. Few national interests, again, are more vital than the development and maintenance of a good understanding between the sundered halves of the English-speaking world. It may be argued, no doubt, that a saner handling of rural problems

is one way towards Peace and international good understanding. In years past we have pleaded for a non-Party treatment of Foreign Affairs, the Army and Navy and Agriculture. It is too much to expect of human nature that such good things will be got in a hurry. But one point we are clear about, Countrymen who persistently urge a treatment of agricultural problems that is opposed, they know very well, to the rooted convictions of the majority of our population have their share of responsibility for the maintenance of Party attitudes towards rural affairs. Lament as we may the indifference of townspeople to the problems of the countryside or, it may be, the difficulty they experience in grasping our problems accurately, townspeople are not such a handicap to rural reformers as our own Bourbons who have learnt nothing from ill-considered presentation of the rural case in the past. Let us deal faithfully with urban ignoramuses when necessary, but let us deal as faithfully with the foes of our own household.



A CORRESPONDENT, anesteemed correspondent, as the newspaper phrase is, asks, 'Is there some hidden political motive behind *THE COUNTRYMAN*, because I see an ominous advertisement of the Labour Party agricultural policy?' Let us first repeat what we said in the leading article in our first number: '*THE COUNTRYMAN* is not the hanger-on of a Party. It is absolutely independent. The Editor is also proprietor, and is answerable to no one but himself.'

*The Perils of
Impartiality*

THE COUNTRYMAN is non-Party, is a platform for every honest view.'

NOW, by way of showing that THE COUNTRYMAN is desirous of giving a fair show to everybody who sincerely believes that he or she has something to say for the benefit of the countryside, let us mention a fact which might otherwise have been our own affair. On the eve of the appearance of No. 1, THE COUNTRYMAN office applied in the usual way to advertisers for their announcements. Application was made in the ordinary course to, among other addresses, the headquarters of each of the three political Parties—for an advertisement of publications outlining their agricultural policies.

The Labour Party, by return of post, promised an advertisement.

The Liberals said, very honestly, that if they advertised in THE COUNTRYMAN they must advertise in other papers ; but THE COUNTRYMAN seemed to promise to be so useful in the discussion of rural problems that they would be glad, as they could not advertise, to address and stamp envelopes to all their Parliamentary candidates and supporters to take our specimen copies to them, and they did so.

The Conservatives did not reply.

SIMILARLY, the opportunity was given to a Conservative daily paper and a Liberal daily paper to advertise their rural interests. The only newspaper advertisement we received was from a Liberal paper.

It is not our fault, therefore, that we had Labour

and Liberal advertising and no Conservative.

THE correspondent whom we have quoted suspects us in his character of Conservative. But yet another esteemed correspondent urges that THE COUNTRYMAN 'fails in sympathy with the masses on the land' ! Now, he says, 'with a platform'—his platform, of course—'and every Tory out for your blood, you could accomplish great things' !

Need we say, that in these circumstances, it is balm to us to read in the *Spectator*—and to the same effect in other papers and in several kind correspondents' letters—that 'THE COUNTRYMAN is altogether free from party bias'.



WE should like to give the following extract from a letter from the Hon. Edward Strutt a little more prominence than it would receive among 'Other People's Letters' :

*Fair Usage for
Landowners
and Farmers*

'I am quite sure that there is great sympathy on the part of the better classes in the country districts with the labourer. He is popular with them, and they have his true interests at heart. It is irritating for it to be assumed that they have none by those who are merely onlookers. It is easy to be sentimental and ignore economic facts, but these facts are cruel masters. It is no good ignoring the economic difficulties of the farmer and landowner. Townsmen do not really know yet the true rural problem. Many of them consider the country merely a playground. Do get THE COUNTRYMAN circulated as much as possible in the towns.'

Everyone of us who has written, with natural warmth and some knowledge, on behalf of the

labouring class has felt the great difficulty of saying what needed to be said and at the same time being perfectly fair to farmers and landowners. It is no adequate answer that the agricultural worker has been so often the bottom dog and that the farmer and landowner have had more friends than he has had to state their case. When account is taken of all the selfish and, from one reason or another, inefficient landowners, and of all the farmers who are at no higher level of mentality than men in other callings who have had no better opportunities, there remain, as the glory of our countryside, we all know very well, a large and goodly company of landowners and farmers who are among the most kindly and able, and, what explains a great deal, the most modest people in the world.

NO one who knows where so much of the money and effort come from to forward rural improvement in various guises, no one who is aware what even agricultural trade unionism has owed to men who were not agricultural workers, can be in doubt as to the sacrifices steadily made for the good of their neighbours by a large proportion of what may be called the better-off of the countryside. (Look, for example, what they have done for the Women's Institute Movement.) But it is common experience for every class to suffer from the faults of its less worthy members. More or less socially associated with the landowning class, there is a certain number of idle refugees from life. It is the way of things in this world that our rural society, which is the best rural society in the world, should often be popularly identified with the shortcomings of these lax folk.

As to farmers, that there are rural as urban masters who have remained untouched by modern ideas of responsibility to employees is evidenced not only by the efforts which have been made by public-spirited agriculturists at many a National Farmers' Union branch meeting to bring pressure to bear on them, but by the prosecutions which the Ministry of Agriculture initiates under the Wages Act.

THAT the working class which has suffered so much in the past should, in the day in which its position has been strengthened, take advantage, in some instances, of a turning of the tables is in accord with human experience. That some of the advocates of the agricultural workers' cause have presented, with tongue or pen, a one-sided view cannot be questioned. That the townsman is prone to sentimentalize over the farm-worker and to under-rate the labours of the farmer and the merits of the landowner is also true. The labourer is commonly more accessible and easier 'copy' for the Press and the rural author than the farmer or the landowner, and it is in the nature of things that the stranger or newcomer to the country should hear more of the shortcomings of the agricultural and the landowning classes than of their strong points. These strong points can only be fully appreciated and valued by experts. It is easier, too, to think in terms of men and women than of economics. That the problem of the rural districts of Britain and the world is entirely economic we do not believe. It is, first and foremost, a problem of human nature and of human evolution. But it is so largely economic that people who will not consider the

economic side are not entitled to be heard on country questions at all.

WE had written so far when there happened to call on us one of the most thoughtful of the workers in the agricultural trade union movement. We had a typescript of the foregoing notes handed to him. It will be of some value to those who, in their rural endeavours, are trying to understand other people's views, to read the letter which he has addressed to us :

'I quite agree with the sentiments expressed in your Notes. I know that there are a number of farmers and land-owners to whom these Notes do but justice. But what I find particularly discouraging is the apparent inability of these good-hearted people to appreciate the necessity for radical change in the organization of the production and distribution of agricultural produce in the national interests no less than in the interests of the labourers. They are afraid of change. They know the present system ; they are its masters. Their view still remains essentially feudal. They cannot conceive of an agricultural society except one of a gradation of classes of varying superiority, held together by benevolence and charity ; they cannot think of the industry except one run for private gain that dooms to a low standard of living and uncertainty the mass of the workers.

'If they were really wise they would make social and industrial change a pragmatic and deliberate thing. But they prevent the elimination of strife in social adjustment by a blind resistance to change, which is caused by class interests and has nothing to do with the merit of the suggested changes. They render almost inevitable the reproduction in the countryside of most of the features of the contest of capitalists and workers in industry.

'Here is an illustration of the kind of thing that distresses me. One of the most cultured and genial writers on

agricultural matters says of the "tied cottage": "Nor are agricultural workers the only occupants of houses tied to the discharge of a particular duty. Archbishops of Canterbury, Prime Ministers, Chancellors of the Exchequer, First Lords of the Admiralty, all live in tied houses." I have just been dealing with the cases of two men who are liable to be ejected from their houses because they have happened to displease their "masters", but I did not tell them to console themselves with the reflection that, according to this excellent writer, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Baldwin are in a similar plight.'

It is evidence of the opportunities open to *THE COUNTRYMAN* that it is able to bring into its editorial columns views so conflicting.



THERE has passed away from among us without notice, save apparently for a letter from the local H. W. Nevinson, in the 'Manchester Guardian,' and the kindly tribute that Gilbert's neighbour and befriender pays in our pages, a rural writer more remarkable, in some ways, even than George Bourne, who himself so lately slipped away with small enough recognition of the value of the chapters which he had added to the story of rural England. Gilbert's last book—the 200,000 words quarto, 'Letters to America'—was little reviewed and has had, we fear, a small sale. Yet some of the things that the most thoughtful students of the country feel to be true are recorded in it enduringly. To true believers in the English-speaking world it is a pleasure to know that the inspirer of this rural canvas was a public-spirited American woman who understood that there was

*Bernard
Gilbert*

another English countryside than most of her compatriots see when they visit us. THE COUNTRYMAN has special reason to remember Gilbert, for he gave us liberally of his counsel and his courage, and was set on contributing often, though he well knew, after what his doctor had told him, that the time remaining for his life-work was short. Gilbert will be always lauded for his fertility. His fertility was indeed an amazement, for it was not the abundance of easy thinking and easy writing, but the abundance of unremitting labour. The indomitable Gilbert was not only a master writer, but, like George Sturt, an Englishman of sound core, to be remembered with pride.

THAT some of us do not find ourselves in agreement with all Gilbert wrote, or even with his point of view, matters very little. Gilbert's bequest to his country is not his views, but the record made for us by a countryman of rare energy, honesty, perception and devotion. Gilbert had gone through many phases in his rural life. His ardours had cooled. He was content to be a chronicler. He felt so uncertain of any kind of action that he seemed almost to have ceased to believe in action at all. Such an attitude made the reformer impatient. If there is no means of rural improvement, writing about the country is a mere literary exercise. Gilbert belied his own belief, for his writing is not a mere literary exercise. It might have been better, perhaps, for Gilbert if, when he looked at the countryside, he had felt more keenly that life, to be worth living, must have an issue in action. Gilbert was active enough at his chosen task, but he was a

man who laboured under the disadvantage of having had for some years what he wanted. He sought absolute leisure to write about the country and got it. Great though his achievement was, it is conceivable that he might have done even better, might have been a greater figure in our literature, had he had other calls upon his time than his epic, had he realized more deeply than he seemed to do that life is not only being but relationship. Stephen Reynolds had something to teach Henry Ryecroft. The country cannot be profitably studied or served in isolation. The country cannot be envisaged cut off from the life of the nation. Gilbert set himself, with marvellous determination, to see his bit of the countryside fully, but he did not see it whole. He did not see it whole because for him country and town were still two separate things. He had yet to learn that they are one and indivisible, that the weal of one is the weal of the other, that there can be no national advance which is not an advance of all the nation, that an Agrarian Party is as nonsensical as an Urban Party, that in a word patriotism, even of the smallest community, is not enough. Gilbert planned to issue, when his great study should at last be completed, a final edition. If he had lived ten years longer to do this, he might have seen his slice of England in a new perspective and have reduced, to the advancement of his fame, fifteen volumes to five.



In the next number of 'THE COUNTRYMAN' there will be reproduced for the first time a four-page letter from Thomas Carlyle containing references to 'our farm people'.

*'Countryman' Conversations, by
the Editor. II.—The Hon. Edward
Strutt on What He would like if He
could get It*

IN the Honourable Edward Strutt we see the English farmer at his best—a man who knows his business, no end of a trier, straight, and hard-working, a good master, and a lover of a joke. Mr. Strutt, is, of course, the brother of the Lord Rayleigh who discovered argon. Years ago, when the bad times came in Essex which brought about that Midlands, West Country, and Scots invasion, Lord Rayleigh put the farming of his whole estate into Mr. Strutt's hands; London was dotted with Rayleigh dairies; and there came into existence, to supply them, the largest dairy shorthorn herd in the country. More than once in 'The Times', before the War, I wrote about the well-cared-for headquarters village of Terling, near Witham, and the famous co-partnership suppers at which I seemed to have the honour of being the only stranger.

Mr. Strutt, who is also known as an estate agent (Strutt & Parker), has served on no end of agricultural commissions and committees, and has ever been a wise and disinterested counsellor of Whitehall and Downing Street. Lord Ernle found him a stout helper; he has been seen striding round the Park in resolute admonition of 'I. G.'; he has had his heart to heart talk out with Ramsay MacDonald. He is liked for his downrightness, his acumen and his knowledge, and loved for his loyalty, his warm heart, and his chuckle. Like other

people, he votes at his party's call ; but, in rural discussion, he is as fair as he is knowledgeable.

His familiar talk is a spate of searching good-humoured ejaculation and interrogatory in this style :

'The farm worker—ten times better than anybody in the towns. Farmers—we can't expect everybody to be a superman. Protection—I'm not for it because it can't be got. No use talking of subsidies either—can't get 'em, and we mustn't touch the men's wages, though some of them don't seem to be doing more since they got more. Middlemen—no doubt some of them have a bit above their share—greengrocers seem to do uncommonly well, and butchers—why should not there be butchers' shops for English meat, and other butchers' shops for foreign, and every man who sold foreign at an English shop be punished ? But I'm afraid some of the cost of things is due to people nowadays liking things brought to their doors. People used to fetch things. Now it sometimes costs sixpence to send threepenn'orth. There are tradesmen's motor vans in every village.'

Of the future of the land he said, ' I'm not at all a grass person '.

He regretted that the sugar beet subsidy had not been made to last longer by reducing the amount. The industry would go on all right when the subsidy went down one-half and it could continue at a third, but when it got down to nothing it was impossible to say.

He was keen on wheat growing. ' Grow more potatoes and cabbage and the price comes down. With wheat there can be no glut.'

The trouble with agriculture was that ' there are

not enough people thinking about it, and townsfolk believe farmers to be stupid, lazy people ; and, though there are some hopeless ones, they're on the whole pretty alert, and getting more so.'

When the end of our talk came, Mr. Strutt said, ' Well the only real remedy is better prices or more regular prices '. ' Why not set about getting them ? ' I asked ; ' what do you really want ? ' The answer I got was, ' Fix the price of wheat at 60s. and guarantee the price of cheese '.

III. The Man Who Knows Most of What is Known about Hens

DESPAIRED of in his teens, one of those invalids who have lived to make rural history, Edward Brown, has just crossed the Atlantic for the twelfth time. He has gone to Ottawa, as President of the third World's Poultry Congress, which, for seven days on end, in five separate halls simultaneously, is to talk Hens, Hens, Hens.

Seventy-six he is. He has seen more Hens and talked with more Hen-keepers than any man on earth. All his dozen journeys to America have been pilgrimages to see Hens and their guardians. In pursuit of the higher knowledge of Hens he has been in every European country but Greece, Turkey, Portugal and Finland. For 35 years his yearly average of miles travelled in the cause of the Hen has been 22,857.

There is no accounting for it, unless it be due to the fact that he is a tectotaller and a Baptist and fra' Newcastle.

Talk about rural progress, Mr. Brown remembers

when eggs were 27 a shilling, and, in Wales, were fed to pigs. Forty-two years ago the table poultry and the eggs that were produced in Great Britain and Ireland in a twelve-month were worth £5,000,000; last year our production was worth £40,000,000. Nineteen years ago, when Authority first unbent to include, in its agricultural returns, poultry and their activities, the achievement of the Farm Hen was an average of 72 eggs a year; now it is over a hundred.

How many Hens there are in this country nobody knows. The 15,000,000 (grown-ups) that the Ministry of Agriculture tells us about are only the Hens (with husbands and families) on holdings of an acre and upwards. At the very least there are 5,000,000 more Hens at the bottom of cottagers' gardens and in urban back-yards.

A prophet is not without honour save in his own county. Mr. Brown's native county (of biggish farms, as you have noticed when you have travelled to Scotland) is the worst off in all Britain for Hens. If you want to see Hens on the land go to Lancashire. Even there, nineteen years ago, there was only three-quarters of a Hen per cultivated acre. Now there are two and a half Hens.

It is difficult to realize that as late as 1887 there was no Ministry or Board of Agriculture, and that, until 1885, no poultry classes were admitted to the Royal. It was then that Mr. Brown lifted up his voice in the papers. The Press, he says, has made our modern Hen-dom. The Hen has always been good 'copy.' The sheets of Hen MS. that Mr. Brown has himself written for the papers—it was the readers of North Country weeklies who seemed

first to hear the Hen gospel gladly—would plaster a kingdom.

Nowadays £25,000 or thereabouts of public money is being spent on Hen propaganda.

The War did a lot for the Hen in running up the price of her egg. People have asked if it was worth what it cost. Mr. Brown says, Ask the housewife ; she knows that food must not only be nutritious but palatable. The egg is both palatable and convenient. And it can't be adulterated.

Poultry farming? I have had many a sparring match with Mr. Brown before the War. Is it not all recorded, for posterity to judge us, in my heretical out-of-print pre-War 'Poultry Farming, Some Facts and Some Conclusions'—I picked up my own copy at a stall in Yokohama—the only poultry book which begins with a quotation from Timothy and ends with one from Lewis Carroll? The wisdom of the Patriarch of the Poultry World to-day is, I gathered, that if a man or a woman has 'personality,' and goes for a year to a poultry farm that is paying, and works there, and then for another year or, better, two years, to Harper-Adams for theory, and works there, and then takes a situation on a farm where poultry are being profitably handled, and has £1,000, and then launches out on his or her own account in poultry farming the venture may be successful, if the poultry-keeping goes with cultivation and the area is not less than three or better five or ten acres. Alas, so few would-be poultry farmers—the dear ladies and the half-pay majors that have written to me!—are temperamentally the folk to undergo such a milling.

The truth is that, whatever the rôle of the

poultry specialist may or may not be—and there have been remarkable developments, the glamour of which has been dispelled a bit by the disease which is increasingly an anxiety in intensive poultry culture—the most promising prospect is still that which unfolds before what I used to call the intelligent farmer's intelligent daughter. Except in special districts, like Lancashire, where there is a large consuming population close, and, by now surely, almost a hereditary knack of Hen-keeping, the great increase in production has been on ordinary farms. More and more skilful attention is given there, especially in winter.

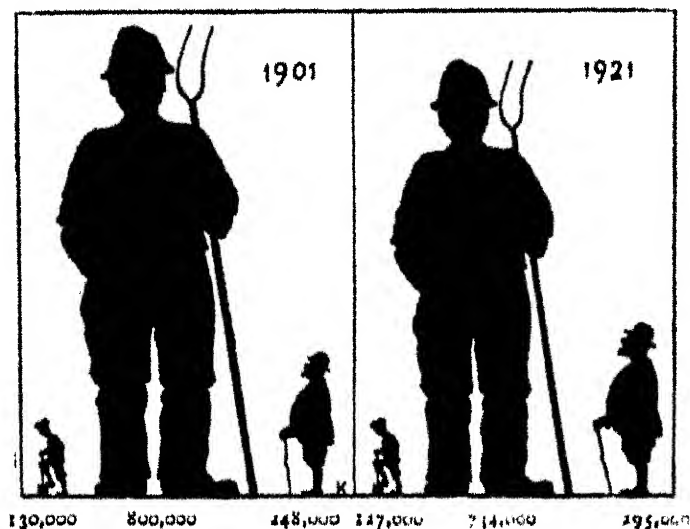
Obviously there is an immense opening for increased production of poultry and eggs. If the figures may be trusted, we consume, in a year, only 120 eggs per head of the population against the 324 disposed of in Canada. We produce only 60 per cent of our consumption of eggs and 75 per cent of our consumption of table poultry. Of course, the notion that we should produce all the eggs to be consumed in this country is madness. Northern Africa, for example, will always be welcome to do its bit in producing eggs at the prices that book-binders and glovers, not to speak of some sorts of confectioners want to pay.

With regard to foreign competition, Mr. Brown tells me that the trade is dead against the marking of foreign eggs, believing rather—and it seems commonsense—that, if we want to mark, we should mark our own product, not the foreign. The fact that the cute Danes mark their product speaks for itself. Mr. Brown has more than once done me the honour to quote with approval an old phrase of

mine about 'the gracious influence of foreign competition.' The British egg is the better article it is to-day thanks not only to Mr. Brown and the Press, that has always had a soft spot in its heart for the Hen ; but to the way in which the foreigner has been allowed to show us what he can do and has led us on to show what we can do.



*VISUALIZED STATISTICS.—1. FARMERS HAVE INCREASED.
FARM WORKERS DECREASED*



The figures, from right to left, represent the number of Farmers, Farm Workers (male workers over 15, excluding farmers' relatives and domestic gardeners) and Market Gardeners in 1921 and 1901. (Prof. Macgregor's corrected figures.) Figure No. 2, on another page, shows that Machine Attendants (who are enumerated separately) have increased. Adding together Machine Attendants and Farm Workers, we have a decrease, in 1921, of 41,000 Farm workers and an increase of 47,000 Farmers.

*Successful Foreign Farmers. 1.
What is Really True about the
Dutch, by T. J. Mansholt, Inspector
of Agriculture, The Hague*

THERE has been so much extravagant and superficial writing about Dutch and Danish agriculture and rural life that many people have heard more than enough of the subject. We have accordingly asked two undoubted authorities in Holland and Denmark to say what are the excellencies of Holland and Denmark which are really worthy of the attention of foreigners. Mr. Mansholt has been for many years a high official in the agricultural department of the Dutch Government. The Danish article, which we shall publish in our next issue, will be by the Prime Minister of Denmark, who is a practical farmer.—EDITOR

IN his interesting book, published seventeen years ago, Mr. Robertson Scott calls us 'Free farmers in a Free State.' This characterisation of our farmers is still absolutely correct.

As to the land, in more than half of the country, from day to day, from year to year, from century to century, our farmers have had, of course, to fight against the water. Nearly 35 per cent of the surface of our country is alluvial. This explains the great fertility.

A great part of the land along the North Sea coast, below the level of the sea, was originally peat moor. In olden times the peat was removed and used for fuel; what remained was constantly flooded and lakes were formed, which, especially in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were

pumped dry by windmills, leaving very fine pastures.

It is clear that, in such circumstances, it was hard work to shut off the high tide of the sea and the floods of the rivers, and also to keep the land free from all the water the rain left behind. This could not be done by individuals, only by co-operation throughout large districts. The State did not organize this co-operative system of fighting the water. The



Something like an Agricultural Problem.— All the land in this map of Holland marked black would be under water if the sea dykes broke; all the dotted if the river dykes broke.

system was at work a thousand years ago by private initiative. This drilling in co-operation has been of great value to us.

The expense of maintaining the advantage which has been gained over the water is high, in several districts from ten shillings to a pound an acre.

In most parts, human effort has succeeded in gaining sufficient control over the water-level to keep it at the desired height the whole year round. This marsh soil being of great natural fertility, not only is a high production per acre obtained, but the crop is regular and reliable. In abnormally dry seasons, as in 1911 and in 1921, when the crops of potatoes, vegetables, hay, etc., in a great part of

western Europe were insufficient, Holland has been a storehouse.

The damp climate, the low level of our country and the natural fertility of our soil account for the great development of the dairy industry. Arable land occupies 27 per cent of the country, permanent pasture 38 per cent. But these figures do not give a correct idea of the importance of our pasture. Most of the best soil is in meadows. There are great districts in the western and northern parts of the country where not a single acre of arable is to be found, only absolutely flat, square meadows of about 5 to 10 acres, never touched by the plough, where you seldom see a horse, but, instead, innumerable quantities of milch cattle and occasionally some sheep and pigs.

During the last fifty years cattle-breeding, cultivation and dairying have been subject to such great technical improvements that, notwithstanding the ever-increasing population and consumption, the export-surplus of dairy products has kept going up. Although since 1900 the population has increased from 5 to 7½ millions, the export of butter has gone up from 22,000 to 45,000 tons ; of cheese from 47,000 to 84,000 tons and of condensed milk from nothing to 148,000 tons. The fact that Holland, with all its handicaps, is the greatest exporter of cheese proves how much the production of food can be increased.

It is remarkable that this high production is possible in a country where most of the farms are comparatively small. Large estates are not to be found. In the meadow districts, the size of the farms is mostly between 40 and 100 acres. The

cattle are out of doors from the middle of April till the end of October.

That agricultural production has been lifted to such a high level is due not only to the practical skill of the farmers but also to the excellent organization of agricultural instruction by the State. It is now possible for every farmer's son to enjoy technical farm training and for the farmers to obtain sound advice about all sorts of things without spending much. Conditions are such that a young farmer who has not attended an agricultural winter school or has not at least been at a winter course is not taken seriously by his fellows. Consequently the younger generation of farmers no longer holds on to the old-fashioned working methods of its forbears but eagerly applies each improvement. For example, no country in the world uses more artificial manure per acre than the Netherlands.

It is noteworthy that in a country where small farmers, not strong in capital, form the backbone of agriculture, the breeds of cattle should have been worked up to such a high standard. In other countries the progress in agriculture, especially in the cattle-breeding line, is mostly the work of a few expert large farmers, specially interested in this branch of farming, who face a large expenditure to attain their aims. In our country such fancy farms are not to be found.

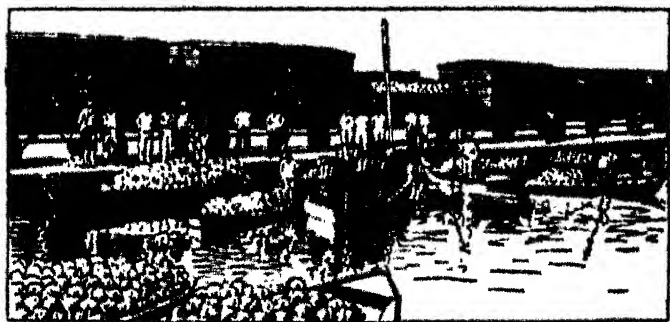
It must be borne in mind that our breeders have always been influenced by economic considerations. A Dutch farmer cannot indulge in the luxury of breeding fancy cattle. Experience taught him that raising milk production to an abnormal height would in the long run give a smaller financial

result if attention were not simultaneously given to constitution.

Neither does our country set great value on artificially screwed-up high milk production of individual animals, especially when the fat-percentage is not taken into account. One shrugs one's shoulders when one reads of the fuss that is made in England about so-called '2,000 (sometimes even 3,000) gallon cows.'

We attach great importance to milk-testing. More than 65 per cent of the milch cows in Friesland are regularly tested. Not only the milk production but the fat-percentage is regularly determined, and in selecting breeding-cattle, greater importance is attached to the latter than to the former. By applying this method the average production of milch cows inscribed in the Friesian herdbook has been raised from 4.357 kilos (kilog, 2½ lbs.) in 1912 to 4.586 kilos in 1924, and the fat percentage from 3.20 to 3.52 per cent, and the production of butter from 150 to 175 kilos within the same period.

We have no duties on agricultural products.



Dutch Cabbages going to Germany against a duty of 12s. a cwt.

The Folk Wagon, by Donald Aulwater

I DON'T know who dubbed it the Folk Wagon, whether some wag or an earnest young student of William Morris. Wagon it certainly is not, but a vehicle resembling a motor police-van, except that it is considerably less comfortable and worse ventilated. But 'folk' is the right epithet. Petrol and twelve miles an hour notwithstanding, it is the true representative of the almost extinct race of carriers' vans, though on its own particular route no such van has ever run.

A voyage in it on the evening of any market-day is not to be recommended to the puritan or the dignified, nor to him who lovingly cherishes illusive ideas of the countryman, whether those ideas are of the simple Arcadian, dull yokel or primitive animal type. Provided there is no stranger present who is too obviously 'foreign,' or respectable in the plus-fours sense, there is a clack of tongues in which the men can hold their own. Nor is it all due to that age-long complaint, market-merriness. We talk because we are friendly. For the first five miles, professional matters occupy us, the day's prices, the weather, technical problems, and reminiscences interrupted by comments on passing vehicles, traps, floats, aged cars, or their occupants, our neighbours and market acquaintances. But when we turn off the high road and have squeaked down the steep pitch into the hills, our talk becomes more domestic—and personal.

Gossip? Yes, certainly. Scandal? Sometimes,

if you like to call it so. But very good-tempered, free, not savouring of unkindness ; prompted, it always seems to me, by the comic spirit rather than by the demon of malice. It is not difficult to see how the myth of the English yokel has arisen. The life and spirit of the agricultural labourer are overshadowed still by Speenhamland, Winchester assizes, the Tolpuddle martyrs and the economic results of the eighteenth century. But here, among small yeomen, is a different spirit and the miracles of folk-song and dance, though they are quite dead, seem at any rate not impossible to have been. I believe the 'merrie England' of sentiment to be no less a myth than is the 'country bumpkin' of prejudice. But the frank and easily roused laughter, the free jesting, often keen of wit, that I hear in the Folk Wagon, open a window upon the life of the folk as it once was in England.

We come upon two pubs in our way, and stop, of course ; to set down passengers with their goods, baskets of groceries, plough-shares, bags of gate-nails, small sacks of malt and hops (we brew our own beer here), cans of oil, saddlery, crocks, and to refresh those who need refreshment. The less thirsty or less moneyed amuse themselves by transferring the contents of one person's coat-pocket to that of another, or by re-arranging themselves so as to bring about piquant and significant associations of individuals when the seats fill up again. Certainly, this is no place for the dignified. With eighteen people occupying the room of twelve, I have known attention loudly called to the fact that Mr. Attwater was sitting very close to Mrs. Jones ; she, being fifteen years my senior, smiled sweetly

while Mr. Jones opined between mephitic smoke-puffs that I should doubtless enjoy a honeymoon when my wife returned home.

There is one man whose presence in the Folk Wagon is a guarantee of unceasing conversation and a devastating frankness. John Morgan is a little old farmer, of less than seventy ; but shortage of teeth, lined cheeks, a corona of white hair and infirmity of movement make him appear more. He is a man of astounding vitality, which dances in his pale blue eyes and, quite unsuccessfully, tries to exhaust itself in talk. He is always accompanied by his daughter Nell, whose exceeding capability is helpless against her father when he is, certainly not drunk, but a little elevated. On one such occasion John announced at large and without circumlocution that if any female present was desirous of maternity, he was still efficient to co-operate. The women took it magnificently. Not an eye-lid quivered nor a throat giggled ; the remark was superbly ignored.

Nell finds her father a trying responsibility, as when he told a quiet and rather shy youth who sat next to her that he would expect a drink if his daughter still remained unknissed at the Blue Lion. Dick was unmoved, and neither our general encouragement nor a certain provocative roguishness in Nell could bring him to scratch. At the Lion, John duly got his pint, but when, very pleased with himself, he scrambled back into the now nearly empty wagon, chuckling and wagging his wicked old head, things had altered. Dick, after a little *vin de lion* perhaps, was now bent on having his money's worth and Nell showed a corresponding unwillingness. So, while the old man sat, crowing

approval and clapping his hands for encouragement, pursuer and pursued dodged and parried and feinted and wriggled away, within the narrow jolting space. For a couple of miles this went on and our journey was nearing the end. Dick's efforts strengthened and the girl's struggles landed her on to my lap. Compassed on every side, she capitulated, submitted to the kiss and, I am bound to say, returned it not without enthusiasm.

I am told that such things do not happen on well-conducted vehicles. I can believe it. There was something Chaucerian about the incident and its actors, and between Chaucer and contemporary standards of respectability—well, *penitus toto divisus orbe*.



A Garden Acquaintance

A LITTLE friendly toad has been living by a low stone wall that bounds my garden on the south. This golden June morning I found him strangled in the brown net that covers the ripening strawberries. I unwound the cord now this way, now that, freeing first the small head, then each plump hand. How he had struggled to free himself, plopping up and down on his haunches in the soft thick straw! To what did he call in his agony? Why do I feel so sorry about his horrid end? Cold-blooded toad! I cannot believe it. So valiant a struggle betokens something intelligently sentient. Just as I might toil in the thicket near Doubting Castle, so had my little bronze friend vainly laboured. Would that I might tell him that the net was not spread for his hurt!

And hard by sits that glossy rogue, the blackbird. He sees the net. He sees me, and, nicely balancing himself on a straitened cord over a thick clump of green leaves, he leisurely pecks the warm scarlet fruit.—E.K.R.S.

Bernard Gilbert, by Christopher Turnor

THE untimely death of Bernard Gilbert removes an interesting personality from the literary world, and one who, above all others, was concentrating his whole attention upon the problem of Rural England. For some years past, Gilbert had been engaged upon the great work of giving a picture of our countryside as he saw it. He believed that it was not only changing but passing away. For hundreds of years, in its main characteristics, it had been the most constant feature of our civilization. Many of its features had changed little since the days of Chaucer and of Piers Plowman.

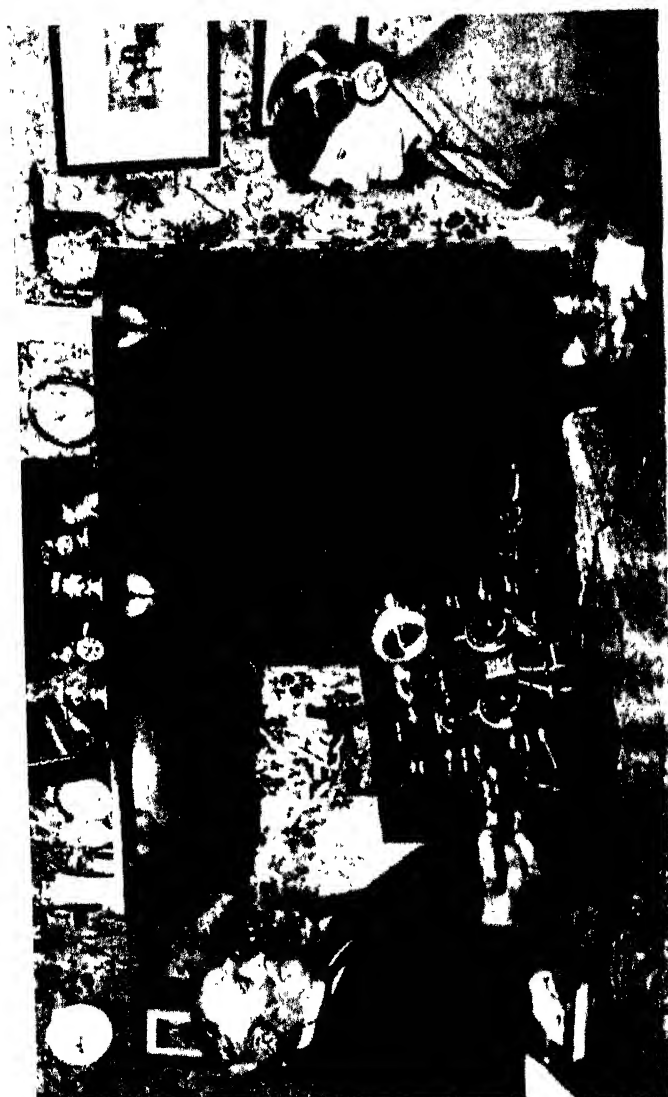
Chaucer himself had set out to give an exhaustive account of Rural England, but only succeeded in achieving about one-quarter of the work to which he had set himself. Langland likewise only covers a portion of his ground. Bernard Gilbert, in his turn, attempted to make an exhaustive survey, dealing with all phases and aspects of the countryside in a series of books under the general title, 'Old England.' He intended to write fifteen volumes. He has passed away having completed only half the series.

Being a Lincolnshire man and a fen man, he chose the Lincolnshire fens as the milieu for his study. Born at Billingham, this small town and the surrounding villages enter largely into his writings.

In one book, 'Old England,' which gives the name to the series, he sets down what everybody in the village of Fletton was thinking at one moment.



*A Dutch Peasant sharpening his Scythe. —A Sketch for 'THE COUNTRYMAN' by
Anton van Anraay R.I*



It is, as he termed it, a 'God's eye' view of the inhabitants and of their thoughts. In contrast, the bulky volume 'Bly Market' gives an account of everything—it certainly feels like everything—that happened every five minutes throughout Christmas market day. It is unusual in its style and hard to read, several different things often happening on one page, in separate columns, which, were it possible, should be read at one and the same moment. It gives one the feeling of a moving picture. In fact he called the chapters 'reels'.

Somehow a wonderful impression is given of a crowded market town; Gilbert makes the reader feel it and the people moving about. I was somewhat surprised to find that several farmers, with whom I discussed the book, thought it was the best description of market day they had ever read. I was surprised because I had expected that the very modern method of writing used in the book would have put them off.

Novels and poetry and letters also play their part in Gilbert's series. I remember Gilbert telling me that over five thousand characters would figure in the fifteen volumes he planned. He had a great horror of sentimentality, and his object was to depict countrymen as he saw them and as he believed them to be. Few of his characters are attractive, and I cannot but feel that if some writers on the countryside have painted everything too rosy, Gilbert erred on the other side.

Fourteen volumes in the series were to be devoted to sketching in the details of all he saw. In the fifteenth and last—though I believe he was more likely to have written a score—he would sum up

and give his own views on the situation and make constructive suggestions.

We shall never know in detail now what these would have been, or to what extent they would in fact have been constructive, but his whole tendency was away from the Socialistic Ideal.

I first came across Bernard Gilbert some 25 years ago, when he bought a farm of mine, and at once started growing potatoes on a type of soil that no one had grown potatoes on before. I believe he realized the purchase price of the land in his first year's profits.

Although of farming stock and brought up on the land, his whole bent was literary, and in his early years I fancy he felt somewhat bitterly his want of recognition. In those days he was decidedly Socialistic. Later on, as he gained recognition in the literary world, his point of view changed.

During the last ten years of his life he had just one great object before him and that was to complete his 'Old England' series. He was ready to sacrifice everything, did sacrifice everything, in his attempt to achieve that object. He refused to my knowledge financially good offers. He knew perfectly that his writings would not appeal to a wide, living public. He knew that his state of health was not good. But he wrote on in penury, preferring poverty and a free hand to concentrate on the work he had set out to do, to financial independence with work that would have entailed giving up the 'Old England' series.

For four summers he lived and wrote in a cottage in the little village of Stoke, hard by my house, and I ever found him interesting and stimulating.

In his later years, he held firmly that feudalism was the system that best suited country life ; not feudalism in its old form but a re-organized and modernized feudalism, in which the landowners would be the real leaders of the agricultural industry.

It was a great task that Gilbert set himself to perform, both from the literary and rural points of view. He deserves great credit for embarking upon it. He achieved barely half his object, but he has left a series of volumes that will be of increasing value to students in ages to come.



Feremiah on the Doorstep, by William Grant Keith

ON opening the door in response to his knock I took him for a tradesman's tout. And outwardly, at least, there was nothing in his rather under-vitaminized, road-stained look to prepare me for his prophetic mission.

His first words partly enlightened me, and I made to close the door, but his penetrative flow stayed my hand.

Then, pointing to a box he had placed upon the window ledge, he proclaimed that in it lay a great mystery and a still greater revelation. Came a momentary thought of Joanna and her long-locked secret—was I to be —? No, for at his next utterance, I caught the shibboleth of a transatlantic cult with the advertisements of which I had been long familiar.

In a trice the box was opened to show a set of books, and, while insisting that he did not expect me to buy, he yet urged the evident necessity upon

me. While I still held the door, he got a foot across the threshold, and the case was on the hall table ere I could stop him.

The *opus magnum* ran to a set of some six or seven stout octavos by the look of it, but, selecting a separate volume from the box, he said that I might well begin my studies with this. Herein was the root of the matter, since not only did the book contain a key to Holy Writ, but also the explanation and solution of all my worldly and spiritual problems past, present and to come. I was aware, or was I not, of the dreadful state of the world to-day? Bad as things were, however, and I might pardonably imagine that conditions could hardly become worse, the present troublous times were as nothing to those here foretold as inevitable in the days near at hand—days that were to be quickly upon us. The Armageddon that was past was child's play to the real Armageddon towards which the nations were even now in headlong career. We were shaping for a world cataclysm and no less. Did I not make my decision at once, ere long I should have to declare on which side I took my stand. And here was safety within my grasp for a modest outlay. A couple of shillings would buy the volume. More, the act of purchase would enrol me a member of a philanthropic organization whose continued interest in my studies and spiritual welfare would willingly extend to postal guidance.

It seemed cheap at the price. However, the two shillings not being forthcoming, he again dived into the box, this time producing for my inspection three most intriguingly titled booklets. Could I refuse these lesser aids at a shilling a time?

Having failed to make my flesh creep to the purchasing point, and, feeling at length that here was a mind not open to present conviction, the colporteur reluctantly replaced his wares. Whereupon while expressing appreciation of his kindly efforts on my behalf, I ushered him out. He would have the last word, nevertheless, and pausing for a moment as he went, in his most harrowing tones he again uttered his warning of woe to come and repeated his urgent assurance of the only means of escape. One day I should buy—or be lost.

I had elicited one interesting piece of information from my caller which was certainly in the nature of a revelation. In reply to a question of mine he said the number of adherents of the cult in this country was estimated to be close on a quarter of a million. If we write them down as merely buyers, perhaps this was not an out-of-the-way figure. And what of the followers of the cult in the land of its origin, and in the rest of the world? For with a forcefully organized stunt such as this most evidently showed itself to be, the total figures would be immense. After a moment's calculation I realized that I had entered into the regions of the blest sellers. Could there be more method than altruism in this madness? And, in a kind of distorted echo of my caller's catchphrase, I was dazzled by the thought of the possible MILLIONS NOW LIVING WHO WILL SURELY BUY!

On telling the tale of my missionary in the hearing of a farmer's wife she confessed to having been a buyer of the volume I had declined. Following a first reading, however, she experienced such a nightmare that she had never ventured to re-open its pages. I now regret my refusal.

If the Vegetarians—! by A Young Farmer

ALTHOUGH some graziers might not say so, it is generally assumed that the breeding and feeding of live stock is by far the most financially productive side of the agricultural industry. Can we rely on its continuing to be so?

It is not a question of whether vegetarianism is nonsense or commonsense, right or wrong. The question which seems to me to be of some importance to face, if we are going to take a longer view of agriculture than extends beyond the life-time of most of the readers of THE COUNTRYMAN, is whether meat-eating is likely to increase or decrease among us. If it is going to increase, we can go on relying on stock as the bulwark of our farming. If, sooner or later, it is going to decrease, surely our sons will have to lay their plans accordingly?

Sir Henry Rew has shown that the official calculations, that, since before the War, the production of beef has decreased by 17 per cent. and that of mutton by 38 per cent., are to be received with considerable qualification. I am no hand at statistics, and, in this instance, the precise figures do not matter. I am willing, with Sir Henry, to indulge the hope that, after all, the supply of English beef may not be diminishing. But, on the face of it, it does look as if meat production might not be the certainty, in the future, most farmers reckon it is.

It is surely an arresting fact that a statement, somewhat similar to that which has been made by the Ministry, should have been made in the United States with regard to the cattle situation in that

country. The Circular of the great National City Bank, speaking of the agricultural situation in the United States, says : ' It is remarkable that the ratio of the cattle population to the human population in this country has been steadily declining since 1900, until it is little more than one-half of what it was in that year.' The official figures are as follows :

1900	0.89
1910	0.67
1920	0.63
1925	0.55
1927	0.49

Whatever the truth may be, here and in the United States, one thing is certain, the area of English land, for use either for stock or any other purpose, has greatly diminished. During the last fifty years the area devoted to agriculture in England has become no fewer than two million acres less.

It hardly needs pointing out that, as the area left for farming—as the towns thrust themselves residually and industrially into the country—is more and more diminished, there is likely to be closer and closer examination of the purposes to which the land which remains is devoted.

It has been estimated by the American Ministry of Agriculture that there are, in the United States, three or four million people who do not eat meat. On this basis the vegetarians consider, that, in this country, the number who abstain for reasons of health, distaste or limited means may be about a million.

Apart altogether from complete abstention from meat-eating, there can be no question that, in a considerable section of the population of this country, the consumption of meat has declined, and is likely,

if anything, to decline still further. It is common knowledge that, for a generation or more, medical men and hygienic writers have stressed the value of other foods than meat, and of its being unnecessary and unhygienic to eat as much meat as our fathers did. Within living memory there has been indeed a remarkable change in public opinion about both meat and drink. Neither meat nor drink is now thought of just as the source of strength it was once esteemed to be. After all, a large proportion of the inhabitants of the globe has always been non-meat eating or practically non-meat eating.

Now if, by reason of new hygienic ideas, the consumption of meat were to continue to fall—and it must be remembered that, during the first quarter of this year, there was an actual decrease in our population (therefore the number of potential customers for the butcher is not increasing)—it needs no great wisdom to realize that a demand will probably grow for the closer cultivation of the land rather than for its use for stock. Every tyro is aware that land produces infinitely more food when cultivated than when grazed. It also employs a larger population. The future of our English land would seem therefore to be to the cultivator.

If this be so, I suggest that the fact should enter more into our calculations than it does. I should like to read the views of more capable persons than I am on the ultimate development of our agriculture. Ordinarily agricultural discussion is concerned, naturally enough, with the question of getting a living to-day and to-morrow. I should like to know, and it is certainly useful to know, how things are likely to be next century.

*John Keble's Village or Then and
Now, by M. W. Major*

EASTLEACH TURVILLE, one of two little communities, each with its Norman church, separated by the limpid waters of 'the lively Lech', is almost unknown to the sight-seer. There John Keble was curate from 1815 to 1825, and it was chiefly during this period that he composed the poems which were published as 'The Christian Year' in 1827.

Since John Keble's time, the condition of the village folk has much changed and altogether for the better. The population has decreased, but many excellent stone cottages have been built. There is no overcrowding. These cottages have good walls and good roofs, and are warm and substantial and pleasant to look at, although they have not yet outside larders or water laid on.

William Cobbett, on his 'Rural Rides' from 1821 to 1832, though he did not ride through Eastleach, rode within four miles of it, and he writes of 'the decay and misery' which he saw. Very often the wages of adult labourers did not exceed a shilling a day: help was given out of the rates to raise the wages to subsistence level. The wretched villagers were constantly driven to crime, followed by brutal punishment. The village conditions in the period when 'The Christian Year' was composed would be perfectly intolerable as they are almost unthinkable to-day.

The terrible poverty of a century ago has gone. Wages are low, but old-age pensions, widows' pensions, sick-pay, out-of-work allowances, the

system of gardening allotments, at least remove the fear of starvation. Our inhabitants are well fed ; they might indeed be much better fed if more women were better taught in cooking. Children are healthier, longer lived, better fed, better clothed, and much better educated than a century ago. A well-lighted, well-ventilated, well-heated church school has been built since Keble's time, with a staff of intelligent and well-trained teachers. The lives of the women in Eastleach are not easy, but a flourishing women's institute, with its instructional and recreationary activities, has done much to brighten them. The wireless in many cottages brings their inhabitants in touch with the better side of the great world. Further, the country clergy, whom Cobbett so fiercely, and in many cases so rightly, condemned as slothful and self-indulgent non-residents, can no longer be charged as such. There are many improvements yet to be made in country places, but the improvements made between 1827 and 1927 constitute a basis for optimism.



*Babylon**

O H! I went down to Babylon, to Babylon, to Babylon
 And all the sky was grey,
 The listening woods were dank and grim,
 A blackbird sang, I questioned him,
 For only he was gay!

Why sing so gay, my bonny bird, my bonny bird, my
 bonny bird,
 Above sad ruins swayed?

* Babylon is a spot in the neighbourhood of the poet's home.

The relics of a place that's dead
Whence laughter, love and life have fled,
Where man a home once made.

Ah! Pause and think what these grey stones, what
these grey stones, what these grey stones
Where now the vetches twine,
Knew of men's hopes and maidens' dreams
Which time has swept to memory's streams,
And tune that song of thine.

'Time changes but for weal,' he sang, 'for weal,'
he sang, 'for weal,' he sang,
'For good moves on each year.
This building was a farmstead poor,
For men and beasts the selfsame door,
And life was hard and drear,

'One corner held the weary horse, the weary horse,
the weary horse,
The horse that used to plough,
And one the bed that man might rest
Another where the food was drest
And one to stall the cow.'

Oh ! I came back from Babylon, from Babylon, from
Babylon,
My mind was in a maze.
Which were the times, the poets sing?
When for the best was everything,
Which were the 'good old days'?

G.B.F.D.

*Why I Live in the City, by the
Editor of the 'Manchester Guardian'*

YOU ask me to say why I prefer to live in town. I don't. I live as far out of town as my occupation will allow me, which is about three miles from its centre, and I thank Heaven every day for a bicycle which enables me to get out a little farther.

No man in his senses would, as a matter of taste, prefer to live in Manchester rather than in the Cotswolds. I can imagine an Athenian preferring to live in Athens rather than in Boetia, but then Manchester is not exactly a modern Athens.

Really, of course, it isn't a matter of taste ; it's a matter of destiny. Those of us whose life is concerned with a town ought not to fly away from it ; the only question is whether we ought not to live right in the heart of it so as to get the full savour of it and to feel the full pulse of its life.

It's a mistake to run twenty miles away into some little pocket of population which is cut off from the great town and yet has none of the real flavour of the country. This is to break up society into fragments and to renounce most of the responsibilities and a good many of the satisfactions of the citizen.

That is what has happened to a disastrous extent in Manchester, where, but for the University and the tie of lectures, we should have but little of a stable, cultivated society life. It has happened to a like extent in Liverpool and Birmingham and, in consequence of that, there seems in those places to be somewhat more of civic pride.

The advent of the motor has added to the centrifugal tendency and it looks as if soon suburbia and beyond will swallow us nearly all. A few, none the less, will remain to hold the fort.—C.P.S.



As It Seems to Some of Us

To be a Seeker is to be the best sect next to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful, humble Seeker be at the end. Happy Seeker, happy Finder!—Cromwell

'The Countryman' Service

NO, we must not yield to the suggestion of a kind, tidy-minded correspondent who would have us spoil the look of our pages by picking out and arranging, in separate sections, all the things dealing with, for example :

County Councils	Rural Community Councils
District Councils	Education
Boards of Guardians	Religious Effort
Agricultural Improvement	Folk Song and Dance
Cottage and other Building	Progress Oversea
The Townsman in the Country	The Preservation of the
Wireless	Natural Beauty of the
Co-operation	Countryside
Women's Institutes	

Like Whistler's—or was it Wilde's?—*objets d'art*, they merely occur. That, is of course, our cunning, so that readers who are of a less serious turn than others, shall not realize how serious we are. Our friendly mentor may be right in thinking that we may get less credit than we deserve for our resolve to devote space in every issue to all these departments of rural endeavour. THE COUNTRYMAN aims at being, as a distinguished public servant writes, 'a pleasant thing to have about and dip into'

—it was specially designed for the pocket—but we have the definite object to be of substantial practical service, issue by issue (*a*) to every worker for rural amelioration and (*b*) to every townsman and townswoman whose eyes and heart are turned towards the country.

Our Demoralizing Pages

PRAY sympathy for a correspondent who says he sent along his subscription before he had time to read THE COUNTRYMAN. Now that he has read it: 'I feel it's a work I don't care to have on my table for the children to see—notably, "As it Was," "The Tenant Criminal," and "Two Husbands"—bad reading and best buried and forgotten. You may keep my subscription, but I prefer to have no additional copies.' Need we say that THE COUNTRYMAN has no intention of offering its readers a pretty-pretty or sentimentalized countryside. The day is past for that kind of nonsense. THE COUNTRYMAN's country is the country the countryman lives in.

The New Crop and 1933

OUR readers will remember the special importance which a countryman of the great authority of Lord Ernle attached, in our last issue, to sugar beet. For importance in our rural history, he compared its coming with the introduction of turnips. In our present number a countryman of equal responsibility, the Hon. Edward Strutt, expresses, in that practical way of his, some anxiety as to what may happen when the subsidy is withdrawn in 1933. Mr. A. P. McDougall, farmer

and agricultural student, to whom we make some reference elsewhere, insists, in his turn, on 'the enormous cost of the subsidy' and argues that, even if this year's production be double that of last year, it will represent only 2 per cent of our agricultural output and 'cannot, in view of the progressive reduction of the subsidy, have any permanent effect' on the agricultural industry. Doubt may well be expressed whether this is a complete view of the situation. Very many farmers have now got the knack of beet-growing and of using 'slices.' It would certainly be scandalous if, after clear demonstration of the suitability of our soils for beet and of the development of skill in growing and harvesting it, the experiment in providing ourselves with a certain proportion of home-grown sugar and a profitable cleaning crop and (through the 'slices') stock-feeding crop, an immense investment by the State and private capitalists (many of them rural) should be thrown away. We want to see sugar-beet growing and the production of sugar from home-grown beets a settled thing in this country, but we should be more hopeful of agriculture benefiting as fully from the industry as it ought to if, as in Holland, some of the factories were co-operative.

We feel sure that our readers will take pleasure in the sight of the miraculously firm writing of our great countryman (on his post-card of greeting to us) at the great age of eighty-seven.

Mr. Hardy speaks of THE COUNTRYMAN'S 'promise', expresses his belief that the Review will be a success and says it 'makes one feel in the country'.

Shall Small Schools be Closed?

WE have great sympathy with the protests which are being made in several districts against the closing of small schools. That is if the protests are based on the many advantages to a village of having a school of its own and on the disadvantage of village children being drawn off needlessly into town-villages (as the small, unlovely places which are at the petrol pump, small cinema and two or three warring brands of religion stage may be classed). But if the protests are really due to a desire to keep in being little lethargic schools which are inefficient and unhygienic and cannot be made efficient and hygienic, we have no sympathy with them at all. Such schools are a costly pretence. In many a village, however, if just the right schoolmistress and assistant can be got to keep its small school going usefully—it is a considerable if, but may be less considerable before long—the wise thing is to retain it, and bicycle or motor off the bigger boys and girls to a larger and more modern seat of learning for a different sort of discipline and the stretching of their minds in new ways. We are not convinced that the possibilities of peripatetic, once-a-week speciality teachers for little country schools has been exhausted. We are clear that under a national system of free education, the desire of farm-worker citizens to have a school within a reasonable distance is legitimate.

A Poor Sort of Economy

WE have no patience with pleas for economy which count narrowly the money cost of a small village school and forget the value of its

moral influence and the opportunities it offers. Many a village, if it were not for its school, would have no non-material influence at work from Sunday to Sunday. What the countryside is suffering from is not too much education, but too little. There are many things to economize on in Great Britain—just what exactly do we get for the £300,000,000 spent on drink?—but education is not one of them. It is possible greatly to improve our educational system, but we do not find it easy to believe that its cost is the thing which most urgently needs looking into.

The Water that Won't Flow Uphill

AS for the complaint of education inducing young people to leave the land, there always have been and there always will be more young people in the villages than the villages can absorb. For the rest, it is not education or a diminished interest in the country which takes young people from the villages, but the lack of openings on the land that are good enough. Labour flows in the direction in which it is appreciated. Make agriculture what it ought to be and it will never lack good labour, for there will always be Britons of grit who will prefer to live in the country. But we who are not farmers, but merely voters and students and lovers of the countryside have to do our fair share in helping to make it what it ought to be.

Unconsidered Wireless

SOME forward thinking about the future of our village schools is already a bit out of date. It reckons on bicycles and even motors, but it does not

take account, any real account, of Wireless. We prophesy that within five years Wireless will present some problems of the village school in a new light. The friends of Church and Chapel will also be more and more compelled to bring it within the scope of their calculations. In our next issue we shall print an article by a scholastic authority, entitled 'Our Sad Rural Schools'.

More Bees and Goats

AFTER all the economic propagandizing for bees, and all that Maeterlinck and others have done to reach us on our non-economic side, it is a surprise to find so responsible a man as the principal of Harper-Adams reporting that, in Worcestershire, of all counties, 'there are very few bees'. Dr. Crowther is quoted in one paper as speaking of 'ruinous neglect'. What is to be said about it? Evidently, that bee-keeping is one of the directions in which it is possible to get a move on in the countryside without waiting for the politicians. It is not only the Prime Minister's county which is agriculturally impoverished. The horticulturist of the State of Maine said to his fellow-citizens last year : 'More bees must be kept in this State, if the apple-growers are to make money'. Dr. Crowther was also sound on the question of goats, although he rather seemed to assume the existence of more gallon-a-day goats than we have ourselves come across.

The Shadow Over the Countryside

A LONG article in the scientific periodical, 'Nature', which carefully sums up on the

question of scientific slaughtering, after passing in review the publications of scientific men, public officials and the trade, must carry conviction to every financially disinterested person. Even 'with careful and experienced men', it takes, on the average, 2.49 blows with a pole-axe to stun a bull. With the captive bolt pistol, which involves no danger to the slaughterman or bystanders, 542 cattle were stunned with 543 shots. We need not quote statistics regarding other animals. In the matter of humane slaughtering, Great Britain is behind Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Sweden and Denmark. Out of 14 million animals slaughtered every year in this country, only a million are killed by modern methods. Out of 2,000 local authorities, only 226 have adopted the stricter of the two Ministry of Health by-laws providing for the slaughter of all animals by the pistol. Right-thinking people who examine the data for themselves or read 'Nature's' summary will agree that the time has come for compulsory regulations throughout the country, not only in the matter of the actual method of killing, but of the licensing of slaughtermen and the control and inspection of slaughter-houses, in the number of which, as compared with public abattoirs, we are behind the more advanced Continental countries. No doubt, as our contemporary says, the public prefers to know as little as possible of the subject. But every person who is engaged in the production of livestock for meat, or himself eats meat, ought to feel his responsibility. As long as, every year, 13 million animals are liable to needless suffering in the slaughter-houses, there is a shadow over the countryside. We cordially support Mr. Noel Bux-

ton's Bill for England and Wales and Colonel Russell Moore's for Scotland.

The Disappearing Parsons

IN the country it is impossible to get away from the subject of the Church, because, for so much that is right and wrong in the country, the Church is in a large measure responsible. In how many parishes is it not the only non-material activity? (It is easy to forget how many parishes there are without a school.) Therefore the fact that, in a twelve-month, in the provinces of Canterbury and York, 550 parsons die or retire and only 350 recruits for the ministry come forward, while the average age of clergy is probably 56, is arresting. 'It is equally difficult either to assign a cause or to suggest a remedy,' says the new Crockford. We should hardly have thought so. It would be more accurate to say that it is difficult to discover which cause or causes, which remedy or remedies are the true ones.

What do the Clergy Think?

OF course the improvement of means of transport makes it possible for many a man to serve a greater area nowadays than one man could have served twenty years ago. But how few rural clergy can afford a car? Some friends of the Church hope much from a 'collegiate' system of grouping the clergy for many parishes around some centre, a system which would reduce the number of men needed. Something is being done meanwhile by the uniting of benefices. It is easier to talk or write of where things seem at fault than to be quite sure of what should be done, much less to get

it done. Human nature and a changing civilization are difficult things to analyse accurately. But, as letters which we must keep until our next issue show, the attempt to envisage rural problems without allowing for the part played and to be played by the Church—as is the way of some ‘economic’ writing—seems rather blind. We are gratified to find a large number of clergymen among the subscribers to *THE COUNTRYMAN*, and we heartily thank them for many kind letters. What do they really think about the problem of the rural Church—and Chapel? If the question is to be discussed helpfully it must be discussed plainly—writers must have the opportunity of saying all they think—but letters, as long as they are authenticated (for our information) need not necessarily be signed.

Give District Councils a Chance !

AS the articles in our last issue and this show, we are all for dignifying County Councils and giving weight to their authority and influence. But if it be true that not one County Council has yet set up a statutory committee of taste for the control of house and cottage planning, this is one more instance in which authority seems to be relying on County Councils exclusively when District Councils are closer to the problem to be solved. It may have been right to try, first, what could be done through County Councils. But, if nothing is being done, the time has come to enlist the interest of the District Councils. It is under the aegis of District Councils that the worst building horrors are committed. They are not committed wilfully, but simply because those members of Councils who are

anxious to prevent atrocities know that their Councils have no powers of control. Undoubtedly the powers given to County and City Councils to set up statutory committees of taste ought to be given also to District Councils. Obviously this should be done at once.

A Deplorable State of Affairs

WE have taken pains to ascertain, beyond doubt, just how District Councils are now situated. 'A Local Authority' (the Ministry of Health is good enough to inform us) 'cannot effectually disapprove the plans of a building which complies with all the byelaws in force and statutory provisions which apply to it, and any such disapproval will not be operative to prohibit the erection of the building. The general law does not authorize the making of byelaws for the preservation of amenities, and it does not enable a Local Authority to reject the plans of a building because they consider it to be unsightly.' What need we of further witness? Happily, there is a way in which builders of atrocities who are relying on the subsidy can be pulled up. A local authority, although unable to prevent the occupation of a building of an outrageous appearance, may yet decline to certify it for subsidy.

A Public-Spirited Council

WE congratulate the Woodstock District Council on its public spirit in sending round to other District Councils its resolution asking that 'power be given to Local Authorities to refer back, or to reject, plans of all buildings presented for their approval which threaten the beauty of the country-

side'. We learn, on enquiry, that 97 Councils have replied that they have supported the resolution.

The Other Crops

WE read with satisfaction, in the report of the debate on Lord Bledisloe's Rooks and Rabbits Bill, the assurance of Lord Salisbury that there was 'no difference among their lordships on the broad principle that no man should be allowed to keep rooks or rabbits on his property which damaged his neighbour's property or the food supply of the country', for it is a convenient formula in which one day something else may be substituted for 'rooks and rabbits'. There is, for example, that vixen that went off with a whole brood of early ducklings, the property of the Editor of THE COUNTRYMAN. Or there are weeds. How many County Councils have exercised their powers to compel cultivators to cut weeds? We have just enquired at the Ministry of Agriculture, which kindly informs us that, in addition to the cases which are satisfactorily dealt with without being reported to the Agricultural Committees, there were on the records in the year ending September, 1926, the following: Number of cases reported to Agricultural Committees, 2,188; Dealt with by arrangement, 2,109; Notices served on occupiers to destroy weeds, 284; Prosecutions Successful, 12; Unsuccessful, 2. The number of counties in England and Wales which returned figures under one or more of the above headings was 46. In sixteen counties it was reported that no cases were dealt with. Most of these were Welsh. Whether the 2,000 cases reported to the Committees ought to have been 4,000 or not, they

do indicate that there is a weed scandal and that something is being done about it.

Unpicked Fruit

THERE were not many blackberries last year. The year before, however, tons went to waste. Why should not more of this excellent fruit be picked? It cannot be right to waste time and encourage false sentiment in trying to keep alive cottage industries which are dying because they are out of date. But if there are useful and pleasant things that can be done in the limited leisure of village women, and with the added advantage of co-operation, why should they not be done, particularly if the doing of them takes women out of doors, and drives away that housey feeling from which village women suffer so much? Why, for example, should not a village be famous for its blackberry jam, and advertise the fact to passing motorists?

Coleg Harlech

THAT is an excellent plan, that of a residential college (in the beautifully-situated Wernfawr Hall, Harlech, overlooking Cardigan Bay and the Carnarvonshire mountains), for adult education 'to enlarge the vision of its students, to develop their latent capacities for leadership and service, and to stimulate their mental and spiritual growth.' Harlech College (Coleg Harlech), as it is called, is 'the outcome of the demand of working men in Wales for opportunities for the systematic and continuous study of subjects constituting a liberal education.'

The Townsman Turning Countryman.—

I. Problems of Rural Life on £800 a Year or Less

In view of the unexpectedly large proportion of townsmen and townswomen whom we find to be reading THE COUNTRYMAN, we are glad to have the opportunity of printing a series of pithy letters in which a countryman and countrywoman with experience and common sense have recently given to an old friend (the Secretary of one of H.M. Legations, who is about to retire from the diplomatic service and wishes to come with his wife to live in the country in England), their wisdom—and the wisdom of certain experts they have made a point of consulting on their friend's behalf—on the actual advantages and disadvantages of rural life to-day for educated people. The letters are singular in that the two writers envisage the whole question of life in the country in its social, mental, financial, farming and gardening aspects, and leave none of the facts unfaced. These practical and thoughtful letters will be of real service to many readers who are thinking of coming to the country.—EDITOR.

BE sure that Mary and I will do every single thing we can. Since we opened your letter this morning we've talked of nothing but one or another of your problems. At first we thought it must be a joint letter. Then we saw that the most useful thing would be for me to write to you and Mary to write Gertrude. And we discovered that the mail didn't go out for a week, anyhow. After all, you cannot be here for twelve months at the earliest.

We're just going to put, somehow, a brake on ourselves and try to methodize—as far as we're able!—by tackling one point of difficulty after another, so that you can be as soon as possible, fairly clear on a few preliminary things. And we'll carefully consider what help we need for you from architects and others on special matters that we're not sure about ourselves.

We're going to do the thing properly—shall we ever forget how good you both were to us when we were out there?

But it won't be trouble. It'll be as much fun for us as if we were planning for ourselves again. All the excitement of an adventure without 50 and 56—we're that now!—budging from our Village.

The points that seem to arise are—perhaps this will be a shock to you!—Shall you come into the country to live at all? We must make *quite* sure about that.

Or would a very small flat (with all the conveniences of the day) and just a foothold in the country, for such ruralizing periods as you liked, be more prudent?

Or shall you be (as a third, fourth and fifth alternative) a Suburban Resident or a Garden Suburbanite, or an Outer Suburbanite—the Tubes have revolutionized things and there are jolly little places, new and old, to be got?

If you come into the country—and don't we want to see you near us!—what shall the house be, an old one or a recently-built one, or an old one made new, or one of your very own? Shall it be a house or a cottage? Shall it be an ancient rectory or a farmhouse?

Shall it have any land but an orchard? You don't really mean to farm? Or do you mean poultry-farming and keeping a cow?

Or shall you determinedly say 'No' to cultivation and livestock, and put your money into a good car, good wireless, good records for your gramophone, a telephone, electric light, sound central heating, an efficient kitchen, plenty of books, not infrequent jaunts—what do you know of Scotland and Ireland, or, for matter of that, many parts of England? Or even bits of the Continent, but you'll say you're cured of being abroad.

How about a Moth? In a very few years, I'm sure, it'll be usual enough, and you took to it during the War, and Dick will look for it.

Plainly you must *do* something after your busy life. If you stayed in town, how about some sort of a business? If you pine for the country, do you want to be a district-councillor, county-councillor, or even M.P.? Do you really

care enough about golf to keep it up? Are you set on decent tennis? Are you going secretly to do a book? Can you satisfy yourself with gardening? You have no itch to breed things? You 'collect' nothing, I imagine, and neither of you, I think, want to hunt.

Do you want a lot of elbow-room in your dwelling? It's fine to have it. Will Gertrude, used to a staff and space, really care for a small house, or do you see the economy of cash and of nervous energy a small place brings?

On house building we can put you on to two, if not three, of the best men, each with widely different ideas for a small, really convenient, good-to-look-upon, inexpensive place. As for the fitting up, not merely the Olympia model home shows, but no end of experiment, and (in various journals) no end of investigation into gadgets of all sorts, not to speak of War-time expedients, have accumulated a rare stock of information since you went away.

But I ask you, how about being lonesome in the country or feeling out of things? Are you quite sure of yourselves?

I say, would you like to come to stay with us, or near us, for three, six months? Perhaps a month or so in autumn, in winter and in spring, countering with intervals in town, before you really make up your mind? That might be not a bad thing to do. After all you can't make your final decision too carefully, for I doubt if the two of you are younger than we are.

And what are you really going to spend, I mean sink, if you do come into the country? And at what rate are you going to live? £800 a year, or must it be less?

We're going to enjoy ourselves over these letters. Mary's note by next mail. Tell Gertrude that old Harrison. . .

[So far life in the country on £800 a year, or thereabouts. But there are humbler folk who also want to get away from town. We have received four remarkable letters from a shop-keeper subscriber in the Midlands. In our next issue we shall publish extracts and a reply.—EDITOR]

New Rural Tales

OLD Elijah Beaufoy (proud of his fine head of hair), looking at old Ambrose Quarterman's bald pate, 'My ! My ! Ambrose, you be got bald !' 'Aye, 'Lige, you be a practical sort o' man, and you knows you can't grow two good crops on same bit o' land ; you can't grow 'air and brains.' 'No, Ambrose, very likely you can't, 'was the reply, 'but an empty barn don't require no thatch.'

OLD fellow looking at men mending the roof of an old house, lately bought by the country doctor : 'Eh, doctor ! my old father used to say, "If you owe a man a grudge, sell him an old 'ouse."'

THE story of Heber Grove's courtship as told by himself. For thirty years Heber was the doctor's groom-gardener. Heber went to a village some few miles away and met a wench, looked at her and remarked, 'I likes the look o' you.' To which she promptly replied, 'And I likes the look o' you.' 'Shall us put 'em (the banns) up ?' 'Don't mind if us do,' said the wench. So they went to parson and put them up. A few weeks later Heber walked over to the village again, and at the church saw two girls, 'Which o' you two wenches be I come to wed ?' he enquired. 'Why me, Heber.' So they were duly wed, and as they came away Heber said, 'Well, my gel, I've a married you, but you'll have to learn to scrat afore ye can peck.' Heber and his wife led a long and happy married life.

A LABOURER was in debt to the village grocer. The grocer had asked him for the money several times. One night they met in the public house. 'What about it, Bill ?' asked the grocer. 'Oh, I don't know how to get it,' said Bill. 'Well,' said the grocer, 'I can get it.' 'Oh, you can, can you, replied Bill ? 'then you're just the man to get it, for I can't.'

You can cap some of these stories. Kindly do so and help to keep the countryside smiling. THE COUNTRYMAN, Idbury, Kington, Oxford.—EDITOR

Light and Power Poles, and a Letter from Ruskin

ELECTRIC light and power for the countryside are all very well, but are we to have them at the cost of disfiguring the countryside? Already a protest has been made that overhead cables are disfiguring Welsh scenery. (Underground wires cost roughly, the Minister of Transport has stated, twice as much as overhead.) An outstanding agricultural authority, who combines aesthetic perceptions with his farming technique, writes to me :

‘Suppose we do get a rural electric move on, shall we like a network of power lines over rural England? What about a cable parallel with the Colne, from Colne St. Peter to Bibury, with branches stalking up the bare hillsides? Of course the railways were cursed in their day. Latterly we have come to see something picturesque in embankments and the rushing lights or steam of the train. But then the railway conforms more or less to the sweep of the land : the wire goes straight on, heedless of nature.’

Of course, the truth is that Ruskin, good and wonderful man though he was, was also a bit of a—well, with his own beloved Turner’s steaming train on a viaduct before his eyes, how could he write the letter to me which is reproduced in facsimile facing page 160?

It is all as out of date as the four-storey artificial ruin at the end of the vista at Wimpole Hall. It is years ago that Joseph Pennell taught us to see the beauties of New York’s sky-scrapers. In the landscape unfolded before my own windows, the steel towers of the Leafield wireless station, on the horizon, trouble me no more than the flitting aeroplanes. Only a few weeks ago I remonstrated gently with an artist because in a sketch of my house, he had studiously left out my wireless pole and line. It is in now.

Be sure that when the first windmill was built some æsthete could not abide it. The history of our landscape gardening is indeed the history of the demolition of one

convention after another. I like the train, the wireless and the telegraph pole, which make the countryside one with the world, and stand for energy and thought, not stagnation. I say so after having had some qualms when the poles for my telephone began to stride along the winding, rising and falling road. But, now that they are all up, I like the way they seem to have brought life to a bit of fine country.

No doubt it *is* possible for electric light standards or telegraph poles to spoil a view. But when I lately paid another visit to Denmark I was struck by the fact that I did not mind the standards and transformers as much as I thought I should. They gave a stimulating character to the prospect. Here was a land in which country people were living a civilized life and doing a good day's work for a good day's reward. What could be better?

What is the country for? Surely there is enough of it for both scenery and the most intensive agriculture? A great deal of our most beautiful scenery stands very little chance of being invaded by power poles. After all, to whatever degree the country is electrified, there must be a limit to the transmitting apparatus that will be needed.

Is one offended by the more businesslike lay-out of so many Scottish fields in comparison with our own? In South Britain the fields are all shapes and sizes and there are trees everywhere and hedges instead of stone dykes and fences. The Scot, on coming to England, thinks the English farms look rather as if they had been planned to be picturesque to week-end visitors, and not, first of all, to produce crops economically.

No one is keener on the preservation of the natural beauty of Britain than I am. But it is necessary to keep an eye even on æsthetes at times. The countryside is a workshop as well as a playground, a refreshment and a place of peace. It is unnecessary to say that the power companies must be kept from defacing the countryside, and there are stores of natural beauty that must not be diminished. But, remembering how railways were loaded with liabilities by obstruc-

tion in the name of scenery protection, which was in effect more selfish than æsthetic (for which the farmer has to pay in freight rates to-day) we have to see that the cause of electrification, which may do so much for our agriculture and a worthier rural life, is not unreasonably thwarted.

One way of ensuring the protection of the countryside from the spoiler would seem to be to give the District Councils the same powers as the County Councils to submit property and structures of all sorts to the judgment of a committee of taste. Another way might conceivably be to give the power companies liberty to use poles no more expensive than those used in Sweden on the understanding that they set them up, as far as possible, along the lanes rather than across the country. But it is not difficult to think of ways of preserving rural beauty if we see the question whole.—*J.W.R.S.*



Our Competition

AS two competitors, Miss Olive Parkhurst, Buckingham House, Brackley, and Mr. J. L. Griffiths, Kimblewick, Princes Risborough, Bucks, worked out the number of the descendants of the Editor's dog at the same total, 191, and awed us with mathematics, we at once sent them both a copy of the prize, 'The Story of the Women's Institute Movement.' We are quite sure they are the winners. But we must honourably mention C.B., whose solution was, 'You would have only one dog still, for you would have got rid of all the others!'

Our Second Competition, the aim of which is to give a chance to readers who are no stronger than we are in mathematics, is, 'Suppose the Editor had kept all the dogs, 191 of them, what would have happened?' Answers must be received by September 19. The prize is either the Women's Institute book or 'The Case for the Goat: The Practical Experience of 24 Goat-Keepers,' as preferred.

Agricultural Discussion During the Last Three Months, by 'Student'

Are Things as Bad as They can be?

I HAVE had the curiosity to read right through the official report of the proceedings of the House of Lords' agricultural debate, or, more properly, conversation which took place in the Upper Chamber, on the excellent initiative of Lord Parmoor, and was ill-reported. The 'verbatim' would fill a whole COUNTRYMAN. Lord Parmoor made the sorrowful statement that during his half-century's farming of 1,500 acres, his accounts have never looked so unpleasantly at him as during the last twelve months. The general agricultural situation, he declared, is 'critical.'

'A Probable Pillar?'

BUT what is our townsman to make of statements made last month by the agricultural editor of the 'Times'? After all that has been alleged about the desperate condition of arable farming, this high authority says:

'From one cause or another, grassland has by no means had the better of the argument in the past year or two, and, with things becoming progressively less favourable for that system of farming, those with a choice of methods are beginning to feel that the wiser plan in present circumstances is to keep the plough going, at least in a modified measure.

'It is pleasing to notice that wheat-growing is coming into its own again as a probable pillar of English farming.'

Words of Cheer

THE reply of Lord Bledisloe to Lord Parmoor was certainly calculated to show that things, if not as good as they might be and ought to be, are not so bad as is sometimes represented. The loss in tillage was 'largely balanced by the gains in livestock.' Further, our total production stands just at the figure it reached in 1908, although '*this output has been obtained from nearly 2 million acres less than in*

Brankham,

Canistota, Lancashire.

1st March, 1887.

My dear Sir

I don't write now further
concerning railroads, here or
elsewhere - because they are
to me the loathsomest form of
winding more extent - intentional
and deliberate earthquake -
destruction of all wild social habit
or possible natural beauty -
carriage of domestic fowl in the
ridges of their own graves.

Yours faithfully, Yours,

John Ruskin

J. W. Robertson Scott Esq.



A Two-Compartment Bedroom with Four Beds, just Vacated for a District Council Cottage

1908'. As to the reduction in agricultural workers, there should be set against this, said the Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture, 'the quite considerable additional number of small-holders and farmers', in other words '*there is no appreciable reduction in the number of persons now working upon agricultural land in this country*'. As the debate is to be resumed, I shall return to it.

Protection and Safeguarding: Decisions

THE Government has once more defined its attitude towards Protection. Speaking after special consultation with the Cabinet, Mr. Guinness said to the Council of Agriculture: 'We cannot give assistance to agriculture by means of Protective duties.' A statement made by the 'Times' is as follows: 'Under the safeguarding machinery an industry which desires protection has to satisfy a committee that it is efficient and that the competition from abroad is unfair, and Unionist members doubt whether the agricultural industry could successfully prove these two points.' The 'Times' also wrote editorially: 'In the Act, articles of food and drink are expressly excepted from the class and description of goods which may be referred by the Board of Trade to a Committee for possible protection from foreign competition by safeguarding. There could be no more disastrous course, either for the Government or for the nation, than an attempt to press the Safeguarding Act beyond its proper and well-recognized limitations.' The Unionist Agricultural Committee accordingly asks for (a) credit facilities, (b) relief to rates in rural districts by increasing substantially the grant from the Road Fund for upkeep of roads, (c) prohibition of the importation of machine-skimmed condensed milk. Here it may also be convenient to record the recommendation of the British members of the World Economic Conference at Geneva, that 'the time has come to put an end to increases in tariff, and to move in the opposite direction'. Since the foregoing was written we have had the Essex Farmers' Union going the length of declaring that

'neither cereals, beef nor milk' can be produced economically; a statement in the 'New Statesman,' on the authority of a Minister and a Whip, that Protection is 'dead electorally—there are now too many industrial areas for such a policy ever to be carried'; the 'Daily Express' running (against the 'Daily Mail') a hopeful double-column first-page article, 'The Turn of the Tide in Agriculture'; and a demand by the N.F.U. that, if safeguarding be impracticable, agriculture shall, in some other fashion, 'be not merely preserved, but restored to a more prosperous condition' (Mr. Baldwin's election address). The Premier's long-expected speech in the West (June 23) only made the N.F.U. angrier. To what extent the Government can be rattled remains to be seen. Its eyes seem wide open to the fact that there are four urban electors to every rural one; it believes, no doubt, that, whatever it does or does not do, the vote of the landowners and the farmers is Conservative.

A Free-Trader's Plea for Protection

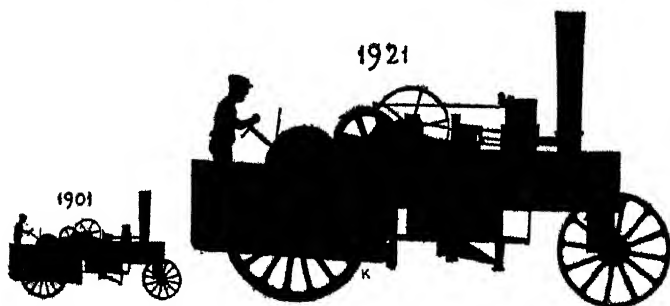
ONE of the members of Mr. Lloyd George's Land Committee, a well known Scottish Radical, and in his own county of Oxfordshire, a farmer, the chairman of the well-known stock auction mart at Banbury, a county councillor and an active member of the N.F.U., Mr. P. McDougall has been urging a penny duty on foreign meat. Naturally, he has had a good Press. His reasons are: (1) The breeding and feeding of livestock is by far the most financially productive side of the agricultural industry. It represents 36 per cent of the sales off the farm (as against corn of all sorts, 10.7 per cent). If milk and dairy products, poultry, eggs and wool are added to the livestock products, the breeding and feeding of livestock stands for 68 per cent, or two-thirds of the whole. (2) A tax of 1d. per lb. or if that is not sufficient, 2d., would not affect the cost of living as much as a tax on corn. (3) At 1d. per lb. it would raise £10 millions with a trifling cost of collection at the ports. (4) The tax could be varied so that foreign supplies should

cost less than Dominion. (5) The effect of such Protection, unlike Protection on wheat, would be felt throughout the agricultural industry. (6) Canada will always produce better wheat than can be grown on the average English farm.

Submarine Electricity

WHILE our farmer friends in the south of Sweden have so much electricity that some of it can be sent by submarine cable to Danish farmers, we are still unemancipated from the notion, that Sir Charles Bright has exploded, that electricity from coal is dearer than electricity from water.

VISUALIZED STATISTICS.—2. THE ADVANCE OF POWER ON THE FARMS OF GREAT BRITAIN



*In 1901 there were 14,200 Machine Attendants ; in 1921, 38,400.
'Prof. Macgregor's corrected figures in the Report of the Agricultural Tribunal.)*

As Dr. Ekström showed in the collection of facts he laid before the Farmers' Club in May, we have in Britain more favourable conditions, both for the production and the application of electricity, than exist in Sweden. According to Mr. Borlase Matthews, 52,000 Swedish farmers have electricity. Dr. Ekström said milking 'is not considered a very fine job for a human being' ; 20 per cent. of the milking machines are sold to farmers with ten cows. As to the saving of labour (a point raised by Mr. Christopher

Turnor), Dr. Ekström's report was : ' You cannot say that you save a man or half a man ; but, on the other hand, you utilize the man in a much more effective way. You get rid of much of the drudgery of his life, and in that way he will work in a better way.' Mr. Matthews says ' farming is a hundred years behind the times. Good wages for workers cannot be warranted until an hour's work on the farm produces as much profit as the effort of the factory worker over the same period '.

Shall the Farmer Stick to His Job ?

ONE thing the novice who talks or writes about agriculture seldom understands—for example, when he is confronted with fallacious statistics of farmer bankrupts—is the extent to which farming is dealing. The principal of the Herts Institute of Agriculture, in an article on its work which appears in the ' Journal ' of the Ministry notes that ' success in farming is generally linked with individual shrewdness in buying and selling '. There is ' a tendency ', as he says, ' to extend this trading beyond the requirements of the land actually farmed '. In a word, ' as long as our marketing is done in the present manner, there will be a temptation to specialize in business transactions rather than in the art of production.' ' As long as our marketing is done in the present manner '—here is the very case for co-operation. For, by means of co-operation, men who are specially qualified as producers are set free to devote themselves to the work they do best. In every other calling but agriculture it is fairly well understood that the producer is not necessarily the best buyer and seller. In a manufacturing business the work of production and the work of trading are divided between two differently-talented departments. The advantage enjoyed by the Danish farmer—a man of our own blood and instincts, working in the same climate and on, if anything, inferior soil—is that he has a co-operative creamery up the road and a co-operative bacon factory down the road, and other co-operative organizations to do the rest of his

business. He is a producer only, and can give all his ability to making himself a skilful one.

A Government Brand?

HOW far our thinking on the matter of co-operation has advanced may be seen in a packed article by Mr. R. J. Thompson, of the Ministry, in the same 'Journal,' in which he works up to the stage of outlining the possibilities of a Government brand. 'An immediate and rapid improvement in methods of marketing is needed'. It is when one reads a plain-spoken, informed article like this that one realizes how much there is waiting to be done for agriculture outside party politics.



Merely the Editor

NO doubt many readers, as they looked at Miss Keith's magnificent 'Philippines Cock-fighter' thought, 'Well wherever this country may lag, we have, at any rate, got rid of cock-fighting.' Alas, during the past two months there have been thrice, in the North of England press, accounts of mains on a considerable scale. and a baronet's son has been fined for his connection with one of them.

'THE fiddler's not holding his bow correctly.' Thus a correspondent tries to score off Mr. van Anrooy, R.I., who made the beautiful portrait of the old folk-dancer for the frontispiece of our last number. But our artist happens to be a musician and knows quite well how a bow should be held. His business, however, was to draw old Benfield, and so Benfield is shown bowing in the untaught way he is used to.

WHEN the walls of many village schools and halls are so dreary, a certain firm must be thanked for its offer to them of an amusing and instructive map of the world free.

It is not often that a writer is caught out as badly as a contributor to the 'Contemporary Review'. He would be

glad if 'Mr. Robertson Scott would study Mr. William Dannatt's book on farming'. The late Mr. William Dannatt's book is 'Practical Hints from the Notebook of an Old Farmer', which I myself edited—but, alas for the 'Contemporary' writer, under a *nom de guerre*!

WE felt that 'Æ' understood when he wrote, 'I am glad you are minded to keep THE COUNTRYMAN human'. An American reader also dwelt on this aspect, 'It is intensely human, a thing so many periodicals are not'. 'I like the personal touch,' wrote a subscriber at home.

ANOTHER American reader finds THE COUNTRYMAN 'the best gotten-out rural publication I know of. It gives me pleasure indeed. I wish we had a publication like it in America.' Our hearts went out to the correspondent who declared that we might count upon him as 'a subscriber for life'. We have already subscribers as far afield in the British Commonwealth as India, the West Indies and Matabeleland. From W. H. Smith and Son, we have seven 'repeat' orders.

ONE of the things that keeps people in the country from deciding to have the telephone is the belief that the Post Office will take no end of time to put it in. THE COUNTRYMAN signed the contract for its telephone on April 7, and, thanks to the united efforts of Mr. John Henry (another one!) and Foreman Bull and Contract Officer Luscombe and the Reading engineers and the Telephone Development Association, we were 'through' on May 6, although the wires had to be brought $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles over existing poles and 1 mile over new poles.

MSS., PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES.—The Editor is always pleased to consider such from professional and unprofessional writers alike. It must be regarded as a reasonable condition of the return of contributions which are considered to be for any reason unsuitable, or for which there is not space, that stamped envelopes have been enclosed. No responsibility can be accepted, of course, for delay, loss or damage.

200,000 Strong: A Delegate's Thoughts at the N.F.W.I. Meeting

A FORMIDABLE, arid agenda was reverently pondered by two thousand conscientious delegates. The once-dumb country housewife moved and seconded her resolutions in the queer, clever jargon of men, and followed closely the gyrations of many amendments.

The audience listened with motherly tolerance while a specially-invited male said how pleased he was to see them all there, and congratulated them on their financial soundness. As if housewives would run a business, much less a crusade, that was not financially sound! When women spoke for their allotted minutes everything was forgiven but windbagging. They all meant every word they said. 'Dear, dear, how serious', you say! Yes, very serious, and the resolutions, except two, didn't matter one button. Not a single new idea in the speeches? Not many. No moving appeal? Yes, one, by an old lady with a deep voice, pleading for sea-birds. On the first day, nothing touched the rigidity of the official programme. On the second day, the speeches had at times a sparkle. Now for the crucial resolution, the demand to be controversial if we want to. The mover bounced on the platform and stood with squared shoulders and one foot out. 'I like friction!' she cried. Amid laughter and cheers she carried the assembly.

Why have they been so formal until now? 'Women are still afraid of doing the wrong thing', was whispered. The boredom of yesterday vanished. Here was a movement bigger than any group of leaders, bigger than its organisers, transcending the vision of its inventors. The house-woman is gently becoming free. She doesn't want anybody to notice it. Above all, she doesn't want her mate to notice. But let them laugh. Let them condescend. What does it matter. 'Mother' is accustomed to a back seat. 'Aunty' was always a wallflower. Let the clever ones take the lead. 'Mother' and 'Aunty' are learning. They know, oh,

how humbly, their ignorance. But this they feel with secret pride, is their own movement, and it is a door to economic freedom. Modesty, dread of publicity, conscientious caring for small things, economy of public words !— here, in their own parliament any woman may speak out, for there is no male arrogance to scare her.

What was the vast gathering for ? I don't know. What I know is that there is a great organisation of women, complete in every working detail, ready to fit into every village or hamlet. The delegates went away happily, without having been given any constructive lead. Their groups, no doubt, go on contentedly mending chairs, cutting out garments, getting up elementary concerts and lectures, singing 'Jerusalem,' exchanging recipes, and doing in community the trifles that are done daily in their own homes. They put into healthy practice ideas of democracy and non-party, non-sectarian co-operation that so long have meant little more than words.

Many of the women are scarcely conscious of anything in their movement beyond the pleasure of working together. The leaders seem to be waiting for the coming of some big idea. Let them be sure that they are right, and women of castle, hall, rectory, schoolhouse, farmhouse, and cot will think and speak and act as one.

Hitherto most women have had faith in the highways hewn and made for them by men. In the mechanics of life they know that men know better than they do. They have looked to men for workable ideas. Men have desired and women have brought forth with passionate self-surrender. What power then is to fructify this great new throng ? What ideal is to be given it ? Wait ! Ideas have not always come from men. What about immaculate conceptions ? Perhaps these women are waiting for some call of the Spirit. Why should not the new-born idea be again, 'Peace—real peace—on earth' ?—E.K.R.S.

[In our next number we shall publish a special portrait of Lady Denman by Mr. Anton Van Anrooy, R.I.—*Editor.*]

*International Folk Dancing**Bayonne*

THIS Basque capital has started a national museum and for the last few years has run a yearly festival of song and dance in order to raise funds. This year it was postponed for some weeks in order that an English Folk Dance Society team might participate. The proceedings began at midnight in the municipal theatre. A team of men and women from San Sebastian gave Spanish Basque dances. The English team followed with its contribution. The next day came two real peasant French Basque teams. A procession was formed and Spanish, French and English dancers danced in turn through the streets for a mile or so. The French Basque dancers had a magnificent hobby horse, manned with grace by a young mountaineer, and the English also had one, a kind of travelling copy originally made for some festival in England. This, *faute de mieux*, I manned and was supported by a six-footer dressed in sun-bonnet and skirts, the man-woman or Bessy, and two young men of the party. Our party numbered 17. My hobbyhorse, uncouth alongside the Basque one, had the advantage of a practicable jaw, much to the mingled terror and delight of the younger Bayonnais.

There followed in the theatre a lecture by Miss Alford, who has lived at Bayonne, illustrated by the various teams, to show variety and similarity in the dances. Although there were many points of resemblance, the likenesses were not so marked as I had been led to suppose, not so marked, that is, when it is remembered that Bayonne was English for two centuries or more. The English team was held to have danced better than was expected. We saw some films from Bohemia which established the virtual identity of certain Bohemian dances and our sword dances of Yorkshire and Northumberland. Our Morris dances with handkerchiefs, are unique. At St. Jean for a couple of days, great swapping of dances, country dances for fandango, figures for foot-work. One of the Englishwomen, versed in the Scottish Highlands' steps, found herself acclaimed as no mean performer in the fandango.

W.R.K.

From the Diary of a Clerk of the Peace.

May 18.—A meeting of the new Probation Committee. The Enthusiasts anticipate great benefits. My own view is that there is no pressing need for the Act in the purely rural areas. At the same time there are magistrates of great experience who strongly support the Act and aver that an experienced P.O. is of inestimable help to those in their work. In the end the committee agreed to ask the police court mission people to get out a scheme for working the whole county through their officers.

A good many inquiries are coming in about the new Rural Workers' Housing Act. Most of the applicants will want grants rather than loans.

May 19.—With regard to the list of proposed new magistrates, the Lord Chancellor wants to know that none was guilty of intimidation or any thing like that during the General Strike. I think our people are all right but am getting inquiries made. I often ask the superintendent of police how our now rather numerous Labour magistrates get on, and I usually get the answer that they are very helpful. These magistrates seem to be more in touch with the daily lives of most of those who come before them than are many magistrates of the old type. At the same time the country Bobby generally seems to be a Conservative.

May 25.—An interesting day at the County Councils Association in London. The speeches better than usual. A furious argument about the £12,000,000 being taken from the Road Fund, and a resolution of vehement protest. It really is rubbish to talk about a surplus in the Road Fund. A surplus is something left after your ordinary requirements have been met. In all counties there are miles and miles of roads urgently in need of re-surfacing, widening and strengthening; there are hundreds of corners to be improved. This work will either remain undone or will have to be done to a great extent out of the local rates; and the local rates simply won't stand it.

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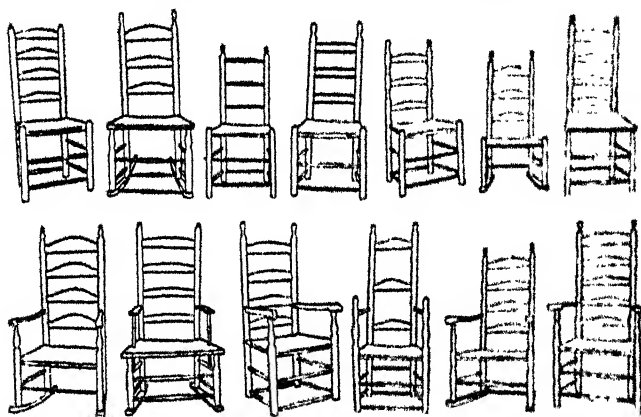
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The Collector

'THE writer of the note on old glass,' writes D.A., 'is correct in saying that old glass "does not allow so good a view"; moreover, it is generally thinner and more brittle. But the mechanical "perfection" of new glass makes it lifeless and dull, and the difference between it and the old is the difference between mere glass and beautiful glass. But the point I wish to make is this. The primary purpose of

NOT BOUGHT UP IN OUR VILLAGES



American Rush-bottomed Chairs, all, with the exception of the third from the end in the bottom row counting from the left, dating from 1725 to 1825.

a window is to admit light; "looking at the view" is an accidental and quite secondary use. The older makers knew this (without ratiocination or perhaps even without consciousness) and made their glass to do its job, which does not require complete transparency. New glass, of course, also admits more light, but the difference in this respect is trifling.'



The Next Step with the Empty Village Church.—We regret that it is necessary to leave over until our next issue four interesting letters on this subject.

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Country Books of the Quarter*THE OBJECTIONS TO RURAL STATE AID*

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PRICES OR POLITICS?

In present conditions, the balance of national advantage inclines against protection and subsidies, and in present political circumstances, they are impracticable. . . . Agriculture has been through worse times of depression and recovered. . . . The best chances of agricultural recovery depend on the international stabilization of the general price level, combined with a growing shortage in the world output of food at present prices. . . . Prices are more than politics, and lowered costs than 'land reform. . . .' The chief cause of agricultural prosperity or adversity is a combination of two

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factors, the recurrent rise and fall in the general level of prices, and the economic lag between expenditure and receipts in farming, which is much greater than in most other industries.—C Dampier-Whetham, F.R.S., Fellow of a Cambridge College, landowner, and member of the Lawes Agricultural Trust and of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society in *Politics and the Land* (Cambridge University Press, pp. 226, 7½ × 5, 6s.). A practical book.

OUR FIRST FARMYARD

THE first inhabitant of these islands, Paleolithic man, was a hunter and an eater of roots and berries. The history of the farm-yard begins with the coming of the little 'dark-



A Luttrell Psalter illustration
in 'The Evolution of the English
Farm'

white' men of the Mediterranean race. When these men of the Neolithic Age (some 4,000 or even 6,000 years ago) wandered up through Gaul to Britain, they brought with them their domestic animals and their grain. It seems very possible that the earliest comers had the

advantage of a land bridge. For a long period after the North Sea had come into being and the waves of the Channel were beating in from the west, the chalk ridge connecting the present headlands of Dover and Calais would be passable, and even when it was at last worn away and the two seas met, the channel would be narrow enough for a while longer to swim animals across at favourable times.—From 'The Evolution of the English Farm,' by M. E. Seebohm (5 × 8½, 376 pp., 70 illus., 16s. Allen and Unwin); an enormously painstaking narrative from acknowledged sources, carrying the reader through the history of stock and crops from Neolithic times to the nineteenth century, and particularly suitable as a present to a farmer or for village libraries.

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SIR WILLIAM HALDANE AS FARMER

SEEING that he has farmed his own land for thirty years and is a Development Commissioner, Sir William Haldane is better worth hearing than most on his *Farming Experiences*. (This is an address to Edinburgh University Agricultural Society, which is issued as a sixpenny brochure by Oliver and Boyd.) Sir William tells us that his experiences have taught him, for one thing, that 'in an industrial country such as ours it is little use asking for any substantial degree of protection. 'Competition will increase rather than diminish, and we have to face it.' Sir William adds that the slump year, 1921, wiped out nearly half his War profits, but 'since 1922 there has been little to complain of, though this last year has yielded neither profit nor loss after paying a full rent.' On the other hand the farm of Sir William's daughter, low ground mainly, 'yielded a fair profit.'

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and encouraged to sleep a great part of the time, yet they must have their own weight in food a day, and in proportion as the need of brooding them decreases their appetites grow, until in the end the parents are feeding four or five helpless birds equal to themselves in size and appetite but incapable of digesting nearly such a wide diet. Enemies must be watched for and the nest defended and kept clean.

When the young scatter, often before they can fly properly, they need even greater vigilance, but within a few days of the fledging of the first brood a second nest will (in many cases) be ready and the process in full swing over again. All this has to be done in face of great practical difficulties by two creatures, with little strength and not much intelligence, both of whom may have been hatched only the season before.—E. M. Nicholson *How Birds Live: An Account of Bird Life in the Light of Modern Observation* (Williams and Norgate, 149 pp., 7½ by 4¾, 3s. 6d.), a handy, cheap book of exceptional originality and value.

IT is startling that, at this time of day, Mr. C. S. Orwin should have to state, in his downright preface to Mr. Thomas's most acceptable *Economics of Small Holdings*, a study based on a survey of small scale farming in Carmarthenshire, with Continental data, (Cambridge University Press, 5 × 7½, 144 pp., 4s. 6d.), 'that evidence upon the relative economic and social values of holdings of different sizes is almost lacking'

We confidently recommend *The Home Preservation of Fruit and Vegetables* by Margaret J. M. Watson (Oxford University Press, 71 × 4¾, pp., 150, illus. 6s.) on the strength not only of having read her extremely practical book, but of having listened to her instructing her class at the Bristol University Research Station, Chipping Campden, when she was demonstrator in food preservation.

[The object of the method of reviewing which has been adopted by THE COUNTRYMAN is to give as much of the books and as little of the reviewer as possible.—EDITOR.]

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Other People's Letters

It is Heaven upon Earth to have a Man's mind Move in Charity. Rest in Providence, and Turn upon the Poles of Truth.—Baron

NEW COURSES FOR THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES !—A wholly unorganized community puts its empty tins into the hedge-rows ! It sounds trivial, but as a fisherman I deplore the fact that on the remotest streams I am always stumbling against tin cans and broken bottles. I rejoice in the growth of paper containers, at least they will decay and can even be burnt. How we need an organizer in every village ! If only the parsons——. Fancy a theological college with a course on local government, another on domestic economy, a third on the history of English land, on co-operation, etc., etc., etc. ! Let us have better living and chance the dying !
—F.R.S.

'A RATHER ELDERLY ASSOCIATION.'—I was glad to see the article by 'A Delegate' on the Association of Poor Law Unions. I have been a delegate for the past 10 years, and in that time it seems to me the utility and the influence of the Association have steadily declined. The explanation is, I think, to be found in the fact that there is no provision for the infusion of new blood into the executive committee. The same men are re-elected year after year, and vacancies rarely arise from any other cause except death. The vast majority of the delegates coming from different parts of the country are naturally unknown to each other, and when voting for members of the executive they play for safety by electing those who have served before.

We see the result of this petrified form of organization in the mulish attitude of 'no change' adopted toward the Government Poor Law proposals, subsequently modified to a few inadequate changes. Anybody who listened to the discussion would realize that the great objection of the Association to the Government scheme was that it involved the abolition of Boards of Guardians. It was discussed from the point of view, not of what was best for the Poor Law, but what was best for the Guardians themselves.

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I am not sure which required reform the more, the Poor Law, or the Poor Law Unions Association—but I rather think the latter.—*Another Delegate*

[Our correspondent's point is borne out by a circular addressed by the Association under the signature of the president, on May 18, to Boards of Guardians, which is before us. It tells them that it is extremely important that the Guardians should, without delay, determine to oppose *any* compromise that may lead to the loss of *any* powers they now exercise.' (The italics are ours).—EDITOR.]

THE BATH IN THE FLOOR.—Of the bath in the floor of some Bourneville cottages—I do not think such a bath is now supplied—I can only say, try bathing a baby or a child in such a bath. The blood rushes to one's head at the notion!—*Mrs. L. Gilchrist Thompson*

'LIVING BEYOND HIS INCOME.'—Sir Daniel Hall says much in his able article with which I entirely agree, but his sweeping statement that living 'beyond his income is the most usual source of loss among farmers' is unfair, especially to the smaller farmers and smallholders of the Cotswolds, and liable to mislead many people with little knowledge of the frugal habits of people of this class. I suppose any tramp who has two crusts to last him two days and eats both in one day, could truthfully be said to live beyond his income. Up to what standard are farmers justified in living? I think it would have been fairer if Sir Daniel had made a comparison between the standard of living of farmers and that of proprietors of other country businesses employing approximately equal labour and capital.—*W. J. Ashby*

A FARMER'S INVITATION.—We farmers are considered to be ignorant clodhoppers, or simple country johnnies. All we can say is, let these clever brainy men come down and teach us, we are willing to learn. I have read with pleasure every page of the first issue of THE COUNTRYMAN.

—*W. O. Watt*

[We regret to have had to postpone the publication of thirteen letters.—EDITOR.]

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title. The Editor drew back because, while appreciating Sir Alfred's spirit and his intentions, he did not feel that the maintenance of a non-Party standard was assured.

Again, before the War, at a time when the Editor of *THE COUNTRYMAN* wrote, in the 'Nineteenth Century,' a series of articles pleading for a non-Party concentration on certain urgent rural questions, there were little round table conferences of rural authorities of different Parties with the Editor with a view to the publication of a non-Party periodical to be called *THE COUNTRYMAN*. The disaster of 1914 put the project aside.

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Contents

THE NON-PARTY RURAL POSITION	- - - - -	99
THE PERILS OF IMPARTIALITY	- - - - -	103
FAIR USAGE FOR LANDOWNERS AND FARMERS	- - - - -	105
BERNARD GILBERT	- - - - -	109
COUNTRYMAN CONVERSATIONS.—2, The Hon. Edward Strutt		118
3. The Man Who Knows All about Hens	- - - - -	114
SUCCESSFUL FOREIGN FARMERS.—1. Holland	- - - - -	119
THE FOLK WAGON, by Donald Attwater	- - - - -	124
A GARDEN AQUAINTANCE, by E. K. R. S.	- - - - -	127
BERNARD GILBERT, by Christopher Turnor	- - - - -	128
JEREMIAH ON THE DOORSTEP, by W. Grant Keith	- - - - -	131
IF THE VEGETARIANS—1 by A Young Farmer	- - - - -	134
JOHN KEBLE'S VILLAGE, by M. W. Major	- - - - -	137
BABYLON, by G. B. F. D.	- - - - -	139
WHY I LIVE IN THE CITY, by C. P. Scott	- - - - -	140
AS IT SEEMS TO SOME OF US	- - - - -	141
THE TOWNSMAN TURNING COUNTRYMAN.—1.	- - - - -	153
NEW RURAL TALES	- - - - -	156
LIGHT AND POWER POLES, AND A LETTER FROM RUSKIN	- - - - -	157
OUR COMPETITION	- - - - -	159
AGRICULTURAL DISCUSSION, APRIL-JULY, by 'Student'	- - - - -	160
MERELY THE EDITOR	- - - - -	165
200,000 STRONG: THE N.F.W.I. MEETINGS, by E.K.R.S.	- - - - -	167
INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCING, by W.R.K.	- - - - -	169
FROM THE DIARY OF A CLERK OF THE PEACE	- - - - -	170
THE COLLECTOR	- - - - -	172
COUNTRY BOOKS OF THE QUARTER	- - - - -	174
OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS	- - - - -	182
TO THE RURAL INTELLIGENTSIA	- - - - -	186
ILLUSTRATIONS—		
Sir Daniel Hall, portrait by Van Anrooy	- - - - -	- <i>Frontispiece</i>
A New Letter from Ruskin (<i>facsimile</i>)	- - - - -	facing 160
Vacated for a District Council Cottage	- - - - -	" 161
A Dutch Peasant, by Van Anrooy	- - - - -	" 128
Darby and Joan—New Style	- - - - -	" 129
VISUALIZED STATISTICS—		
1. Farmers have Increased, Workers Decreased	- - - - -	118
2. The Advance of Power	- - - - -	163
SOMETHING LIKE AN AGRICULTURAL PROBLEM	- - - - -	120
DUTCH CABBAGES GOING TO GERMANY AGAINST A DUTY	- - - - -	121
NEW ENGLAND RUSH-BOTTOMED CHAIRS	- - - - -	173
HOW TO HELP	- - - - -	- facing 168
A LUTTRELL PSALTER ILLUSTRATION	- - - - -	- 176

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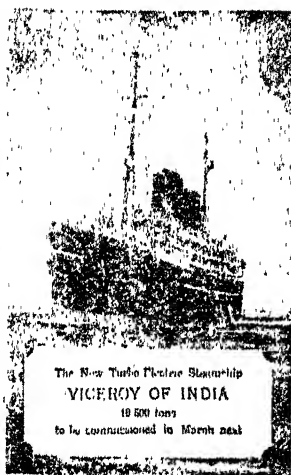
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1357, 1364, 1371, 1378, 1385, 1392, 1399, 1406, 1413, 1420, 1427, 1434, 1441, 1448, 1455, 1462, 1469, 1476, 1483, 1490, 1497, 1504, 1511, 1518, 1525, 1532, 1539, 1546, 1553, 1560, 1567, 1574, 1581, 1588, 1595, 1602, 1609, 1616, 1623, 1630, 1637, 1644, 1651, 1658, 1665, 1672, 1679, 1686, 1693, 1700, 1707, 1714, 1721, 1728, 1735, 1742, 1749, 1756, 1763, 1770, 1777, 1784, 1791, 1798, 1805, 1812, 1819, 1826, 1833, 1840, 1847, 1854, 1861, 1868, 1875, 1882, 1889, 1896, 1903, 1910, 1917, 1924, 1931, 1938, 1945, 1952, 1959, 1966, 1973, 1980, 1987, 1994, 2001, 2008, 2015, 2022, 2029, 2036, 2043, 2050, 2057, 2064, 2071, 2078, 2085, 2092, 2099, 2106, 2113, 2120, 2127, 2134, 2141, 2148, 2155, 2162, 2169, 2176, 2183, 2190, 2197, 2204, 2211, 2218, 2225, 2232, 2239, 2246, 2253, 2260, 2267, 2274, 2281, 2288, 2295, 2302, 2309, 2316, 2323, 2330, 2337, 2344, 2351, 2358, 2365, 2372, 2379, 2386, 2393, 2400, 2407, 2414, 2421, 2428, 2435, 2442, 2449, 2456, 2463, 2470, 2477, 2484, 2491, 2498, 2505, 2512, 2519, 2526, 2533, 2540, 2547, 2554, 2561, 2568, 2575, 2582, 2589, 2596, 2603, 2610, 2617, 2624, 2631, 2638, 2645, 2652, 2659, 2666, 2673, 2680, 2687, 2694, 2701, 2708, 2715, 2722, 2729, 2736, 2743, 2750, 2757, 2764, 2771, 2778, 2785, 2792, 2799, 2806, 2813, 2820, 2827, 2834, 2841, 2848, 2855, 2862, 2869, 2876, 2883, 2890, 2897, 2904, 2911, 2918, 2925, 2932, 2939, 2946, 2953, 2960, 2967, 2974, 2981, 2988, 2995, 3002, 3009, 3016, 3023, 3030, 3037, 3044, 3051, 3058, 3065, 3072, 3079, 3086, 3093, 3100, 3107, 3114, 3121, 3128, 3135, 3142, 3149, 3156, 3163, 3170, 3177, 3184, 3191, 3198, 3205, 3212, 3219, 3226, 3233, 3240, 3247, 3254, 3261, 3268, 3275, 3282, 3289, 3296, 3303, 3310, 3317, 3324, 3331, 3338, 3345, 3352, 3359, 3366, 3373, 3380, 3387, 3394, 3401, 3408, 3415, 3422, 3429, 3436, 3443, 3450, 3457, 3464, 3471, 3478, 3485, 3492, 3499, 3506, 3513, 3520, 3527, 3534, 3541, 3548, 3555, 3562, 3569, 3576, 3583, 3590, 3597, 3604, 3611, 3618, 3625, 3632, 3639, 3646, 3653, 3660, 3667, 3674, 3681, 3688, 3695, 3702, 3709, 3716, 3723, 3730, 3737, 3744, 3751, 3758, 3765, 3772, 3779, 3786, 3793, 3800, 3807, 3814, 3821, 3828, 3835, 3842, 3849, 3856, 3863, 3870, 3877, 3884, 3891, 3898, 3905, 3912, 3919, 3926, 3933, 3940, 3947, 3954, 3961, 3968, 3975, 3982, 3989, 3996, 4003, 4010, 4017, 4024, 4031, 4038, 4045, 4052, 4059, 4066, 4073, 4080, 4087, 4094, 4101, 4108, 4115, 4122, 4129, 4136, 4143, 4150, 4157, 4164, 4171, 4178, 4185, 4192, 4199, 4206, 4213, 4220, 4227, 4234, 4241, 4248, 4255, 4262, 4269, 4276, 4283, 4290, 4297, 4304, 4311, 4318, 4325, 4332, 4339, 4346, 4353, 4360, 4367, 4374, 4381, 4388, 4395, 4402, 4409, 4416, 4423, 4430, 4437, 4444, 4451, 4458, 4465, 4472, 4479, 4486, 4493, 4500, 4507, 4514, 4521, 4528, 4535, 4542, 4549, 4556, 4563, 4570, 4577, 4584, 4591, 4598, 4605, 4612, 4619, 4626, 4633, 4640, 4647, 4654, 4661, 4668, 4675, 4682, 4689, 4696, 4703, 4710, 4717, 4724, 4731, 4738, 4745, 4752, 4759, 4766, 4773, 4780, 4787, 4794, 4801, 4808, 4815, 4822, 4829, 4836, 4843, 4850, 4857, 4864, 4871, 4878, 4885, 4892, 4899, 4906, 4913, 4920, 4927, 4934, 4941, 4948, 4955, 4962, 4969, 4976, 4983, 4990, 4997, 5004, 5011, 5018, 5025, 5032, 5039, 5046, 5053, 5060, 5067, 5074, 5081, 5088, 5095, 5102, 5109, 5116, 5123, 5130, 5137, 5144, 5151, 5158, 5165, 5172, 5179, 5186, 5193, 5200, 5207, 5214, 5221, 5228, 5235, 5242, 5249, 5256, 5263, 5270, 5277, 5284, 5291, 5298, 5305, 5312, 5319, 5326, 5333, 5340, 5347, 5354, 5361, 5368, 5375, 5382, 5389, 5396, 5403, 5410, 5417, 5424, 5431, 5438, 5445, 5452, 5459, 5466, 5473, 5480, 5487, 5494, 5501, 5508, 5515, 5522, 5529, 5536, 5543, 5550, 5557, 5564, 5571, 5578, 5585, 5592, 5599, 5606, 5613, 5620, 5627, 5634, 5641, 5648, 5655, 5662, 5669, 5676, 5683, 5690, 5697, 5704, 5711, 5718, 5725, 5732, 5739, 5746, 5753, 5760, 5767, 5774, 5781, 5788, 5795, 5802, 5809, 5816, 5823, 5830, 5837, 5844, 5851, 5858, 5865, 5872, 5879, 5886, 5893, 5900, 5907, 5914, 5921, 5928, 5935, 5942, 5949, 5956, 5963, 5970, 5977, 5984, 5991, 5998, 6005, 6012, 6019, 6026, 6033, 6040, 6047, 6054, 6061, 6068, 6075, 6082, 6089, 6096, 6103, 6110, 6117, 6124, 6131, 6138, 6145, 6152, 6159, 6166, 6173, 6180, 6187, 6194, 6201, 6208, 6215, 6222, 6229, 6236, 6243, 6250, 6257, 6264, 6271, 6278, 6285, 6292, 6299, 6306, 6313, 6320, 6327, 6334, 6341, 6348, 6355, 6362, 6369, 6376, 6383, 6390, 6397, 6404, 6411, 6418, 6425, 6432, 6439, 6446, 6453, 6460, 6467, 6474, 6481, 6488, 6495, 6502, 6509, 6516, 6523, 6530, 6537, 6544, 6551, 6558, 6565, 6572, 6579, 6586, 6593, 6600, 6607, 6614, 6621, 6628, 6635, 6642, 6649, 6656, 6663, 6670, 6677, 6684, 6691, 6698, 6705, 6712, 6719, 6726, 6733, 6740, 6747, 6754, 6761, 6768, 6775, 6782, 6789, 6796, 6803, 6810, 6817, 6824, 6831, 6838, 6845, 6852, 6859, 6866, 6873, 6880, 6887, 6894, 6901, 6908, 6915, 6922, 6929, 6936, 6943, 6950, 6957, 6964, 6971, 6978, 6985, 6992, 6999, 7006, 7013, 7020, 7027, 7034, 7041, 7048, 7055, 7062, 7069, 7076, 7083, 7090, 7097, 7104, 7111, 7118, 7125, 7132, 7139, 7146, 7153, 7160, 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11563, 11570, 11577, 11584, 11591, 11598, 11605, 11612, 11619, 11626, 11633, 11640, 11647, 11654, 11661, 11668, 11675, 11682, 11689, 11696, 11703, 11710, 11717, 11724, 11731, 11738, 11745, 11752, 11759, 11766, 11773, 11780, 11787, 11794, 11801, 11808, 11815, 11822, 11829, 11836, 11843, 11850, 11857, 11864, 11871, 11878, 11885, 11892, 11899, 11906, 11913, 11920, 11927, 11934, 11941, 11948, 11955, 11962, 11969, 11976, 11983, 11990, 11997, 12004, 12011, 12018, 12025, 12032, 12039, 12046, 12053, 12060, 12067, 12074, 12081, 12088, 12095, 12102, 12109, 12116, 12123, 12130, 12137, 12144, 12151, 12158, 12165, 12172, 12179, 12186, 12193, 12200, 12207, 12214, 12221, 12228, 12235, 12242, 12249, 12256, 12263, 12270, 12277, 12284, 12291, 12298, 12305, 12312, 12319, 12326, 12333, 12340, 12347, 12354, 12361, 12368, 12375, 12382, 12389, 12396, 12403, 12410, 12417, 12424, 12431, 12438, 12445, 12452, 12459, 12466, 12473, 12480, 12487, 12494, 12501, 12508, 12515, 12522, 12529, 12536, 12543, 12550, 12557, 12564, 12571, 12578, 12585, 12592, 12599, 12606, 12613, 12620, 12627, 12634, 12641, 12648, 12655, 12662, 12669, 12676, 12683, 12690, 12697, 12704, 12711, 12718, 12725, 12732, 12739, 12746, 12753, 12760, 12767, 12774, 12781, 12788, 12795, 12802, 12809, 12816, 12823, 12830, 12837, 12844, 12851, 12858, 12865, 12872, 12879, 12886, 12893, 12900, 12907, 12914, 12921, 12928, 12935, 12942, 12949, 12956, 12963, 12970, 12977, 12984, 12991, 12998, 13005, 13012, 13019, 13026, 13033, 13040, 13047, 13054, 13061, 13068, 13075, 13082, 13089, 13096, 13103, 13110, 13117, 13124, 13131, 13138, 13145, 13152, 13159, 13166, 13173, 13180, 13187, 13194, 13201, 13208, 13215, 13222, 13229, 13236, 13243, 13250, 13257, 13264, 13271, 13278, 13285, 13292, 13299, 13306, 13313, 13320, 13327, 13334, 13341, 13348, 13355, 13362, 13369, 13376, 13383, 13390, 13397, 13404, 13411, 13418, 13



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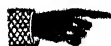
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THE COOK AT THE FARMHOUSE

From the painting by James Bateman, by kind permission of the artist

The Countryman

A Quarterly Non-Party Review and
Miscellany of Rural Life and Industry

*Edited and Published by J. W. Robertson Scott
at Idbury, Kingham, Oxford*

O more than happy countryman if only he knew his own good fortune!—*Vergil*
The best citizens spring from the cultivators; theirs are the enduring rewards.—*Cato*
Agriculture can never regain even a moderate degree of prosperity unless it is treated
on the lines of THE COUNTRYMAN, that is without Party bias.—*Lord Ernle*

Vol. II No. 4 Half-a-crown quarterly January 1929

AS ONE COUNTRYMAN TO ANOTHER

MANY men and women who live all the year round in the country are beginning to feel that the time has come to say a plain word or two to some of the amiable people who are worrying them about the preservation of Rural England.

Although there is on the part of these *Babble* people a genuine and praiseworthy *about Old* desire to safeguard our national *Cottages* stock of beauty, some of them are of a well-known breed which has fulminated, in turn, against steamships, trains, telegraph wires, motors, gramophones, wireless, and aeroplanes, and, before all these, we have no doubt, windmills, and before windmills, the first house and the first church. A lot of nonsense which is talked about preserving cottages which are 'picturesque' in summer and fetid in winter proceeds from persons of the type of mind who, until Joseph Pennell and Sir Charles Holmes showed it to them, never saw the beauty in modern cities; who, not having to live below the level of the sea in Hol-

land, would forbid the Dutch farmer to substitute, for windmills which take days off, oil engines which will stick at their job of pumping water. They are folk of a type of mind, who, never having been appalled by the ghastliness and the stench of mediævalism, in China for example, play at summer day 'pageants' that have as much relation to the life our ancestors endured as a Maud Goodman to a bloody nose at a boxing match. What is wrong with the people who, lacking knowledge and imagination, babble about old cottages, is that they have not to live in them. The other day we were invited to a Cotswold village which we confess to having ourselves, in the blindness of past days, as we motored quickly through it, lauded as 'unspoilt'. We found that there was hardly a labourer's dwelling in the village which had not been 'reported against' or deserved to be. On the outside of some of the cottage walls there was green mould a yard or more above the road level. What was the state of things inside? Nearly all the living rooms were below ground level and of course stone-paved. In several cottages it was impossible to stand upright under the beams. The area of all the windows in many a cottage was not equal to the area of a single window in one of the District Council cottages we have had a hand in building in Idbury (and a distinguished F.R.I.B.A. and an ex-President of the R.I.B.A. have pronounced to be as inoffensive as serviceable). The old mud mortar of the walls had fallen out in all directions, the core of the walls was often rubbish, and some of the stone was rotten. The generations which come after us may speculate on just what germs of disease were harboured in such dark, dank, insani-

tary hovels, for hovels is the only name for them. Such cottages have no foundations, let alone damp courses, and were often cobbled together by poor men and their friends. Some of these cottages had come into the possession of a new owner : was he to 'preserve' them or to rebuild and make of two or three cottages one ? A lover of natural beauty and of Cotswold architecture, as is demonstrated by his own cottage building and by his own house (which he can afford to keep warm, light with electricity and pay labour to work), he decided, like a man of enlightenment, to rebuild. What he wrote to us was :

'It is not enlightenment. It is impecuniosity and funk. The proper way to deal with these cottages is to "scrap the lot", and put up decent-sized, airy, sanitary, well-drained cottages in their places. I am only making the best of a bad job. I am perpetuating the small low rooms, etc. When I have done with the cottages, they will last another 200 years. But they ought not. They ought to go now for good. Really, my action is the next most immoral thing to leaving them as they are. The tinkering or adapting is the vice. Nothing short of complete reconstruction is really useful.'

The truth is that not a few of the well-intentioned people who talk about preserving old cottages have failed to face what one would think was simple enough : the fact that a dwelling which conformed in its lighting, its air content and its sanitation to the notions, needs, and desires of the sixteenth or seventeenth century does not conform, and, merely by dilettante tinkering, cannot be made to conform to the hygienic requirements of men and women and children of our day. Two cottages over which

many an 'artist' would have raved had a common privy (consisting of a pit or vault with a roof over) which was (sometimes) emptied once a year. The blunt question is whether cottages are to be homes for healthy, hopeful human beings or to be pretty-pretty for people who are themselves careful to live in dry, well-ventilated, well-lighted houses. THE COUNTRYMAN, published in the Cotswolds, is not likely to be held indifferent to the valuable work (on very limited funds) of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and of the Society of Arts Committee. In preparing our first number, one of the first things we did was to place our pages at the disposal of these organizations, and we gladly lent some small assistance to Mr. Peach's admirable Preservation of the Countryside Exhibition. We have written as ardently as anyone on the need of saving natural beauty and delightful domestic architecture,* on preserving the heirlooms of the past and the rest of it; before the War we made a plea for Open Air Museums; and in the very week in which this article is written the Editor has carried a resolution through his District Council for the adoption of the Regional Planning Act. But no honest man or woman, really acquainted with some of the villages of Southern England, can doubt that, in the interests of civilization, the best thing to do with a number of the cottages in this region is to set a light to them. We have given the warmest support to the work of re-conditioning, under the Housing (Rural Workers) Act of 1926, cottages

* See, for example, the illustration of the Bibury Cottages in No. 1, Vol. I, and of a Cotswold house, before and after restoration, in No. 2, Vol. I, and accompanying letterpress.

worthy of preservation. But decrepit dwellings are not of value merely because they are old. Some sentiment on this matter is as false as the satisfaction some of our ancestors had in imitation 'ruins' and 'hermitages.' Houses are to live in, Bacon said, not to look on. Better still, let us have houses good both to live in and to look on. Let us preserve every bit of old beauty religiously, but let us recognize that some old cottages, unless they can be re-built, have earned their rest and may well become village museums (see illustration in our July issue) or road material.

A TOWNSMAN expressed to a countryman his satisfaction in a row of beautifully-thatched beehive corn stacks. The countryman replied :

'Yes, they are beautiful ; but I am glad I do not see so much thatching as I used to do. To me this beautiful thatching is rather like the beautiful complexion of a consumptive. Beautiful thatching conjures up for me a vision of (too often) thin, old, patient, worn, resigned-looking old men, "steady true workers", their masters' pride, men who from boyhood had been (not seldom) overworked, underfed, ill-housed and under paid. Beautiful thatching of stacks means, moreover, a lot of work when every man is wanted for cleaning the land and for getting ready for the autumn sowing. Labour so employed means of necessity so much taken away from profit and consequently from the general well-being of the farm hands. I would much rather see the corn under a Dutch barn.' 'Oh', said the townsman, 'one of those high ugly things ; I always think farmers should be made to grow creepers up them.' 'I tried, and I think I failed', writes the countryman, 'to impress my friend with the beauty of an efficient farm where, with Dutch barns looking just what they are, store places for corn and hay, there were well paid and alert workers

with well fed, well clothed wives and children, men who would not change places with factory hands or bus drivers.'

The vulgar attitude towards Dutch barns exhibited by lovers of the 'picturesque' is of a piece with the unwholesome horror of good engineering, as if plain King's Cross were not a saner railway station than the bedizened hotel front of St. Pancras, as if it were not a merit to begin a job where it should begin and leave off where it finishes. It is of a piece with complacency over the condition of a great deal of our agricultural land, which, as one of the most cultivated men in the Scottish agricultural world once said to us, 'looks as if the fields had been laid out, not for farming, but for the pleasure of week-enders'. Natural beauty and the beauty wrought by men's hands have their great place in our life, and, by taking the steps dictated by ordinary commonsense, it is possible to preserve them because almost everybody in the country knows instinctively that they are beautiful and that they are a possession of our race. But agricultural land is for agriculture, and is none the worse-looking for that, and rural England is for a healthy, happy rural race to live in. For ourselves, we shall own that we find some of the condemned petrol pumps cheerful by day and by night, and that, to us, some of the electric light standards stalking vigorously across the country seem a welcome sign of vitality. As Rossetti wrote :

The Country seems in earnest here
Grave and sufficient—*England*, so to speak ;
No other word will make the thing so clear.

The problem of rural England is too deadly serious for the people who live in and by the country to be

pestered by people of the cast of mind of a certain Slade Professor of Fine Art—not, of course, Ruskin. He 'would talk,' said Thomas Hardy, 'about bishops' copes and mitres in an earnest, serious, anxious manner as if there were no tears or human misery beyond tears.'

AS to our architects, either they have the ability to build worthily for their own time in a manner of their own or they have not. If they have not, they will go on with repetitive, imitative, pseudo-old work, and the wives of the bemused husbands who fall under their dominion will continue to say what they think of such practitioners of a dead art. If architects have a vocation for architecture they will give us country houses and cottages fit, in body and spirit, for our day and generation. Such architects will break away from outworn traditions of the elders in order to meet modern ways and ideas, as a number of young architects on the Continent and at home are doing and architects who had an effectual calling have always done. Architects complain of lack of patronage and lack of popular appreciation. The average District Councillor, who is not without his experience of what some men whom he took to be 'architects' have done, believes that the average architect knows very little more than other people about the essentials of building. In other worlds than the District Councillor's there is not a little distrust of the way in which the Royal Institute of British Architects appears to be standing between the public and a profession the lifeblood of which is freedom. What countrymen and countrywomen in general, if they are in touch with modern ideas

ask is, How often does one see a new house in the country the architect of which gives any sign of having thought out anew for himself the problem of a house in the country ?



WE were paying a visit to a well-known Aberdeenshire farmer, and were just leaving the farm-house with him for a stroll round the fields, when, putting down his stick, he said, 'I'll tak the gun ; we micht see a fox.' Not only *Qualms* in the non-hunting districts of Great Britain but in such agricultural countries as Holland and Denmark there is an attitude towards the fox which would perplex the average farmer of Southern England. 'High agricultural authorities,' writes a recent visitor to Holland, 'received with astonishment a statement of the number of Hunts in England, the losses through foxes, the burden cast upon poultry-keepers by the cost of enclosing poultry at night and depriving hens, and especially ducks, of their natural food, by locking them up until seven in the morning, and the discredit following upon vulpicide. "Here," said an official, "agriculture is the principal thing ; in England you are too well off".' (But we're not.) In Denmark, of course, hardly any foxes have been permitted to survive.

NO one believes that fox-hunting will come to an end in England in a hurry. It is buttressed not only by an investment of more than £15,000,000 and a yearly expenditure of £8,750,000—the figures of a well known sportsman—but by the support of a succession of rich newcomers to country life, to

whom hunting offers many attractions. Riding to hounds is glorious exercise and calls for pluck, fine horsemanship and good fellowship. It gives great pleasure to a large number of people and it is cherished as a survival of 'good old days' which never were except on Christmas cards. It is not only the authors of two new volumes, 'Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man' and 'Fox-Hunting Recollections'—one the annals of the English and the other of the American chase—who have a way with them. All the virtues do not reside in the bosoms of critics of hunting.

YET no close student of rural conditions can doubt that the feeling against fox-hunting is growing in many parts of the country. Dr. Edward Brown, the greatest authority we have on poultry-keeping, has declared that foxes are a greater deterrent to the extension of poultry-keeping 'than at any previous time, and poultry-keeping is one of the departments of farming out of which, at a period when the condition of agriculture is represented in such a doleful light, money can admittedly be made'. Many years ago, the present writer set forth, in a sporting weekly, on the basis of the results obtained by means of a questionnaire to masters of hounds, the remarkable totals reached by the Hunts' poultry funds. But every countryman knows that, for one reason or another, no claims are made for a large proportion of the losses, and that whatever compensation be paid, the number of foxes in many parts of the country hinders the extension of poultry-keeping at a time when, as has been said, it is one of the not too numerous profitable departments of farming. 'In many sections of the country', Dr. Brown says roundly,

'hunting should be prohibited, and foxes exterminated as vermin'. The old suggestion that hunting brings money into the countryside, which fully compensates for the losses of poultry and for the potential loss due to the inability of farmers to give poultry their freedom and keep the number of head they would otherwise keep, will not bear examination. If the farmer has no case it is certainly difficult to account for the scene of which we reproduce an illustration, facing page 384.

BUT the rising tide of criticism directed at hunting is not merely economic. A large proportion of the public has increasing qualms over the cruelty with which hunting so often culminates. It is no use pretending that cruelty does not frequently occur. With regard to the fox, it is established beyond all question by Press reports, news in the sporting papers, and admissions in sporting books (see, for example, 'Sporting Recollections of a Younger Son', published in 1926) and in hunting men's magazine articles (see 'Cornhill' for 1927). Some incidents attending the hunting of the otter—a creature often killed when bearing young or suckling—are abominable. The fate which frequently overtakes the inoffensive badger is inexcusable in the twentieth century.

Dug him out and gave him to the hounds,
The most ancient Briton of English beasts !

As Major van der Byl writes to us:

'Nothing is so revolting as the sight of dogs killing a badger. The skin being extremely tough they are unable to tear it as in the case of a fox, and worrying usually takes place

from twenty minutes to half an hour before the life of the beast is extinct.'

ALTHOUGH many good men and women who hunt do not feel themselves culpable in respect of the cruelties that are unhappily frequent in organized sport, and it is easy for men and women who have no inclinations towards sport to be censorious of sportsmen, we could not without hypocrisy conduct a review of rural progress if we hesitated to express our conviction that, at this time of day, such cruelties are a reproach to civilization, ill accord with the kindness and good feeling of the English countryside, and are a stumbling block in the way of school teachers, who endeavour to teach the young, and the county authorities, who endeavour to enforce among adults, humane treatment of birds and animals. We can find no excuse whatever for otter-hunting and badger-baiting. We believe that drag-hunting ought to be steadily substituted for fox-hunting and beagling. We can think of no apology for the ill-usage of deer which has so frequently taken place. We believe that the time has come when the distinction which the law attempts to establish between cruelty to what are called wild animals and cruelty to domesticated animals ought to be swept away. The degree of success which has attended the efforts of a few resolute men and women who have endured the horror of slaughter houses to bring about more humane killing of cattle, sheep and pigs, shows how public opinion can be influenced and led. People who are indifferent to the inhumanities incidental to the production of a good deal of their food have certainly no claim to be heard on occasional inhumanity in the hunting field.

IN an early number of THE COUNTRYMAN I 'R.H.R.' suggested that the qualities which hunting develops in young men, in their own and the national interest, could be equally cultivated by aeroplaning. We now note that *And the* young officers of the Guards, whom *Cure* it has been the custom to encourage to hunt, are joining a flying club. The townsman who leaves hunting for airmanship may lose the considerable benefit of gaining an acquaintance with rural conditions, and the countryman may miss the pleasure of association with horses and hounds ; but in zest and adventure, in demands on resolution and skill, in the joy of speed and of unfolding landscape, in healthful glow, in the opportunity of trying his powers against his fellows, in general variety of experience and in national advantage, the air has everything to offer over the chase. And the satisfactions obtained are not alloyed by something which, nowadays, it must be admitted, is just a little barbaric, just a little selfish, just a little anachronistic. Further, while the hunting man is confined to a few districts there is no limit to the airman's range. The hunting man and woman, as represented in their literature, are human, mettlesome and courageous, but they are not always particularly brainy. The young countrymen and countrywomen who are taking to the air have mentally as well as physically a wider outlook. Not only for unexampled recreation but for the general convenience of rural life the small aeroplane has a great part to play. In a few years it will seem strange that more people did not realize that its advent in the countryside was as certain as the coming of the motor, the telephone and

electric light and power, and that when it arrives it must draw from hunting some of the most gallant and enterprising spirits of both sexes. Can hunting long survive, in some districts at any rate, the air attack, the economic attack and the humane attack ?



THE most fruitful thing in the stimulating new Report of the Development Commission may prove to be the wise reference to 'the expensive form of economy' pursued by Agricultural Officialdom in framing its mailing lists for '*Expensive Economy*' the distribution of publications. We speak from some personal experience. THE COUNTRYMAN is either the organ of the rural intelligentsia or it is nothing. There is no periodical in which notices of new publications dealing with agricultural progress and rural life are more likely to come to the notice of the right people. It is hardly credible that it is only after no end of letter-writing, and, as a final resource, a series of personal calls, that we are sure of seeing the Government's rural publications. Official investigations, costing no end of time and money, are carried out painstakingly, and then, because of the limited publicity obtained for the Reports, they fail to have all the effect they might. As our readers know, we have made it one of our objects to call attention to official publications of significance and quality, but our editorial efforts ought to have been supplemented by judicious official advertising. Take only the Ministry of Agriculture's admirable Economic Series. Again and again we meet with people who have never

heard of some of the useful handbooks included in it. As many as twenty-four London publishers have found it worth their while to advertise in *THE COUNTRYMAN*, but the Ministry of Agriculture seems to think that its publications will sell of themselves. They sell, in some numbers. But many more ought to be sold if things are to move in the countryside as they should do.

THE Ministry is not only the publisher in need of nudging. The review-copy lists of several of our leading publishers badly want overhauling, or better-informed people are needed to take charge of the responsible job of sending out the books for review. London publishers have advertised liberally with us, but three of the firms which have advertised have actually failed to send us for review copies of books they have advertised! Our readers know why we express ourselves vigorously on this matter. Until more reading is done in the countryside, one of the chief grounds for hope in the rural advance is lacking. We are in no doubt whatever that the demand for reading matter in the rural districts can be largely increased. But it is not enough to produce excellent books for country people. The books must be made known. And the place in which to make country books known is the country. For two reasons we do not hesitate to speak plainly to publishers and Ministry of Agriculture alike. Not a few publishers have been good enough repeatedly to undertake, for various authors, country books which, from a strictly commercial point of view, had small promise. As to the Ministry, in the enterprise with which it

sets about the preparation of its Reports and in the excellent style in which, with the help of a modern Stationery Office, it has for some years past issued its publications, usually at an extremely moderate price, it sets an example, as we have said more than once, to other Government Departments.



As it Seems to Some of Us

To be a Seeker is to be the best sect next to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful humble Seeker be at the end. Happy Seeker, happy Finder !—Cromwell

What's in a Name ? A Great Deal

WHEN will men and women who want to see things move forward in the countryside give a thought to the fact that some names are ever so much more taking than other names ? Few of the people who are worthily engaged in Education and Agriculture seem to realize how forbidding to a large public are newspaper columns with Education and Agriculture in the headlines. One might have thought that the name Women's Institute—it slipped into the country in war time—would have been a warning. But no. After Women's Institute came Rural Community Council. What have such gawky names as Women's Institute and Rural Community Council to do with our country speech ? Idbury, which is near Kingham, lies between two streams, the Windrush and the Evenlode—do inventors of societies for country people never listen to English ? The indifference of our public to Education and Agriculture must be set down, in part, to the literary incompetence of some apostles of Education and Agriculture. We must be corre-

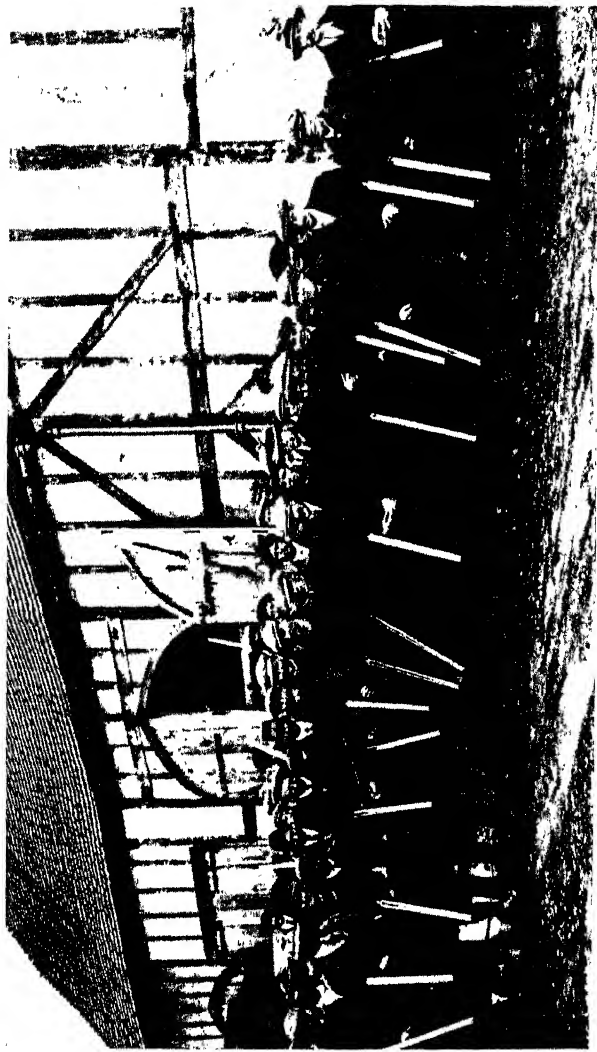
spondingly grateful to those who have the gift of sprightly writing and winning speech. A popular journal once mocked the late Duke of Devonshire for his 'basso profundo pronunciation of polysyllables'. But not even on Currency has drearier stuff been talked and written than on Education and Agriculture. And this has happened though there are no two topics which have more to do with life, are wider fields for imagination, conviction, faith—and humour. What educationists are capable of may be seen from the name with which they have now afflicted the reports of local educational effort—'Extra-Mural University Delegate'. Then the way they keep speaking of 'adults' and 'adolescents'!—'Are They the Same at Home?'

A Plea for more Roadside Trees

AS now is the time to plant trees, may we recall to our readers that clause in the Roads Improvement Act, 1925?—

Any County Council or highway authority shall have power *to cause* trees or shrubs to be planted and grass margins to be laid out in any highway maintained by them, and to erect and maintain guards or fences and otherwise *to do anything expedient* for the maintenance or protection of such trees, shrubs, and grass margins.

We italicize two phrases to show how wide the Local Authority's powers are. Now as to the particular trees to be planted. Mr. Dallimore, of Kew Gardens, has written a paper on the subject which the chief engineer of the Ministry of Transport has been kind enough to send us, and in this paper the trees included are ashes, elms, common cherry and



FOX SHOOT ARRANGED BY POULTRY KEEPERS WHO DO NOT BELIEVE IN HUNTING
A photograph by the 'Hastings and St. Leonard's Observer,' reproduced by the courtesy of F. J. Parsons, Ltd

its double-flowered variety, white beam, poplar, mountain ash, sweet and horse chestnut, hornbeam, Scots pine, hawthorn, birch and selected oaks. (Common oak and beech should be reserved for hedgerow planting and for plantations.) Others are listed. The chief thing is not to plant too closely. 'It is doubtful whether any spacing need be closer than 60 feet.'

The Christmas Feeling

DAMN braces, bless relaxes', said the wise Blake. For four reasons we are not going to inflict De-Rating and Local Authorities on our readers at Christmas time. (1) We have said our say about rates and the spheres of District Councilors, Poor Law Guardians and County Councillors. (2) Their three national organisations and the instructed rural public are strong enough between them to make the voice of wisdom prevail over the politicians. (3) At the time of writing the shape in which, after all the conferences, the Government measure will emerge is in doubt. (4) We believe that the eventual legislation, however mistaken in some ways, will bring about a considerable advance in the efficiency of local government, and that, before long, necessary improvements on the Act can be made.



Farm-House Rhymes.—IV

Yes, it's funny I know, I can't drive a car,
And must walk or ride when I'd roam,
But how would *you* fare with a new-foaled mare,
And her head at last towards home?

G.B.F.D.

I Go on Tramp and Thieve

The following narrative may be regarded as authentic. The writer is well known to the Editor

IT was a dispute with my employer, a shipper in St. Mary Axe, concerning the reality of a slight indisposition which lost me my job. I was not worried very much. I had had many jobs—selling shirts to Jews, loading compressed hay with bare hands in Southampton Docks, shifting coal, working barges, among others. And I found myself with about 11s. and a week's rent paid in advance. The money quickly went, fortified though it was by the sale of clothes, medals, etc. For the medals I got half a crown from a Jewess in Leman Street. In the matter of food I was helped by the existence of Lyons' tea shops and the possibility of sitting near the door and slipping out when opportunity occurred. I knew from a waitress friend that the waitresses did not suffer by this practice, and I was more concerned with my immediate needs than with my duty to Capital.

Unfortunately my landlady would not give credit. She gave me a day's notice instead. I don't blame her. My prospects were not bright. I found that the Labour Exchange as a means of providing employment was a waste of time. One might queue up for an hour and a half, only to be told 'Nothing to-day'. On some days, I would call on sixty or seventy different firms—a heartbreaking job. From haunting the City and West End I had to take to the suburbs. My clothes were getting shabby and my shoes down at heel. The process of demoralization had set in. I became less and less particular. I remember noticing a distinct tendency to walk on the kerb or in the gutter and the effort required to combat that tendency.

I renewed a previous acquaintance with common lodging houses, usually dark buildings with a lamp outside announcing, 'Good beds, men only'. The prices ranged from 9d. to 1s. 3d. For 1s. 3d. one obtained the use of a cubicle and the company of the insect inhabitants. For 9d. one

slept in a large low room and shared the bugs, fleas, lice and cockroaches with—I counted one night 119 other people, and also the stench on a wet night and the steam rising from men's bodies. I used to spend half the night sitting up catching pests and the other half cursing the waste of 9d. for a sleep I did not get. One could also listen to men talking in their sleep—in a very interesting way sometimes. Frequently there would be an inspection by the police for suspects or 'wanted' men.

I determined to go on the road. The first thing necessary was an overcoat. This I got by seizing an opportunity of lifting one from a car outside the Everyman theatre at Hampstead. I did not get it without a shock for as I put my hand in the car I must have touched the button of the electric horn. Every minute I expected someone to rush after me, but I got away. Reaching the Heath I tried the coat on. Alas, the sleeves just about reached my elbows, while the bottom of my coat did not come to my knees. It was useless, so I hid it under a bush. Next day I took another coat from the telegraph counter of the West Strand Post Office. This coat was as much too large as the first was too small. However, I made it do and had quite a comfortable night on the Heath.

The first night I was on the road I got a little farther than Barnet and slept in a large packing case filled with straw which I found in a nearly completed house. Next morning how to get food became a problem. I was rather lucky for I got away with a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk standing outside a door. How quickly one's notions of *meum* and *tuum* go by the board!

I determined that I would subsist as far as possible by getting odd gardening jobs. Despite many rebuffs I was quite successful. At one house at which I called, hoping for some odd job, a sweet old lady had no work to offer me. I asked for some water—I was really feeling rather ill—but the reply was that the rector had warned her against giving anything away at the door. My hope was that

water might not be forthcoming when the parson tried the next world. In the same village, without being asked or spoken to, a young man and his wife took me to their cottage, gave me plenty of hot water for washing, a good meal, a shakedown and a packet of cigarettes. The man was an agricultural labourer earning 30s. a week.

In another village near Stilton, an old man was mending or sweeping the road very early in the morning. He also took me to his cottage unasked. He gave me a jug of tea and an enormous breakfast.

Between Doncaster and Selby, policemen roped me in three times. On the third occasion, the policeman took me to a small pub, and, after questioning and searching me, paid for some tea, gave me a two shilling piece and walked off wishing me luck.

In one lodging house, I made a shilling by betting some of the men that I could move my ears. It is a somewhat unusual accomplishment. I was amusing the place for a couple of hours for the shilling.

(To be continued)



The Garden

Making a Hedge

I was looking, last month, at a friend's flat top yew hedge, 7 feet high and 4 feet through. It was 14 years old. The border was 4 feet wide. It had been made by taking out a trench 4 feet deep and putting in 2 feet of stable manure and 2 feet of soil on the top of that. The yews were planted 3 feet apart. The secret is to cut the sides of the hedge as much as you like but not to touch the top until it reaches the height which the hedge is to be. My friend had hedges of box at 6 feet and 5 feet, but if the garden design had called for it they might have been carried to the height of the yew. Good beech or hornbeam hedges might be made in similar fashion.

A Country House Conspiracy, by Sir Timothy Eden, Bart.

THE Regency house stretched his long porticoed body and yawned in the moonlight. On a board outside the lodge gates Messrs. Grace, Matthews and Grace announced that 'This magnificent Mansion with' etc., etc., etc., was to be let furnished or unfurnished, for a long or a short period, to be sold leasehold, or freehold, or copyhold, by private treaty or by auction, in its entirety or by lots, with or without fishing and shooting rights, and so on and so forth. In fact the owner seemed prepared to do anything with it except live in it, which was not surprising.

But 'the magnificent mansion' in question was not thinking of the gigantic board which graced his Italian gates as the boots of an American store would have graced the feet of Beau Brummel, or even of the scarlet petrol pump which at the other entrance shone like a wart on a Duchess's nose. As he fixed a pane in his weary eye and gazed across his sleeping park, he was thinking of that eternal theme, the unpunctuality of woman.

Suddenly his windows lit up with satisfaction as he observed, lifting up her skirts, picking her dainty way across the shallow lake, a trim little Queen Anne house. Simultaneously, from the other side of the park an Elizabethan hunting lodge came bustling and nodding her gables and chimney-pots. 'Queen Anne' curtsied on the lawn in the moonlight, 'Elizabeth' rapped out a couple of oaths and squatted down out of breath in a hollow, and 'Regency' crooked a well-turned pillar in courteous reply.

'Lud!' said Anne, 'but the ways to you are dangerous, George. I was near knocked down by one of those stinking chariots. I vow I had to run. I am vastly obleeged', she added as George pushed a weeping ash towards her with his foot and she sank upon it in a graceful swoon. 'Are we all met?' asked Elizabeth, adjusting her tottering chimney stacks. 'Sink me if I know', answered George, 'I have

asked Dickon, but doubt he's too fat to move.' 'I can't abide that creature', said Anne, awaking from her swoon. 'Tis a man, for all that', said Elizabeth, 'and hath seen some Majesty. But what is this?'

They all looked towards the end of the park where George's stately wood of beech and elm was being tossed this way and that as by a tempest or an earthquake. At length a couple of great trees on the fringe of the plantation fell with a crash to the ground and a Norman Castle strode into the moonlight. He halted and peered through his little slit eyes at the group that awaited him on the lawn, while his rough rude knees seemed to sink beneath the weight of his body and the sturdy oak which he was using as a staff creaked and groaned in his gauntleted hand. 'He is very old', said Anne with a snigger. 'Positively decrepit', said George in classical Italian, '*La povera rovina!*' 'But his flag still flies', said Elizabeth proudly. 'La! my dear Madam', said Anne, 'thanks to what?' 'Egad, ma'am', said the porticoed cynic, 'thanks to his flag-staff'. 'To his courage, wench', said Elizabeth with a flash of her mullioned windows; 'to American tourists, my dear'.

But by now Dickon had joined them and raised his portcullis in clumsy salute. After the preliminary greetings, George thanked them for disturbing their foundations on such a lovely night, vowing that he could never have done as much, and they fell to discussing the business which had brought about their remarkable meeting.

'Where is James?' asked Anne anxiously, after a short discussion. 'He went three months since.' 'And Hal?—my royal sire?' asked Elizabeth. 'He was finished last night. Did you not see the glare?' At that there was a chorus of indignation, of 'sdeaths and luds and By the roods, and Anne stretched out her mittens, and Elizabeth her riding-glove, and George touched them both with the tips of his buckskin fingers, and Dickon crushed them all three in his gauntlet of mail, and they swore a great oath of revenge.

'Oh, fire of injuries! Who is this burning dastard?' 'I know him well enough; they call him Progress', said George with unusual grimness, thinking of his petrol pump. 'No, civilization.' 'Nay, Demo . . . something.' 'Tis all one. We are agreed on the remedy. A brand for a brand. We have but to choose the victim.' 'There is a monstrous ill-favoured little hussy in my village', said Anne, 'she hath the impudence to ape me with her new pink bricks, and sits and winks at me in the sunlight. I declare she winks, my love, with windowpanes as big as my front-door. Ha! ha! What a sight! I would rejoice to see her frizzle. Burn her.'

'Gramercy, woman, but thy clack is wearisome', and rudely Dickon put out his drawbridge at the lady. 'I know the knave that will suffer. Who will gainsay me?' The old castle knitted his battlements and glared at the group. But they were all well content to leave it to him so long as their turn came next. Thus was the matter settled and no sooner settled than the guests departed to their several foundations, for the various centuries, though willing to combine against a common foe, could not rub walls for long without contrariety.

And so the trim lady, after a profound curtsy, picked her way once more across the lake, and Elizabeth ruffled off into the shadows, and Dickon, rattling and groaning, staggered across the park on tottering knees. And as he pushed his way forward among the first trees, his banner, caught for a moment in a lofty branch, flashed argent stars to the moon.

Now all was once more silence and peace, with the board flaunting at one gate and the pump flaring at the other, and George with his long body, among his statues and his colonnades, asleep in the moonlight.

Two days later the following announcement appeared in the papers:

'Last night the palatial "Hotel du Château" in the quaint little town of Beauséjour (pronounced 'Bewjer') was mysteriously burned to the ground. The damage is estimated at many thousands of pounds, for the enterprising company which was responsible for its erection had

spared no pains to make the splendid caravanserai the last word in domestic comfort and luxury. It is feared that the loss of this hotel will seriously affect the prosperity of the little town and its mediæval neighbour, Beauséjour Castle, by reducing to a large extent the number of visitors and sightseers, for whom there is now available but the scanty accommodation of an old-fashioned inn. The cause of the conflagration is unknown.

'Silly old fool !' said George, as he read the news that night. 'He has cut his own throat.'



Rural Authors.—VI. *Rose C. Feld and H. W. Freeman*

IT is a coincidence that, in the United States, a woman, and, in England, a man have written simultaneously a grim book of the land on precisely the same theme. The theme is the way in which a farm owned the successive generations of men and women who toiled on it. In the forefront of both stories is a ruthless, penurious figure, in one book a La Terre-like old woman, in the other a La Terre-like old man. Rose C. Feld's '*Heritage*' (Knopf, pp. 300, 5 × 7½, 2 dols. 50) and H. W. Freeman's '*Joseph and His Brethren*,' (Chatto & Windus, pp. 370, 4¾ × 7½, 7s. 6d.) are each of them first novels. Both are elemental—rude human nature without limelight or apologies. In each of the books the development of the story is carried to a point when it becomes, like the conclusion of '*England's Green and Pleasant Land*' (the '*Rural Author*' of our last issue), almost allegorical. The scene of one book is laid in New Hampshire and the other in East Suffolk. Mr. R. H. Mottram, in a preface to '*Joseph and His Brethren*,' may well praise it. It is the most arresting thing out of East Anglia since '*Juicy Joe*'. 'You live hard but you live clean and you sleep sound', says one character. It sounds idyllic. Only when you realize all the implications of living hard will you have the texture of the story. As Mr. Mottram says, such writing is an antidote to Jeffries. Both books have their basis, in Mr. Mottram's phrase, 'not in mere realism' but 'in reality'. They have more of the essentials of land work than some volumes on agriculture. They can certainly teach things about small



‘THE COUNTRYMAN’S’ OUTLOOK

The top floor of Idbury Manor is devoted to the editing and publishing of the Review. The dormer window shows the Editor’s room

holdings which are not in the manuals. But is the sordid inherent in the work of the land only? We know it is not. We know very well that our two authors could have found, in a truthful account of the rise of some draper's shop in Peckham or some store in Brooklyn, urban materials not so dissimilar from the rural human materials they have worked on. Both books describe, stress perhaps, a part of agricultural life for which any honest man or woman who lives in the country can give chapter and verse. It is a part from which the curtain must be withdrawn, for the political books about the land gloze it over. It is no more the whole of rural life than the Western hemisphere, which may be under our view when we look at a globe, is the whole of the earth. But there it is and it has got to be altered. In both the Feld and Freeman transcripts from rural life it is curious to notice just where church and school begin and leave off. Of the career of Rose C. Feld we know little; born in Roumania, she moved to New York at the age of four and after a little teaching took up journalism. H. W. Freeman lives, we believe, in Suffolk and is a young man who has done some school-mastering. Both writers give us books worthy of a permanent place in the library of agricultural fiction. A selection from the opening chapter of 'Joseph and His Brethren' follows:

THIS piece of land had caused Benjamin Geaiter serious misgivings, although it was dirt cheap, for besides the copses and rabbits it was infested with twitch—a net of sinister, snaky white roots that choked the coulter of the plough and the tines of the harrow till they were forced to stop. It was a field that had been let go by the previous tenant, who was always in arrears with his work. . . . A harrow would tear out a good deal of the twitch; but the tangle was so thick that what was left behind would be enough to choke the crop and next year grow as stubbornly again. Benjamin had his own ideas about dealing with it. The task that the harrow had begun, human hands could finish, so it seemed to him, and accordingly he had sum-

moned out his whole family, not omitting his wife and his youngest boy of twelve, to pick the field clear with their fingers. That was why the rooks were deceived.

Benjamin and his eldest son Ben, a full-grown man, went on ahead with the harrows and piled up the twitch they gathered in great heaps at the end of the field. What the harrows missed the others grubbed up with their fingers advancing in a long, slow, straggling line behind them : Hiram, Bob, Ernest, Harry, none of them more than boys, and last of all Mrs. Geaiter, a bowed figure in rusty black, working more slowly than the rest.

Emily Geaiter paused for a moment to straighten her back and knock the caked earth from her fingers, to let the breeze play in her wispy grizzled hair and cool her cheeks. Her breath came rather short nowadays and she was panting a little : it had been a hard day and she was feeling it, although she could hardly remember a day in her life which had not been hard—even at the age when she and Benjamin were courting and she was in service with long hours and little wages ; but she was a lusty girl and there was something to look forward to in the evenings. Then the struggles when she became Benjamin's wife : while he was still a labourer, she went out to wash, she plucked chickens, she sewed early and late to make extra money ; when Benjamin first became his own master on a small holding of seventy acres, she had milked the cows so that he might give all his time to the land : she had helped with the hoeing, the haysel and the harvest. And now that she was growing old she still made the butter and cooked and cleaned and mended and washed for her husband and her five boys. Life was work, beginning early and ending late. Each day would be like the next and she never thought of hoping that it would be better nor even of complaining since she was hardly conscious that her lot was hard : she had a roof to her head and clothes to wear and she never went hungry. But for some months now she had begun to feel tired and to-day much more than usual : it was long now since she had last

worked in the fields and there was a burning pain in her loins, her head was dizzy and her breath came harder than ever. But at that moment she thought less of these things than of the makeshift dinner she had had to serve up to her family, odds and ends of cold bacon and cheese and treacle. They always fed well in her house as a rule : it was her one pride. In her mind there was no room for thoughts of anything but housewifery. Still, the others were getting ahead of her ; the field must be cleared of twitch to grow a crop of corn, corn meant flour, and flour meant bread, and of course to-morrow was bake-day and now she would be all behind on account of to-day's neglect. Always back to housewifery. She stretched her shoulders and bending to her task once more, picked up a clod. It was riddled with sinuous, flapping strands of the evil weed, almost human in the thoroughness with which they clutched and enveloped the soil in their grip. She twisted the clod in both hands, but it would not yield : the twitch roots flapped insolently on her wrist and she twisted harder, but still it would not yield. Suddenly her wrists went weak and the clod dropped from her hands, a feeling of sickness came over her and clouded her brain. What could be the matter with her ? She had never been like this before, and there was young Harry getting farther and farther ahead of her. She had to prop herself on her two hands to prevent herself from falling and her loins burnt more than ever. This would never do. She stiffened herself and seized the clod again. It should break at all costs. She screwed and ground it in her palms. It was giving, it was giving . . . it broke and she fell forward on her face among the fragments. She lay there some minutes before anyone noticed her. Then young Harry, pausing to turn round and shy a stone at some rooks which had just settled, caught sight of the huddled black heap behind him. He stared for a moment and then ran over to her, almost tripping among the loose earth. 'Mother', he cried, 'what's the matter ?' She did not move and her eyes were closed. Harry felt frightened and began to whimper ;

but he had enough voice to shout to the others. The other boys, Hiram, Bob and Ernest, hearing him, came running up and stood round the prostrate woman helplessly. . . . Two minutes later Ben and his father came, leaving their teams by the hedgerow. They knelt down beside her, loosened the neck of her blouse and spoke to her ; but she gave no sign. ' I never knowed her like this afore ', said Benjamin. ' She've sorterly fainted : fare to me, Ben, you'd better run to Frannigan for a doctor while we get her indoors.' . . . As he rode off, the rest of the family, lifting Mrs. Geater in their arms as carefully as they could, carried her slowly across the fields to the farmhouse and laid her on the kitchen sofa. Benjamin was amazed. His wife had never known a day's illness in her life before and he could not understand this sudden collapse. ' I expect she've just fainted or something ', he said, shaking his head slowly. ' Do you go and get some water, young Harry.' They moistened her wrinkled forehead and Hiram fetched a lump of ammonia which he held beneath her nose. ' Emily ! ' said Benjamin, but she made no response. He looked blankly around him. . . .

An hour later the doctor arrived from Framlingham in his trap with Ben at his side. His examination was of the briefest. ' She's dead ', he said curtly. ' Heart failure.' ' Dead ? ' Benjamin echoed, staring with wide-open mouth. ' Yes, dead ', the doctor repeated. ' She shouldn't have been out there, working in the fields. There'll have to be an inquest. I'll come back later on and give you instructions. I've got another case now.' He hurried out. The boys began to cry. Ben, too old for tears, looked at his father with bewildered eyes, waiting for a lead. Benjamin was still dazed at the doctor's pronouncement. It had seemed so natural that she should go on for ever. At last, however, the truth seemed to penetrate his understanding. ' Well, well ', he said slowly. ' Wore up. I'd never have believed it. But I say, Ben, it's lucky young Harry's old enough to do without her to look after him.'

*My Six Years' Farming and What it has Taught Me.—III. My Stock and My Grass **

FROM Michaelmas, 1923, I consider serious farming began. I propose to treat the four years, Michaelmas, 1923, to Michaelmas, 1927, as one period. When starting, I decided it would take five years to get the farm into a reasonably workable condition. By employing more labour, I could have repaired all the farm buildings, erected new ones I considered necessary, tackled the drains, ditches, hedges, weeds, etc., in a large way quickly. But to go slowly, employing two men, then a boy extra, now three men, and doing only what this labour permitted, I am sure has proved much the cheaper way. It has also allowed me to train my men. The money spent on labour has gradually moved from going on not directly productive work, such as re-conditioning land and buildings, to ordinarily productive farm work.

I started selling milk December, 1923. I joined the local milk recording society. On the whole I was lucky with my cattle purchases. This second year I was able to get some pretty good heifers. Two of them cost £34 each; one of these gave me an average of 11,300 lbs. of milk with her first three calves, then died on having her fourth. Several heifers gave me over 800 gals. with their first calves, but dropped in the second, coming up again in the third. Through the recording society I received a diploma of merit for the 1,100 galloner from the Ministry of Agriculture, but I do not care to have cows giving over 800-900 gals. as an average.

I am glad to say I found my grass land got better every year. It was especially good for young stock, and I could fatten on it without cake. There is always a good market locally for fat maiden heifers. My butcher buys the few I have at 10d. to 1s. per lb. dressed carcass weight. Of course, he gets the 'fifth quarter', the hide, head, offals, etc., worth

* July: 1. I Buy my Farm and Tackle the Labour Problem.
October: 2. Problems of Income Tax, Dairy Cows and Rabbits.

from 1d. to 1½d. per lb. over the carcass, so really pays only from 8½d. to 11d. nett for his beef, which sells at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per lb. retail, according to cuts. When I started I joined a 'bull club' using a Ministry of Agriculture premium bull kept by a neighbour. For the last three years I have kept a bull bred by this premium bull and my diploma of merit cow. I still send a few cows and heifers to the premium bull. My bull gives very good calves, and by rearing all the heifers and selecting these, I am getting a nice herd together.

I was bitten by what I call the fancy rations and high records microbe, but am inclined to think that it is as a policy rather a luxury. I aim at producing cheap milk and find the most awfully unbalanced rations work best to this end. I am inclined to think it is all in the cow. You see one man who hardly dare eat and yet cannot keep under 18 stone and another eating all he can who does not pass 10 stone. I find there are cows which keep fat as butter, failing a bit, perhaps, during their heaviest milking time—I don't hold with the theory that if they put it on their backs, they can't put it in the pail; after all, once it is on their backs, it stays there to be drawn on when necessary—and give from 700 to 900 gals. of milk in the twelve months on very little food. That is the paying type. We ought to pay more attention to breeding for this type than to breeding for heavy milking qualities.

I had two horses I brought from Ireland with me. One of these died in the traces when ploughing. I think he was too fat and too eager and must have strained his heart. It was a sad loss as he was my favourite. I got two more mares, one in foal—the prospective foal is now a useful 3-year old—so that I could breed one every year. These I had sent to me from Ireland. I also paid £32, rather high, for a cobby little 6-year old mare. She was an accident between a cart mare and an arab stallion. A most useful little animal, she usually goes in the milk float, but can well work in a farm cart. She is just now resting and expecting

shortly to be a mother. I put her to the local War Office premium sire, a useful thoroughbred. Her foal may be anything, possibly a handsome Galloway type. The War Office sire is a handsome horse. My other mares, although heavy enough for general farm work, are not too heavy to trot in the float sometimes, but of course, would knock themselves to pieces if always kept trotting on the road. My horses, like the men, have to work in with each other's jobs at a pinch, although, in a general way, having their own jobs.

Although an Englishman, I have a certain partiality for pigs, and did very well with them in Ireland. People used to come from the next county when my pigs were advertised at the local fair. I got two pigs here to fatten but have had none since. I should like to keep a couple of sows but do not want to employ more men, and there is still so much to do on the farm outside direct farming that there is no time to attend to pigs. I may fatten another couple soon, but the trouble is I like fat bacon and everybody else in the house likes lean ; I cannot eat my way through a whole pig or find people outside to buy fat bacon.

Poultry are quite a useful sideline in a small way. Personally I hate chickens except at dinner time, but I have varying numbers of hens which lay a fair number of eggs on very little direct feeding. Of course, what with worms, scratching in the farmyard and picking succulent little bits of clover, etc., in the fields, they get a lot to eat which would otherwise be wasted. The eggs come into the kitchen. What we don't eat go in barter to help pay the grocer's bill. I do not look very closely into what the actual number is ; I credit £5 a year to the farm, which more than represents the cost of keeping up the laying stock, food, etc. A few get hatched out somehow every year. Tom looks after this department and I feign sufficient interest to keep his enthusiasm going.

WITH the land my most difficult problem was that of the arable I grassed down. All the arable was starved out to the last degree, and that which was to remain under the plough required all the manure I could produce. Ex-

hausted and foul arable land represents a serious problem all over England. How it got like that is immaterial. Recently in the *Times* there was a letter on the question of rent. 'The rent of a farm does not represent any payment for the use of the land, but interest on money sunk in buildings and other improvements to make it a farm; if you take a piece of prairie, you must sink money in a house and equipment before you can farm it.' I should have liked to point out to the writer that if you dump a man down on a piece of prairie he can borrow money to equip it, then out of its virgin fertility take several crops at no serious cost beyond his labour; with these crops to sell he has some hope of paying his debts in sufficient part so that, as his farming begins to become more complex, he is not unduly loaded with debt charges. Dump a man on an exhausted, foul arable farm in England. It may be more or less equipped with buildings; most likely they are inadequate. (It can be said, in a general way, that all English farms, even the best, are under-equipped as to buildings.) The value of the equipment does not compensate for the exhaustion of the land. The farmer has to pay rent for the pleasure of sinking money in this land before he gets or can hope for a return. Luckily for our agricultural landlords, English farmers have a tremendous affection for their native land and so accept most onerous and often impossible rents. This acceptance of impossible rents by the farmers has led to great calamities in Ireland. In England its effect is less visible because our farmers represent a vastly smaller item in our national wealth and economy. Landlords sometimes say to me, 'I am only getting three per cent. net (or something not high) on what I paid for my land.' Of course, the answer is very often that local developments are putting up the capital value of the land, so that there is a profit piling up there; further, what you paid for the land has nothing to do with the matter. People buy worthless shares and don't make anything per cent. The rent you are charging prevents a man living and working the land properly and paying his

men properly. It is immoral ; further, it will soon leave you with a farm nobody will take, and (serve you right), you will get no rent at all, as has happened on one or two farms some thirty miles from here. The fact that farmers will pay these rents is no more justification than is the fact of women tailoresses accepting sweated wages.

To return to my arable. The part grassed down I dressed heavily with slag and kainit ; it is slowly coming round, but, after five years, is still none too good, and has cost a lot of cash and labour.

My arable is now in reasonably good heart. I want to see it very much better but it is giving satisfactory crops. In some dim past age the land had been well tile-drained, but all the ditches had by neglect become half-filled or almost obliterated. Only last year did I discover the last drain and get it running.

My old grass land went from strength to strength by the aid of fairly liberal slag dressings and plenty of harrow. Once in Ireland I fenced some pigs into a piece of old park land. After a bit it looked like rough harrowed plough land, but the following year it grew grass such as it had never grown before. In this matter I believe the experts and I are at one. I do not think you can worry grass land too much in late winter. I harrow some of mine with a heavy field harrow, well sharpened, but always finish with a Parmiter and leave it fairly smooth but open. Roll about April. Rag weed and thistles gave a fair amount of trouble, but two years' vigorous war by gangs of boy scouts, among others, settled the rag weed. Thistles are more tiresome, but constant cutting has turned the tide against them. Clumps of nettles in odd corners still worry me as much as I worry them, but they show signs of giving up. Docks are still a problem, but I have turned the tide against them also. They must have cost me pounds in direct labour, apart from my permanent men's spare time. Spare time is a word I ought not to use because really my men have no spare time. My work permits me to arrange that something is always

ready to be done, which I consider the secret of being able to pay high wages on a farm. In the accounts I charge the house £10 a year for general services. I could not by any means buy these services for £10, but they actually cost the farm nothing. There is a lot of ripe to half-dead timber (mostly oak) in hedges, odd belts and corners. I cut down about five trees every year, irrespective of the season, except, of course, I do not tumble a tree on grass saved for hay. When opportunity offers, the tree is felled; on other occasions, according to opportunity, it is cut up. Suitable wood is split for posts. These are always being wanted on a farm with long neglected hedges. Posts and plain wire or rails stop all my gaps. I took down all the barbed wire I found on the place and replaced it with plain. I think barbed wire too dangerous to cattle and horses on a small farm.

Wood not suitable for posts is used for firing. On pouring wet winter days, this wood is cut into logs with an oil engine and saw I have in the barn, so using up time which would otherwise be wasted. On many farms there is not enough work for the wet winter days. From the farm point of view, this wood has cost nothing. In a similar way I get my garden done. Half a day or half an hour when such time can be fitted in. Of course this system entails a mixture of a sharp eye from me and good will from the men. 'Fit things in' would make a good rule to farm by.

I usually grow 2-3 acres of winter vetches for the cows to eat about May and June. I have tried all sorts of odd crops. Marrow stem kale, winter greens, trifolium and, of course, one year clover ley, but now I am inclined to think it pays me best to grow only straw crops, wheat and oats—and aim at 4-5 loads of mangels per cow—and perhaps the vetches and a few winter green turnips if they fit the season. One must have wheat straw for bedding. The growing fraternity of poultry farmers make a fair market for wheat locally. They prefer local grown English wheat for some fortunate reason. Putting in the wheat is a handy job for the horses after harvest. Oats give me straw for the horses

and any cattle to eat and thus save hay. The oats themselves are crushed (another wet day job) and fed to the stock in winter. I rear my calves on a mixture of crushed oats and linseed cake. I also use some for the cows and, of course, horses. Preparing the land and sowing the oats makes a convenient job early in the year, comfortably followed by the mangel. Time will show, but I think that by taking care of my grass land I shall get on better without seeds, hay, or any other crops.

(To be continued)



Birds

The Guardian of the Skuas

A TRIBUTE to a famous bird-watcher, the late Henry Edwardson, who saved the great skua from extinction by the guard he kept in a spot in the Shetlands so remote that his food, letters and papers reached him once a week only, is paid in the 'Nineteenth Century'. 'His companions were the screaming, miawling, barking sea birds, the fierce Atlantic waves, for ever beating against the defiant rocks, and the rude winds, often thick with sea mist, or rising in angry squalls whose roar mingled with the clamorous cries of the birds in one hurricane of sound'. It is sometimes forgotten that, though the skua lives by relentlessly chasing gulls which 'lighten themselves by discharging cargo, in the form of the recent or hoped-for meal', gulls play the same trick on terns. Some of Edwardson's skuas used to eat from his floor with the confidence of robins. One skua, which he believed to be thirty years old, was always at his door on his arrival every May for his four months' watch. 'Twice this skua lost its mate and twice a half-reluctant bride was brought to the hut, gradually yielding to the force of persuasion and example, and bringing, later in the season, two big ungainly chicks to be duly introduced to their human neighbour.'

Tail Corn

BY the same post there come notes from two women novelists whom every reader of *THE COUNTRYMAN* has read or ought to have read. Says the first (who is happy because she has 'almost finished another book and made a great deal of admirable tomato chutney') : 'I do congratulate you on the last *COUNTRYMAN*. What I like best is that it is so judicious ; it has the real good sense of patience and experience that ought to be the flower of the agricultural mind and that sometimes is.' The other author has 'immensely enjoyed' the October number ; it 'strikes exactly the right note, combining practicality with a real appreciation of country life, not the superficial appreciation of summer visitors or week-enders'.

BEER and Stout are the names of two villages in the West Country.

EWE hear from Mr. Henry Morris that the building of the

TO OUR READERS

WITH our next issue we hope to celebrate the beginning of Vol. III by improving the quality of the paper on which our text and illustrations are printed.

MANY readers whose subscriptions expire with this issue (completing Vol. II) will greatly oblige by remitting their subscriptions for Vol. III—10s. for the four quarterly numbers post free.

AN Index and Title page to Vol. II, which is completed by the present issue, will be produced as soon as possible, price 1s. post free. A few copies of the Index and Title page to Vol. I are still available at the same price.

A SET of Vol. I has been sent us for binding, but no name or address was enclosed. Will the owner kindly send these particulars ?

The Publisher,
THE COUNTRYMAN, Idbury, Kingham, Oxford.

Village College at Sawston, Cambridgeshire, will begin early in 1929.

THE very short and very clear penny pamphlet which Lady Hall has written for farmers and farm workers about the League of Nations, 'Feeding the World' (League of Nations Union, 15 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1) is just right.

'THIS is my own, my native land!' quotes 'Yaffle' in his weekly causerie in the 'New Leader,' and continues: 'Of course, it all depends on the point of view. Personally, I am only too glad to get rid of the bit of land that I can honestly claim as my own every Friday evening.' 'Flambo's' illustration alongside.



IN the Academy, the Salon, the Beaux Arts Gallery, the British Museum, and public collections in the United States, Canada and Japan, in our own pages and in the illustrated Press, the attention of many of our readers has been attracted by the remarkable power, poignancy, and warmth of Elizabeth Keith's colour prints of human life in the Far East, rural and urban. Messrs. Hutchinson have now issued, at a reasonable price, a handsome quarto of some of the artist's finest work, which, accompanied as it is by letterpress marked by humour, observation, and unusual information, makes 'Eastern Windows' one of the most attractive gift books of the season.

WHILE several novelists, not to speak of poets, historians and economists and other authors, grace our subscription list, we take equal satisfaction in the presence upon it of so many directors of advertising! The explanation is, obviously, that to direct, with sensitiveness and vitality, the advertising of a great enterprise or to be the director of a large advertising firm doing the best kind of work calls for something of the imagination and creative ability, the zest and the appreciation of periods of reflection that mark the true countryman.

The Happy Motorist*On the Farm and the Road, by Owner Driver*

AFTER a recent dispenishing sale where a tractor was disposed of, the outgoing farmer found that its driver, like himself, was leaving the farm. As the incoming farmer had said that he would take on all the old hands, the man's old master asked the reason. 'Am a-goo'in' with ma tractor', was the reply. 'But from where you live', replied the farmer, 'you'll have to ride five miles a day to your work' 'No odds', came the rejoinder; 'no bloody 'orses for me'.

THIS is not the only story I have heard demonstrating the nonsense that has sometimes been talked about the unlikelihood of men ever showing the devotion to motors that they gave to horses. Not many months ago a friend, an owner-driver of a Sunbeam, who has never had any other kind, decided to buy a larger car of the same make. He told his friends that he would not send the old one to a dealer but would take £25 for it 'for a good home'! Needless to say, 'the good home' was quickly forthcoming. When the purchaser went for the car he found that, as a parting token of regard, the seller had had the car painted!

WHAT dullards the people are who cannot feel the thrill that machinery gives. I know nothing in its way more memorable than the sight, at the Morris works, of an unending succession of chassis reaching the final stage of the assembling of parts—one every two minutes—and after getting half a pint of spirit, what was dead iron suddenly springing into life and dashing off into the yard.

A SIMPLE practical hint, which may save a stop on the road, is to take out once or twice a year and clean the little screen where the petrol enters the carburettor. Tins of petrol contain little chips of paint and these soon block some of the mesh of the screen.

SUNBEAM

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In Mayfair and the Shires, across the plains of India and the desert tracks of Iraq, in the sunshine of Australia and on the African veld—everywhere where cars are used you will find the Sunbeam.

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Dunlop tyres standard

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Hanover Square, W.1



The Lure of Rabbit Pie: A Dialogue at Christmas in War Time, by Elspet Keith

AN Old Man dressed in Workhouse clothes is seated on a rough seat outside a cottage door. He is bent and shrivelled and has a white, anxious face. He is talking to himself in a melancholy, high-pitched voice in the Essex dialect.

OLD MAN. I never 'ad nobbut one name, an' that name's Samm'l. When I was a li'l lad they called me 'Li'l Samm'l' an' now that I'm ould, they calls me 'Ould Samm'l.' I never did 'av no father an' no mother, jest mysel. Didn't need nobody else seemin'ly. . . .

[The cottage door opens and an old woman appears. She is a big woman, about 70, with a red face and a deep voice.]

OLD WOMAN. Who's that a'whinin' outside my door? [She stoops and peers at the Old Man.] Why! if it 'ain't Ould Samm'l.

OLD MAN. Who are you a'Ould Samm'l'in' Oi?

OLD WOMAN. Why, don't ye recognize me, Ould Samm'l? I be Strong Betsy.

OLD MAN. Strong Betsy! Lord-a-mussy, so t'is. A rare an' fine wummin you allus did be, Betsy, an' no mistake. Ye could thresh a man, they did say.

OLD WOMAN. [scornfully]. Thresh a man. Why, I 'oodn't stoop to, not if Passun asked me. But what are ye a'doin' 'ere, Samm'l?

OLD MAN. [trying to lower his voice and looking over his shoulder fearfully]. 'Tis a secret, Betsy. I be runnin' away fr' the Wukkus.

OLD WOMAN. Wukkus, Samml?

OLD MAN. Aye, Wukkus, Betsy. For all I allus worked rare an' hard, 'tis the Wukkus I come to, Betsy. 'Twas all roight wi' Oi till Oi got married. But I never had no luck o' marryin'.

OLD WOMAN. No more had I, Samml.

OLD MAN [ignoring Betsy's remark]. Fust it was Sairey. A fine, upstandin' gell she were an' no mistake. Eight

JANUARY, 1929

409

SHELL DOMESTIC OIL FUEL FOR COUNTRY HOUSES

OWNERS of country houses are invited to investigate the advantages of Shell Domestic Fuel Oil for Central Heating.

Fuel Oil gives you the following advantages:

Saving in labour No ashes or dirt
No smoke Saving in storage space
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Conversion from solid fuel furnaces is easily made—at a low cost.

Shell Engineers have made exhaustive study of every kind of fuel burning equipment, and will gladly answer any enquiries as to the nature and cost of suitable apparatus if you will send them relevant particulars of your present installation.

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SHELL-MEX, LTD.
(FUEL OIL, DEPT. 'C')
SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2

shullin' a week we 'ad an' kep' a ludger. But she died on me, come a year, an' the baby it kep' on a'cryin' till Oi got sort o' low in me mind, an' so Oi got along o' the Widder Barfield. [*Betsy tries to say something but Samuel talks on unheedingly.*] The Widder she 'ad nine all 'er own, an' she took in me an' my li'l gell. But the baby she died on us. The Widder she weren't a bad 'un. [*He shakes his head regretfully.*] A fine rabbit pie she could make an' no mistake.

OLD WOMAN [*scornfully*]. Rabbit pie !

OLD MAN. One lad 'ee went wrong an' got into quod ; then another lad 'ee ran off to sea. Two gells died o' measles, an' the Widder she didn't 'av no right 'ealth as ye might say. Doctor's stuff she took was somethin' crool ; many's the 'alf suvv'rin she spent on tresh sech as that. An' me wukkin' 'ard an' gettin' nothin' but chin music from 'er fam'ly. Then I got took wi' rheumatics. [*Betsy again tries to get a word in but the old man keeps on.*] An' Widder she died on me. An' I'd 'a died most like if the Widder's eldest gell hadn't a took pity on me an' kep me same as I might be 'er father.

OLD WOMAN. An' a good gell Grace was, I allus did say !

OLD MAN. She said she'd a kep' me longer, but she couldn't stand my voice. I've a dredful wearisome voice an' that's the truth. So she put me to the Wukkus. But I 'ont stand it no longer, I know I 'ont.

OLD WOMAN. Why wot's wrong wi' the Wukkus ? A grand place where there's allus plenty o' firin' an' tea an' all for nawthin', an' sarvints wait on ye if ye be ill ; treated like gentlefolk ye be, Samm'l.

OLD MAN. Don't ye go an' believe it, Strong Betsy. They're a reg'ler bullyin' lot, fit to pizen ye. I tell ye I've had rheumatics in the knee sech as no Christian ought ter 'av, an' they put me to bed. An' Samm'll Brown 'ee got my baccy.

OLD WOMAN. Got yer baccy, Samm'l ! Why didn't ye tell the Wukkus Master ?

OLD MAN [*getting excited and his shrill voice rising higher*].

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I tell ye they wouldn't listen to Oi. The colporter she sent a strange young wummin all 'count o' the War, an' sez she, 'Is there a ould man here called Samm'l?' 'That's me,' sez Samm'l Brown, the varmint, an' 'ee got my baccy. W'en I got up there's Samm'l Brown sittin' on my sunny seat that I 'av sat on for twenty year an' more. The King, God bless 'im, giv me five shullun' a week, an' all this time I've never took that money. An' this mornin' to skeer 'em proper *I've runn'd away*.

OLD WOMAN. Five shullun' a week, Ould Samm'l, why ye can't live on't.

OLD MAN. I can, I tell ye. There's a shullun for firin', an' a shullun' for baccy, an' three shullun' for vittals. The Passun'll giv me a little bit on a cottage mebbe. [*Gloatingly*] I'll mak' Samm'l Brown rare an' mad, I will.

OLD WOMAN [*scornfully*]. Never you mind Samm'l Brown; he's nowt but muck. But you listen to me, Samm'l. 'Tis the Lord's truth I'm tellin' ye. I'm fair sick o' tryin' to live on seven an' six, an' this blessed day I were packin' up to git ready to go to the Wukkus.

OLD MAN [*astounded*]. Ye don't say so, Strong Betsy!

OLD WOMAN. I do, Samm'l. I tell ye, ye'll never live on't. Why it don't buy vittals let alone clotheses in War time. Rector's missis, she sez [*mimics a condescending voice*], 'We must all do our bit for them brave fellers, Betsy. I'm sure you won't mind giving up your red flannel this winter.' 'Betsy 'ont mind, m', sez I to she. 'Betsy's willin' to do without, but Betsy's back ain't willin' an' Betsy's legs ain't willin'.' If the Lord sees fit to send Betsy a bad back, red flannel she mun' hav'. An' sez I to her as she hurries up path, 'It's time m', sez I, 'that the Bishop did somethin' to stop this old War. We're sick on't that we be.'

OLD MAN. Right for 'ee, Betsy. [*Both laugh delightedly.*]

OLD WOMAN. Then come Mrs. Green, the farmer's wife. 'No plum puddin' this Christmas, Betsy. We must all do our bit in Wartime.' 'Right for 'ee m', sez I to she. 'Betsy's willin' right enough, but Betsy's stummick ain't



39 Advantages

For the benefit of that large section of the public which finds itself bewildered by business language, the Westminster Bank issues from time to time simply worded explanations of various ways in which it is able and glad to be of use to its customers. A brief outline of many of its services will be found in *Thirty-nine Advantages*, a copy of which will be sent on receipt of
a postcard to the
Secretary

Westminster Bank Limited

HEAD OFFICE: 41 LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2

willin'. It gets empty Wartime jest same's ever.' 'No coal this year, Betsy,' sez the Reverend. 'All goin' to our brave boys.' 'Right for 'ee, Sir,' sez I to he. 'Betsy's willin', but Betsy's toes they ain't wullin', an' Betsy's pore fingers they get chilblains same as ever.' I'm reg'ler sick on't I be, an' I'm a'gooin' to the Wukkus. [*Betsy turns and slowly looks at Samuel, a light dawning on her face.*] Why, Samm'l, my dear. You come an' live along o' Oi. Ten shullun' a week we'll hev for sartin. One fire'll do for both on us, an' two can liv' most as cheap as one, wi' managin'. I'll cook yer vittals, I'll wesh for 'ee, Samm'l. [*She lowers her voice to a husky whisper.*] They call me Strong Betsy, Samm'l, but it's reg'ler skeered I be o' nights. Queer noises come from that graveyard, Samm'l, but wi' ye a'sittin' cosy by the fire a'smokin' yer ole pipe, an' we eatin' a nice bit o' rabbit pie mebbe——

OLD MAN [*mouth working and eyes gleaming*]. Rabbit pie, Betsy! Can ye mak' a rabbit pie? Oh, Betsy, I do fair melt times for a bit o' rabbit pie. The Widder Barfield, Betsy, she made a wunnerful rabbit pie!

OLD WOMAN [*scornfully*]. Widder Barfield! I think yer Widder she 'ont touch me at that, she 'ont. [*She lowers her voice.*] Poachin' Joe 'ee fetches me a rare li'l rabbit, times, Samm'l—hist! don't ye be tellin' Passun.

OLD MAN [*eagerly*]. An' div' ye put musharooms in it, Betsy?

OLD WOMAN [*scornfully*]. Musharooms, I think I did, an' a bit o' bacon, Samm'l.

OLD MAN. Bacon!

OLD WOMAN. An' kidney, Samm'l. An' fetches a bit o' lard from the farm for to mak' sech a pasty, Samm'l!

OLD MAN [*delightedly*]. Ow, ow, Betsy! An' would ye leave me a shullin for me baccy, Betsy? The Widder she 'ad sech a rare lot o' children, Betsy, all my wages she allus took.

OLD WOMAN. A shullun? I think I will, Samm'l an' rare treats we shall 'ev. An' you'll be sittin' cosy by the fire in my big chair a'showin' me yer rheumatic knee, Samm'l,

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Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas).

Head Office: London.

Barclays Bank (France) Limited. *Head Office:* Paris.

Barclays Bank, S.A.I. Rome and Genoa.

an' I'll let ye see the terruble big growth on my pore back, Samm'l—somethink crool it do be. [*Here Betsy stoops and takes Samuel's left arm under her right arm and draws him towards the open cottage door.*]

OLD MAN [*suddenly taking fright*]. But ye ain't a goin' to marry me, Betsy? Oh, Betsy [*his voice rises almost to a scream*] I never had no luck in marryin'.

OLD WOMAN [*soothingly*]. You come along o' Oi, Samm'l.

OLD MAN [*trying vainly to withdraw his arm*]. I'se a reg'ler nesty, bad-tempered ould man, Betsy, an' that's the truth.

OLD WOMAN [*still in the same masterful tone as if talking to a child*]. You come along o' Oi, Samm'l. Musharooms in it, Samm'l, an' kidney in it, Samm'l; and mebbe a bit o' bacon, Samm'l.

OLD MAN. I've a reg'ler worritin' voice, Betsy. No wummin could ever abide my voice.

OLD WOMAN [*gently pushing the old man through the open door into the cottage*]. You come along o' Oi, Samm'l.

OLD MAN [*as the door closes slowly is heard wailing*]. Ye ain't a'goin' to marry me, Betsy!

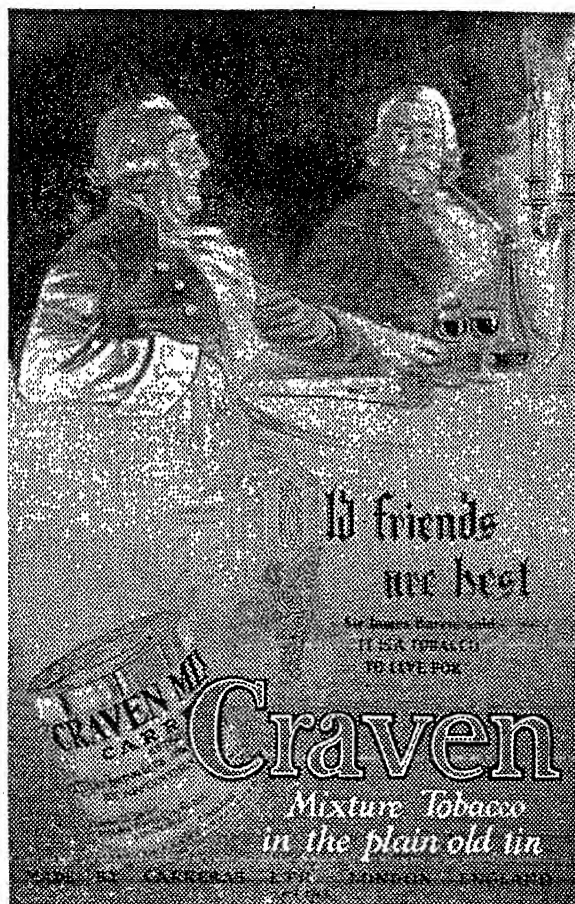
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VILLAGE BRIGHTENERS AND WISER PEOPLE.—I am glad you sat on the 'Village Brighteners'. They are our enemies.—*Guy Ewing*

'A DECAYING INDUSTRY.'—'Bringing life to a decaying industry'—a phrase in reference to farming, in an Editorial note in the 'Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture' for September, is a bit of a howler, is it not?—*Essex*

VILLAGE BRASS BANDS.—One way of providing interest in a village for lads who have left school might be solved by starting a small brass band, especially if the example of some American rural schools were followed and girls were also enlisted. Another way is to start a County Council carpentry class and admit girls.—*L.G.D.*



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to live for

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*Six Counties Without a Field**

THE impression we get of England—there are 37 million acres of England and Wales—is that it is mostly fields. So it is. But do you realize how much of it is not fields? Four million acres of the land of England and Wales are city and town, villages, railways and roads—let us say for brevity's sake, city and town. In other words, if all these

cities and towns were placed side by side, the string of counties due north from us here in the Isle of Wight—Hampshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Cheshire, and a bit of Lancashire—would be wholly city and town. In point of fact, you could walk on pavement all the way from Portsmouth to Manchester, and the whole area of every county you passed through would



*Black area represents proportionately
Urban England and Wales*

be city and town. If our countryside continues to be bitten into by the cities and towns at the same rate at which it has been bitten into during recent years you will be able by the time you are twenty years older than I am, to continue your walk on pavements right through Lancashire and through Cumberland, that is, from the English Channel to the Scottish border. In other words, in effect, out of the forty-one counties of England, *eight counties will have no*

* From a Foundation Day address by the Editor at Bembridge School, Isle of Wight.

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countryside in them at all. They will be wholly city and town. But all the rest of England and Wales outside the four million acres which are now covered by cities and towns is not fields. There are close on two million acres—say an area equal to that of Lancashire and Cumberland—which are woods, forests, and plantations. Nor when we look at the 31 million acres which are left can we call them fields exactly. They include more than a million acres of mountain and heath. Besides these million acres of mountain and heath there are in this country about four million acres which are described as rough grazing land. Deduct little holdings of an acre or less, and town allotments and bits of land which escape being counted, and we have left about 25 million acres of ploughed land and grass. Of these 25 million acres the ploughed part would be only about 10 million acres—roughly the area of six of our largest counties, Yorkshire, Somerset, Northumberland, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, and Shropshire. These 10 million acres are all the area from which crops other than grass are being raised in this country.



A Farmer's Notebook

THE wave of foreclosures which swept over the United States following deflation left insurance companies and other institutions with many farms on their hands. One insurance company has more than a thousand. Another company has farm investments to the amount of £750,000. The situation is interesting enough to lead an American farm journal to begin a series of articles on the subject. One financier who is responsible for the management of 600 farms says that he and his assistant managers doubled the improvement expenditures on 105 farms in one year—and doubled the gross income. It appears that the low price of farms is leading to the formation of syndicates, not only for the purchase of holdings, but, in many cases, the working of them. An Iowa syndicate bought fourteen farms to work. A farm manager with forty farms to look after says



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A 30-gallon drum, price 35/- delivered nearest station, will cover approximately 100 sq. yds. of drive or path surface. Write for full particulars to Estates "F" Dept.

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his first task is to 'make what may be called an engineering study of each farm'. This comprises arrangement of fields for effective handling, improvements in buildings, and implements and soil testing with a view to right fertilization. 'Somebody must provide these things if we are to realize out of farming all that is possible.'

A REMARKABLE MAN.—What a great livestock salesman may be is seen in notes by Mr. Archibald MacNeilage on the late James Swan, the head of the famous firm of John Swan & Sons, of Edinburgh and the Borders, who officiated at a sale at St. Boswells at the great age of 91 and has just passed away at 95. 'He had a remarkable gift for identifying and counting sheep and on at least two occasions, this gift was put to good use in detecting sheepstealers. His powers of repartee were deadly, and woe betide the self-confident ringsider who thought to try conclusions with the auctioneer.' He could add simultaneously the three money columns of a sale list and strike the average in his head.

USEFUL AUSTRALIAN EXPERIENCE.—'One of the greatest problems confronting the industry to-day is the high cost of production', writes the 162 page Australian 'Pastoral Review'. Yet at the Antipodes they have all the blessings of a tariff. At home some of us have suggested that if we had a tariff the things the farmer has to buy would be dearer. And so it seems to have fallen out in Australia. 'Cheap netting would greatly help against rabbits and dingoes', cries our contemporary; 'cheap iron piping would mean much in connection with artesian bores'. Alas! the industries which make netting and piping have to be 'encouraged'. So netting and piping are dear. Such 'a direct and heavy expense' imposed on the pastoral industry, the 'Pastoral Review' laments, is 'obviously bad economics'. Not so obviously evidently, for there are plenty of farmers in Great Britain who cannot see it. Note that in an article against the safeguarding of iron and steel 'Spectator' writes, 'Every year agriculture relies more on mechanical implements; can it be asked to bear another blow?'

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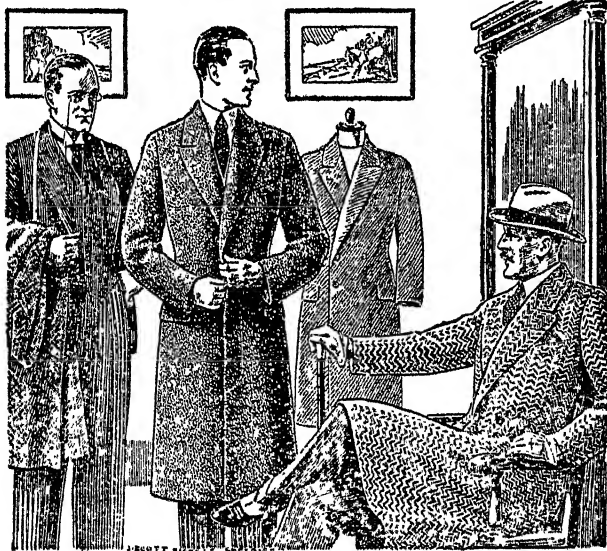
A vast number of right-thinking people, with minds stored with memories of past benefits, depend on Nicoll's of Regent Street to cope successfully with every emergency.

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hundreds of such coats as are shown in their list and thousands of London's best cloths to make from.

Their stock is renewed weekly. A mistake cannot be made in choosing from an ample collection that is all sound.

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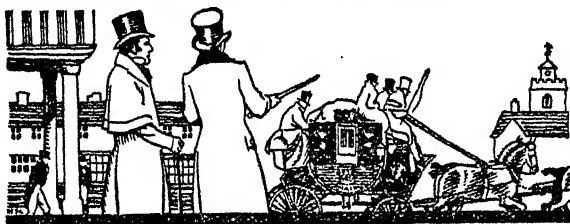
Christmas Bells at Shenton Bovesyn,
by M. K. Ashby

ALTHOUGH our little church was as thoroughly spoilt by nineteenth century restorers as anything so solidly built, so laden with history and tradition, so soaked with the spiritual and emotional responses of many generations, could be, it still retains an old peal of five bells which have never suffered any further 'restoration' than that of being more securely hung by a local firm. For something like three hundred years they have rung out their Christmas message.

How strenuously they ring it out ! For six weeks before Christmas they are rung once a week on a 'week-night', besides longer and more joyous ringing after service on Sunday night. For a week before Christmas Day they are rung at four o'clock each morning and on Christmas Eve they are rung for hours in the middle of the night. There may be other times that I have forgotten. At all events, during Christmas week they ring so constantly, so rapturously that one feels that the air of Shenton Bovesyn must ever after be full of the ghosts of sweet sounds—as indeed, it is.

* It is true that, as visitors have been known to complain, one does not get one's usual ration of sleep at Christmas time. Our houses cluster round the church and the sound of the bells, the clang and clash and resonance tumble down upon us and around us, so that it is almost as though the sounds were great, live, energetic beings leaping into the room. But wakefulness is worth while when it brings such deep and positive peace as the bells give us. Released as we are by this wordless, non-personal communication of the good news, from the bonds that keep us from each other, we find that, substantially, the story, the appeal of the bells, is the same for us all. We could never realize all this in the daytime : on Christmas Day, as on others, there is all the bustle and imperfection of human intercourse.

To know the ringers is to love the bells the more. In



RAINPROOF

Modern travellers live a sheltered life compared with that of our great-grandfathers, but even we need weather protection in our walks abroad. The modern raincoat is usually efficient. Being subjected to more than ordinarily hard wear, however, it needs cleaning and "re-proofing" periodically. You will do well to employ "Achille Serre" for this. For seven-and-sixpence we will clean, reproof and retint any raincoat. Efficiently.
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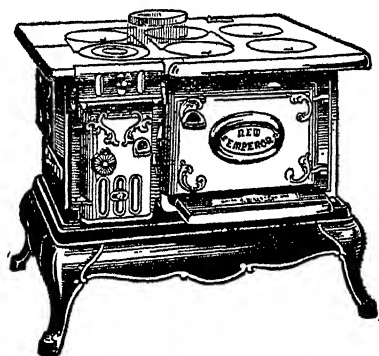
We have published two attractive little Books illustrated by Norman Keene. One for Ladies, "Beauty Adorned", and one for Gentlemen, "Sartorial Sensibility." We should like to send you copies of one or both. May we?

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

my ignorance, I used to think that the ringers acted under the direction of the rector, but it is not so. Every pull of a bell-rope is regulated by old custom. Once, when a youthful incumbent first took up his office, he explained that some of the occasions of ringing had no religious significance, and that it would be better if the ringers rang for more of the services and less upon these 'odd' occasions; but the ringers said, No; the bells had been rung as they ring them, 'underds of years, and they were not going to let down the bellringing; the next lot of ringers could do that. This last phrase was casuistical, for there is never a 'next lot'. There are always boys longing to handle the tempting, beautiful ropes and when a vacancy occurs one of these lads is chosen; he is taught the 'changes' and the ceremonies, and the band of ringers remain the same body.

The great recompense of the ringers is the joy they have in their art and the admiration it moves in us. But on Boxing Day and on one or two following days the ringers go together to every house in the village, accept money contributions and are regaled on mincepies and plum puddings, and given wines made from the juice of every edible berry and tap root that the village produces. The ringers are a pleasant sight as they sit round our polished hall-table, beneath the rows of books, drinking the dark ruby 'elder-berry'. Books are a suitable background for them, not indeed because they read them but because they are themselves classic characters; you may find them in Fielding and Hardy and Hudson. Old John, the leader, has a beautiful, long face, with a sweet, delicate expression; his hands, unspoiled by forty-five years of farm labour, are long and gentle and delicate like his face. Young Harry's youthful, blooming face and blue eyes, and lame Cyril's aristocratic nose and slightly stupid mouth give points of colour and form to the picture. Their talk is all of bells; the age of the Shenton Bovesyn bells and of their quality as compared with those of Cranford Parva and Swinton and all our other neighbouring villages; of how our bells have

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never been recast and of what may perhaps happen to bells when they go to a foundry. Then they tell us of the methods of bell ringing ; how it looks like child's play and is not ; of narrow escapes from being hurt, and even from being hanged by the rope of an angry bell ; of how they sometimes go to ring the bells of other churches, or teach other ringers how to do the Shepherd's Hay, for they can ring it, while the ringers of the parish church of the nearest town cannot.

We went to the church for the ringing in of the New Year. There could be no better spot to watch it coming from afar, beautiful and tragic as every year is. The church was dark except for the little lanterns set on the floor beneath the tower, which threw high lights upon the ringers' bodies and the dangling ropes, and sent one gleam to be caught by the shining crucifix away in the distant chancel. The action of ringing is beautiful to watch ; Old Tom's body is long, like his face, and graceful, and its motions beautiful. It is his voice that says softly 'Go !' at the round before each change, and the single syllable echoes softly in the empty church among the vibrations and the golden bell-sounds.

At a minute or two before twelve the ringers stopped and looked at their watches. Then they turned to us and wished us a happy New Year. I wondered why they did not postpone that till 'night's high noon' had come, but when the clock struck they turned to each other in their circle, first one way and then the other, as if in a folk-dance, and said in chorus, 'A Happy New Year to all !' And then suddenly the bells sent flying all they had of joy and energy and revelation.



A QUESTION.—Why should the farming industry expect to be successful in the old grooves when everything else about us is changing ? What could be more striking than the fact that at least two hundred of our countrywomen are learning to fly ?—*A Woman Reader*

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The Decrease in Meat Eating and the Consequences.—By A Young Farmer

IN the second number of THE COUNTRYMAN I ventured to remind fellow farmers who talk of live stock as the mainstay of agriculture that it was not only the vegetarians pure and simple—a relatively small, if an increasing number of men and women—who had to be taken account of. There was the fact that the educated public, under the influence of physiological teaching, of a wider range of food products, and of simpler habits of living, had reduced its meat consumption and is likely to reduce it further. Three rather striking illustrations of this have just come my way from the United States. I hear that the famous chain of Childs restaurants in New York and other American cities, a series of which we have a certain counterpart in Lyons, has been for some time serving a remarkably large proportion of vegetarian meals. Then the American shoe trade is calling out because, owing to decreased meat consumption, the supply of hides is diminished. Finally the United States Secretary for Agriculture in drawing attention to what he called 'a marked change in the consumption habits of the public' has said :

'This year the grain consumption is less than in the average year from 1910 to 1914 by a quantity which represents the production of nearly 20,000,000 acres. The 25 per cent. decrease in horses and mules, due to increased use of machinery, has cut grain consumption approximately 15,000,000,000 lbs. The remaining 8,000,000,000 lbs. in decrease in consumption of grain is accounted for largely by the use of this quantity for alcoholic drinks before the advent of national prohibition. [There is a marked decrease in drinking in our country also.] Again the average person in America to-day is eating 16 lbs. of meat a year less than in 1907. If *per capita* consumption were the same now as in 1907, approximately 1,900,000,000 lbs. more meat would be consumed annually. On the other hand, the consumption of certain other agricultural products, such as dairy products, vegetables

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and fruits, has shown a marked increase. [I am perfectly aware, if some vegetarians are not, that the production of dairy products involves the killing of cattle.] If we are to do the job of agriculture we must meet these conditions and similar conditions as they arise. We must adapt our production to the demand'.

Further, in July, in the House of Commons, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade admitted that 'there is a decline in the slaughtering of animals in various countries'.

As I wrote, the future of the land—putting the future far enough ahead—would seem to be, therefore, to the cultivator, not to the grazier. In other words, the future is to higher production, for you can grow five times more grain, fruit and vegetables to the acre than meat.

The old notion that the more meat men eat the stronger they are has gone. Now the notion that meat is absolutely essential to health is called in question. Note that the results of the Rowatt Institute investigations show that, even in the case of such gross eaters as pigs, it is possible, by properly balancing vegetable protein foods and with a combination of minerals, to rely upon obtaining as rapid growth as when fish meal is employed, and to maintain the pigs in excellent health throughout the feeding period.



THE OBSTACLE RACE.—Is it not a matter of grave national importance that the supply of fresh food to our people should have to run an obstacle race between an unorganized farmer and a public which is largely ignorant of the superiority of fresh food to food that is not fresh?—*R.H.R.*

SEVERAL readers spoke appreciatively of 'Old George', a sketch by Mr. Frederick Watson in our July issue. This hereditary writer of fiction (his father was Ian Maclaren) has just put his useful quarterly, the 'Cripples' Journal', on a new basis, and everyone confronted with the sorrowful problems to which it addresses itself should get into touch with him at Bodynfoel, Llanfechain, in Montgomeryshire.

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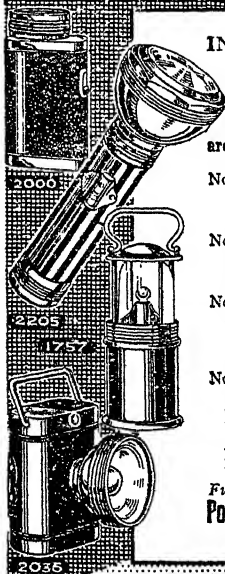
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Building and Fitting Up*Cement Floors for Upstairs—by F.G.-P.*

WHY is concrete, so largely used for the upper floors of hotels and offices, not more generally used for upper floors of smaller buildings? The housewife says a concrete floor is 'so cold'. But because it has no crevices like a wooden floor to let the cold air through, a room with a concrete floor must be warmer in cold weather than a room with a wooden floor. Among other advantages of a concrete floor is that it is fire-proof. It is also water-tight if water is spilt or a pipe bursts. Further, in many houses at any rate, concrete floors are more sound-proof than wooden ones. Then concrete floors do not wear out or suffer from dry-rot. Another point is that a properly constructed concrete floor binds the whole house together better than timber does. Thus the house yields less to vibration. In addition to this, the cracking of plaster walls that is often caused by the shrinkage of improperly seasoned joists cannot occur when the floors are made of concrete. Furthermore, rats, mice and other vermin meet their match when they attack cement. The objection that concrete floors are hard to the feet is met by the fact that the necessary softness may always be obtained by the use of wooden blocks, linoleum, felt or carpets. As regards the construction of concrete floors, the normal house is calculated to require a floor which will stand a weight of $1\frac{3}{4}$ cwt. per foot super, and a properly reinforced single slab floor up to 16 feet in width will stand up to this if made 6 inches thick. A 12-foot floor width should be 5 inches thick; for 10-feet, 4 inches is sufficient.



LOCAL GOVERNMENT.—I am particularly interested in your endeavour to arouse fresh and much needed interest in the work of local authorities. I entirely agree with you that the best way is to proclaim the good work they do, irrespective of party.—*F. W. Raffety*



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From a County Councillor's Diary

Tues. 5th. Libraries Sub-Committee of Education Committee.—Meetings of this are intermittent and my attendance even more so.

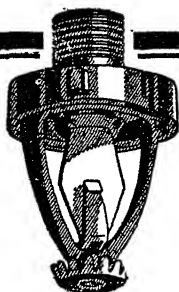
Fri. 8th. Accounts Section of Higher Education Sub-Committee.—Work largely of the nature that 'somebody must do it' or perhaps, more truly, that somebody 'must appear officially to have done it'.

Mon. 11th. Buildings and Sites Sub-Committee of Education Committee.—Did not attend. Only allowed my name to be put on it to make up numbers. Has three efficient members—none of them interested (professionally, I mean) in buildings or sites—and they run the Sub-Committee. Met one of them after meeting—a long one owing to details connected with erection of new Secondary School and repair of heating system to existing one.

Fri. 15th. Special Sub-Committee to consider the question of Dinners for Secondary School pupils.—Was appointed to this during moment of inattention at last Higher Education Sub-Committee. Five members in all, of whom two are absent. Question bound up with Grants and Allowances, cooking arrangements, accommodation, possibility of catering.

Sat. 23rd. Highways Committee.—A full-blown Committee in a fresh subject comes as relief from the run of Sub-Committees. Special report from County Surveyor as to dislocation of traffic from fallen trees during storm. Letter from Ministry of Transport *re* Grant towards new trunk road. Chairman reports, as result of interview, that Ministry will now make 75 per cent. Grant. Surveyor reports *re* second class road reconstruction, progress of new bridge over river and experiment in provision of non-slipping material for horse traffic. I voice complaint of my constituents regarding badness of roads in vicinity of local town. Am told 'no money'. As I got elected on 'Down with the rates' cry, shall pass that on.

Tues. 2nd. Education Committee.—A grand body. The



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co-opted members who have no responsibility for finding money keep us well supplied with schemes for spending it. A set-to over Mental Deficiency. Wondered if I might not be somewhat deficient, so kept silence. Criticism of report of Special Committee on School Dinners, which has irregularly found its way direct to this Committee. 'Hares' raised in all directions and well chased. This is a great Committee for 'hares'. Progress of Elementary School re-organization discussed. New capital outlay justified by plea that 'it will save money in the end'. Member who has tried to knock out an item in Elementary Sub-Committee tries again now and fails. Rather heated discussion over Buildings and Sites Report, the discussions being in inverse proportion to the new installation at Secondary School which is said to produce no heat at all. Director of Education promises to make inspection in company with local representatives. Two-hour meeting and late for lunch.

Thurs. 4th. Diseases of Animals Sub-Committee of Agricultural Committee.—The animal world having been in good health, only twenty minutes' routine business. After meeting encounter Chairman of Education Buildings and Sites Sub-Committee and tell him I shall resign membership. He replies, 'Didn't realize you were on it', and walks away.

Sat. 6th. County Council Quarterly Meeting.—Two new members since last meeting. Elect an Alderman. Discussion over doubtful passage in the Minutes but Clerk holds the upper hand. Reports passed quietly until Education Report is reached. Persistent Elementary enthusiast, not cast down by two previous defeats, puts an amendment. Has 'lobbied' well and carries it by 12-9, ten members abstaining. On Agriculture Report the Council orator raises whole question of 'decline of agriculture'. Short shrift from Chairman. Members send up pet pigeons, but Chairman rules should have been discussed under previous reports. Objection by the Council's 'lawyer' on ground of procedure overruled. A short meeting, but puts the seal on much useful Committee work in previous three months.

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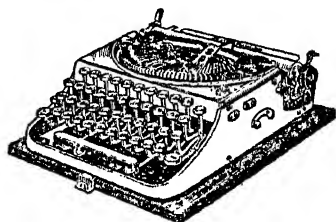
The Collector*The Attractions of Simple Furniture*

THE collector has learned much in the past twenty years. There is scarcely a cottage that does not contain one treasure of old world craftsmanship. But do not covet a piece of old furniture because you know it to be in a cottage. More often than not it is an heirloom. When you attend an average sale do not expect to find the masterpieces made by Chippendale, Manwaring or Sheraton. Rather, I suggest, turn your attention to the rush-bottomed ladder backs and the excellent wicket tables which were the pride of the joiners a century ago. But all is not old that glitters, neither must carving be accepted without investigation. When selecting furniture of the second-hand or used type, see that it is sound and free from worm. Confine your choice to the most serviceable pieces. In most stocks you will find plain chests of the 1800 type, a wide range of cottage chairs, some as late as 1850, and a few plain dressers and corner cupboards. Collectors should not despise the plain long case grandfather clocks, even though they are only 30-hour examples. Such specimens create a friendly atmosphere in a country room. There are pickings to be found in the oddments of junk shops and even at various stores. Fine fire guards of Adam design can be found at a shilling apiece ; pierced iron fenders and poker of Carron make are far from rare. In the stacks of iron bedsteads which are discarded annually there is quite a field for the discriminating collector who wishes for furniture of utility. Iron bedsteads of the period 1820-40 are works of art. When freshly painted and fitted with modern spring mattresses they give quite an air to a small room. The Duke of Wellington and Napoleon both preferred iron bedsteads. Men and women interested in the revival of country life will have a keen eye to rescue things which are still serviceable. In addition there is the charm of inquiry into the life of other days.

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The Townsman Turning Countryman
*VII.—An Acre of Wood for a £10 Note**

DEAR Peter,—I am much taken by your question whether, if you find you have on the property you buy, an acre or so or half an acre or even a quarter of an acre which will not graze a cow and is unsuitable for digging up, you could not plant timber trees on it, for you would have enough fruit in the garden. My first suggestion to you would be that you plant carefully but not too carefully, that is to say, that for quite small trees a foot square pit will be quite enough if the soil is reasonably good. Of course, you will take off the sod round the trees later, just sufficient to keep them free from grass and weeds. On the whole there is a good deal to be said for not digging the pits a day earlier than they are needed for the soil in them may get soggy with rain. For the little trees a foot and a half to two feet is a better height than three or four feet. Every novice makes the mistake of planting too big trees. The little chaps transplant better and catch up the big ones. A Scots Fir two years in seed bed and two years transplanted will be from nine to eighteen inches, ditto Larch from two to three feet, Spruce two years in seed bed and three years transplanted twelve to eighteen inches. Trees don't grow much the first year and not very much the second, but, once they start, put on from nine to eighteen inches. Four feet apart is a common method for a mixed plantation. A good nurseryman will send you diagrams showing how you can arrange, say, half-a-dozen kinds of trees in an acre. A total of 2,720 would be reached if every other tree were Larch (1,306 at four feet apart) and there were 340 Scots Firs and 340 Spruce eight feet apart, with 170 each of Beech, Oak, Sycamore and Ash sixteen feet apart. The method would

* 'Problems of Rural Life on £800 a Year and Less' (July, 1927); 'Sane Doing-up of an Old House' (Illus., October, 1927); 'A House with Warmed Floors and Walls and Traps for Sunshine' (Illus., January, 1928); 'Trying to Make Money in the Country' (April); 'Plans for a House' (Illus., July); 'An Acre of Fruit' (Oct.).

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be something like this, the idea being that the ultimate crop would be hardwoods, the variety which succeeds best to preponderate and eventually to constitute the whole :

O	L	B	L	O	L	B	L	O	L	B	L
L	Sc	L	Sp	L	Sc	L	Sp	L	Sc	L	Sp
A	L	Sy	L	A	L	Sy	L	A	L	Sy	L
L	Sp	L	Sc	L	Sp	L	Sc	L	Sp	L	Sc
O	L	B	L	O	L	B	L	O	L	B	L
L	Sc	L	Sp	L	Sc	L	Sp	L	Sc	L	Sp
A	L	Sy	L	A	L	Sy	L	A	L	Sy	L
L	Sp	L	Sc	L	Sp	L	Sc	L	Sp	L	Sc
O	L	B	L	O	L	B	L	O	L	B	L

The cost would be approximately £10 per acre whatever the choice of tree. Of course, it is cheaper to buy trees by the thousand than by the hundred. Estimating per thousand, Ash would be, at from 9 to 12 inches, 35s. to 40s., and, from 12 to 24 inches, 45s. to 50s. Oak might come, at from 9 to 12 inches, 45s., from 12 to 18 inches, 55s.—JACK.

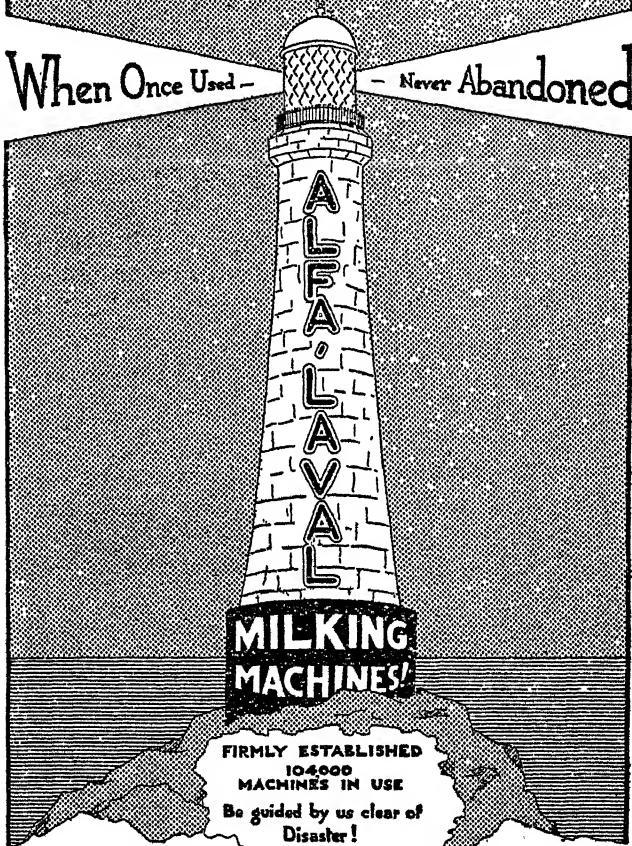


COMMONSENSE *versus* THEORIES.—‘ Shall We Give up the Hope of Having More People on the Land ? by Four Men of Science ’ in your last issue was an interesting statement of one side of the case. But surely it was one more illustration of the curious sterility of a certain type of scientific mind. Imagine that efficient distribution gave farmers slightly better prices and a sense of security. Land would be better cultivated—no one can pretend that at present our land is more than half cultivated. Money would be invested (not speculated) in better equipment, stock, etc. Even if fewer men per unit were employed, the total rural employment would be larger—more horses shod, more machinery mended, etc. More wages mean more money in rural circulation ; the country population would go up. As long as we have more than a million unemployed and half-starved, and millions more half-fed, and our land less than half-cultivated we ought not to speculate or academicize about our rural future but concentrate on producing food. Think of social conditions in which ‘ surplus milk ’ and starved children go together !—*Merely a Farmer*

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Health and the Open Air*Can We Thrive on Stale Food ?*

I HAVE read with great satisfaction in a local paper a verbatim report of the speech of Mr. J. H. Maggs, chairman of United Dairies, launching on behalf of his big enterprise, the Buckinghamshire scheme for a bonus on clean milk. As a man with many generations of farming blood in his body and an enlightened agriculturist, Mr. Maggs spoke persuasively to the assembled farmers. He made several noteworthy statements. For example, 'We cannot make the highest class of produce unless we start with the highest class of raw materials.' Again, 'By paying a premium for cleanliness we hope to get a better keeping cream'. It has been an equal pleasure to me to see the prominence given to the speech of Sir Walter M. Fletcher, secretary of the Medical Research Council, in which he spoke of a 'dangerous loss of essential food values'. 'The stunted figures, poor physique and bad teeth' among the masses of the population were the inevitable consequence of existence on food which, from one cause or another, had been deprived of natural qualities. I have been glad to see, also, the agricultural correspondent of the 'Times' touching on this subject. Three issues back, the conviction was expressed in THE COUNTRYMAN that 'it is largely owing to innutritious food that so large a proportion of our people are C3. If we do not improve our home food supply we shall sink as a nation in vitality, and all the trade in the world won't help us'. References have been made in many books to the value of agriculture to our national health. But how few of these authors have seemed to clear their minds sufficiently to see why it is of the first national importance to develop our agriculture. It is of the first national importance, of course, because, without a vigorous agriculture, we cannot have a sufficient *fresh* food supply. Future generations will be amazed by the tragedy which presents itself to our eyes of underfed idle men in a country

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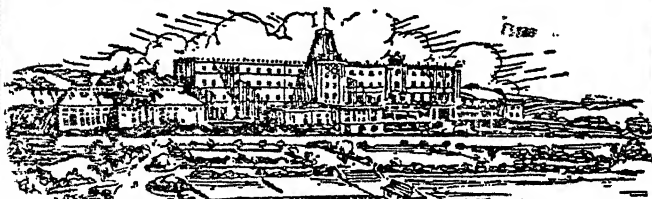
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the land of which is only half-cultivated. No wonder the Editor has had a letter of protest against the opinion expressed by agricultural authorities in our last issue that a large agricultural population is impossible. In the Unemployment debate the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, 'People who used to buy our goods now manufacture for themselves; foreign countries are now excluding our manufactures'. In other words, the markets that politicians are always talking about re-capturing are no longer there. What about opening a new market in our own countryside, calling in the land of Old England to redress the balance against new Urban England? In our soil and climate and rural instincts we have resources capable of producing both wealth and health.



For Countrymen and Countrywomen—VIII

1. Have we any flowers that have come from America?—
 2. Is there a goddess of weeding?—3. 'Potatoes have prevailed in this district, by means of premiums, within these twenty years only; and are much esteemed here now by the poor, who would scarce have ventured to taste them in the last reign.' Who wrote this and in what county, a hundred and fifty years ago?—4. The roots of an oat, when placed end on end have been found to measure 450 feet. Has the root system of any plant been observed to reach 50 miles?—5. Where are the dog rose and sweet briar regarded as a pest and where are blackberries being infected with a parasitic disease?—6. What other explanation can be given of the similarity of the flora of South Africa and Western Australia than the possibilities of a former 'land bridge', of the agency of birds and of the transmission of seeds by water and by human beings?

VII. ANSWERS.—1. Einkorn and Emmer, primitive wheats; Maslin bread made of wheat and rye.—2. 5 ft. is a common leap; 7½ ft. over a stone wall has been recorded (Clair-Thompson).—3. Manx.—5. Yes, such a freak is on the market.—6. In the year 1921 there were 42 female shepherds.—7. The guld or yellow corn marigold—original law against it dates back to 1214-49—but largely exterminated by liming.

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From Civil Servant to Farmer

AMONG the many farmers who are subscribers to *THE COUNTRYMAN* is Mr. F. A. Woodley, whose farm of 145 acres, on low-lying land adjoining the Thames—the meadows are subject to flooding—may be seen from the train, two miles on the Oxford side of Reading. The farm is interesting for several reasons. In the first place, it supports the contention of another reader, Mr. Alfred Amos of Wye—who has 20 men on his 200 acres and has just won the prize for the best farm in Kent—that high farming can be made to pay. On Mr. Woodley's 145 acres there are never fewer than 23 workers; part of the year the roll rises to 28. In addition to the manure produced by 9 horses, 20 cows, and 100 pigs, as much as £400 is spent on dung and artificials. To one acre 600 hours' work was given, to another 400 hours'; but twice as much profit was made on the 600 hours' acre. In the second place, Mr. Woodley has solved the marketing problem by cutting out the commission agent or wholesaler. He takes full advantage of nearness to a town by selling all his produce to shopkeepers in Reading. Out of the 145 acres, 75 are meadow and 70 arable, and on the 70 acres of arable there are 10 acres of oats, 15 of potatoes and 45—about the area of many a farm in Holland—under intensive culture, 3 acres for example, being rhubarb. Then there are lettuce, peas, runner and broad beans and onions. The aim is to supply Reading shops—Mr. Woodley has no retail trade—six days a week all the year round. If he has not got the stuff for his customers he buys in. His total yearly turnover is £20,000. His opinion is that if he gives trustworthy service it is bound to be profitable. Last year was a bad year climatically and financially; he spent £200 and took 63 days to make £40's worth of hay and then had to spend £350 for food for his cows and horses, but in ordinary years he probably makes 15 to 20 per cent. on his capital. He pays his men 3s. above the legal rate and from May to October they have plenty of overtime. His foreman gets

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£3 a week and 1½d. in the £ on everything produced on the farm. The 1926-7 wages bill was about £2,000, rent and taxes coming to £3 an acre. What Mr. Woodley is trying to do is to exploit his farm to its fullest capacity and to employ the largest possible number of workers. He has no tractors but has one of the hand motor cultivators with which, in a recent press photograph, Mr. Lloyd George was seen experimenting. He will probably buy another. Taking his farm as a whole, three crops are got in the two years. In the month of May one may see some morning a strip of cabbage, in the afternoon the strip ploughed, and the next day the strip going under potatoes. There is, of course, very little fallowing. The farm is exceedingly clean. As the foreman says, 'you cannot grow both weeds and crops', and certain crops have been known to produce a gross return of well over £100 per acre. Mr. Woodley has grown 10 qrs. of oats to the acre. This year he had nine quarters. It was from five to six feet high. The soil of the farm is light on gravel. It is possible to plough half an hour after rain. As to labour, Mr. Woodley quotes an old farmer who thought 'money spent on wages is in a sense wasted' and says that he himself employs nearly three times the number of men his predecessor did.

Mr. Woodley being a Christadelphian takes no part in politics, but is against Protection and subsidies. And he has no desire to lie out of the capital necessary to buy his land. He agrees that the nearness of his farm to Reading gives him advantages, but says that there must be many farmers who enjoy the same advantages and have land more or less suitable for doing what he is doing. He says modestly that many of the farmers and growers in the vale of Evesham employ as much or more labour and get as good or better returns. He believes that in existing agricultural conditions the best is not being got out of the land by a considerable number of farmers, and that whatever lack of capital may have to do with this state of things, a lack of knowledge or of adaptability is patent in many places. He refuses to admit that the dealing



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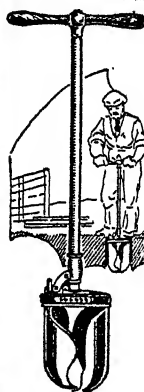
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he has to do in order to supplement his supplies has any direct effect on his farming ; it brings in a small proportion of his profits and it does not prevent him getting the best out of his land. He is aware that he could make more out of his milk if he went in for a milk round, but prefers to give his time to his crops. A striking fact about Mr. Woodley is that he did not take up farming until he was 35. He was until 1916 in the Post Office. He did, however, get three years' experience of nursery work before coming on the land. His father, who retired from active work in connection with the farm in 1927, began farming as late as 1905 at the age of 58, having been before that with Messrs. Huntley and Palmer. His total capital then was £500. It is doubtful, Mr. Woodley says, if the capital value of the farm has ever been more than £2,000.



*The Countryman's Library. III—A Few Foreign Books**

THIS quarter we give a short list of books on the agriculture of other countries. Other departments of rural literature will be dealt with in later issues.

- British Farmers in Denmark. *Bond*. Benn, 1928, 1s. 6d.
 Co-operation in Danish Agriculture. *Faber*. Longmans, 1914, 9s.
 Forage Crops in Denmark. *Faber*. Longmans, 1927, 6d.
 Modern Denmark : Social, Economic and Agricultural Life. *Jones*. King, 1927, 2s. 6d.
 A Danish View of British Farming. *Lange*. Lane, 1928. 1s.
 A Free Farmer in a Free State (Holland). *Robertson Scott*. 'Countryman', 1915, 6s. 6d.
 Final Report of the Agricultural Tribunal of Investigation (Denmark, France, Germany, Holland). H.M. Stationery Office, 1924, 5s.
 Recent Development of German Agriculture. *Middleton*. Ministry of Agriculture, 1917, 4d.
 Land and Labour (Belgium). *Rowntree*. Macmillan, o.p.
 Foundations of Japan : 6,000 Miles in the Rural Districts. *Robertson Scott*. Murray, 1922, 24s.
 Farmers of Forty Centuries. *King*. Cape, 1927, 12s. 6d.

* July issue : I.—History and Surveys. October : II.—Agricultural Practice and Agricultural Policies.



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*What Country People are Reading—**3. Sales of Dailies and Weeklies in a County Town*

THIS series was begun as a contribution to rural sociology—the suggestion came from Professor A. W. Ashby, the well-known rural economist—but, judging by our correspondence, it has been found extremely interesting by advertising experts, publishers and the distributing trade. In our July issue we gave a list of the daily papers and periodicals sold by a newsagent serving a little group of agricultural parishes. In our October issue there followed the combined figures of newsagents serving a small market town. We are now able to furnish, by the courtesy of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, the numbers of dailies and weeklies sold by one of their shops in a county town. No figures for magazines and reviews have been sent us.

London morning papers : Daily Mail 7,738, Daily Express 7,168, Daily Mirror 4,884, Daily Chronicle 3,894, Daily News 2,244, Daily Sketch 1,612, Times 1,156, Morning Post 768, Daily Herald 576, Daily Telegraph 465, Sporting Life 298, Financial Times 85, Financial News 30

Morning dailies of the district 12. Other dailies : Yorkshire Post 6, Manchester Guardian 5, Western Gazette, Shields Gazette 1
London evening papers : Evening News 1,520, Star 1,260, Evening Standard 1,122

Radio Times 176 ; John Bull 120

Film Weekly 104 ; Answers 100

Farmer and Stockbreeder 94 ; Sporting Life Racing Gazette 92

Motor Cycle 90 ; Church Times 74

Tit Bits, Woman's Weekly, World Radio 70

Woman's World 60 ; Competitor's Journal 57

Athletic News, Christian Herald 54

Passing Show, Pearson's Weekly, Railway Review, Rainbow 50

Family Herald, Humorist, Racing and Football Leader 46

Sports Pictures 42

Home Companion, Jockey, John o' London's Weekly, Punch, Woman's Companion 40

Fur and Feather 39, Carpenter and Builder 37

Autocar, Woman's Friend 36

Children's Newspaper, Popular Gardening 34

World's Pictorial News 32

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Amateur Wireless, Home Notes, John Blunt, Peg's Paper, Poultry World, School Days 26

Our Dogs 25

Gardener's Chronicle, Puck, Racing & Football Winner 24

Horse & Hound, Illustrated Chips, Racehorse, Racing & Football Outlook, Woman's Pictorial 22

Nursing Mirror, Universe 21

Chick's Own, Feathered World, Lady's Companion, Light Car & Cycle Car, Sunday News, Tiny Tots, Wonder 20

Farm, Field & Fireside 19

All Sports Weekly, Le Matin, London Calling, Motor, Outline, Schoolmaster, School Girls Own, Tiger Tim's Tales, Times Literary Supplement, Woman's Life 18

Illustrated News, Meat Trade Journal, Poultry, Picture Show, Sunday Stories 17

Amateur Gardening, British Weekly, Church Army Gazette, Christian World, Comic Cuts, Cycling, Guide, Modern Weekly, Spectator, T.P. and Cassell's Weekly 16

Cage Birds, Church of England Newspaper, Popular Wireless, Sunbeam 15

Christian, Christian Novels, Gardening Illustrated, Jester, Racing up-to-date, Scout 14

Country Life, Eggs, Field, Ideas, Model Engineer, Racing Judge 13

Betty's Paper, Boy's Magazine, Exchange & Mart, Guardian, Methodist Recorder, Motor Cycling, New Leader, Reynolds Newspaper, Tatler, Teachers' World 12

Draper's Record, Garden Work for Amateurs, Modern Boy, Playtime, School Girls' Weekly 11

Butterfly, English Churchman, Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News, Police Review, Sheffield Weekly Telegraph, Sunday Circle 10

Homing Pigeon, Merry & Bright, Methodist Times, My Favourite, My Weekly, Red Letter, Times Educational Supplement 9

Bee Journal, Dog World, Gem, Police Chronicle, Public Opinion, Racing Outlook Special, Record 8

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Amateur Photographer, Boxing, Bowes News, Champion, Eve's Own Stories, Film Fun, Grocer, Investor's Chronicle, Kinema Comic, Life of Faith, Magnet, Motor Transport, Pictorial Weekly, Racing & Football Expert, Racing World, School Friend, Stage, Truth, Weekly Daily Mirror, Week End Novels 5

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Agents Journal, British Journal of Photography, Boy's Realm, Bystander, Chums, Contractor's Journal, Diamond Special, Electrical Review, Electrical Times, Era, Farmers' Express, Furniture Record, Family Herald Supplement, Friend, Financial Independent, Illustrated Sport, Inquirer, Insurance Mail, Joyful News, Kentish Express, Laundry Journal, Live Stock Journal, Machinery Market, Manchester Guardian Weekly, National Message, Nursing Times, Queen, Ringing World, Saturday Review, Shooting Times, Surveyor, Sunday Sportsman Special, Statist, Tablet, Tailor & Cutter, Times Trade Supplement, Timber Trade Journal, Weekly Welcome, Weekly Scotsman, Wizard, World's Fair 2

Adventure, Architect, Architect's Journal, Account, Baker & Confectioner, British Dental Journal, British & Colonial Printer, Catholic Fireside, City News, Confectionery Journal, Christian Spiritualist, Complete Novel, Daily Mail (Blind Edition), Economist, Estates Gazette, Essex Weekly News, Freethinker, Fishing Gazette, Forward, Four Square Review, Fish Trades Gazette, Jockey Special, Girls Cinema, Gold Illustrated, G.K.'s Weekly, Healing Church, Irish Weekly Independent, Knight's Official Advertiser, Kent Messenger, Licensing World, Local Government Journal, Lancet, Laundry, Lawn Tennis, Municipal Journal, Modern Transport, New Spiritualist, National Newsagent, Newspaper World, Newsagent, Newcastle Weekly Chronicle, Notes & Queries, Overseas Daily Mail, Pitman's Weekly, Performer, Pigeon & Pigeon World, Power, Police News, Racing News, Racing Specialist, Rover, Rating & Income Tax, Review of the River Plate, Racing Calendar, Surrey Advertiser, Suffolk Chronicle, Shoe & Leather Record, Stamp Collecting, South Africa, Tom Topping's Weekly, Teachers' Times, Thomson's Weekly News, West Africa, Woman's Way, Yorkshire Weekly Post 1

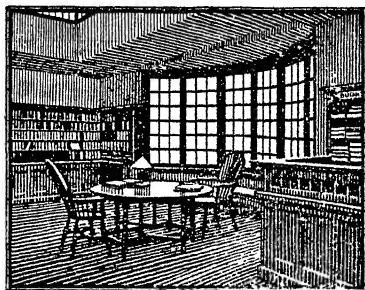


WHAT THE CREDIT LEGISLATION MAY DO.—We must release farmers from the habit of not owing money to anybody. It may take a generation but the new legislation will help.—*M.P.*

AN ILLUSTRATION.—About proposals for safeguarding agriculture, may we not remember, by way of example, the practice of the railway companies before and after road competition?—*Charabanc*

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Country Books of the Quarter*Books for Oneself and Other People*

THE belief, confidently expressed in the April COUNTRY-MAN, that Mrs. Hardy, in the biography she was preparing, would raise a memorial not only to the gifts but to the character of the noble countryman of letters who was her husband is fulfilled in *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy*, 1840-91 (Macmillan, pp. 339, illus., 8½ × 5½, 18s.). The reader's constant thought is of the privilege it must have been to know this remarkable man, who, though he looked intently at the common and the mean when it came his way, lived on the heights. The book, vital, well-written, convincing, is Hardy from his youth up until *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. Like Lord Morley's *Recollections*, it has something to say in every sentence. Indeed the special quality of this volume cannot be better illustrated than by random quotations: 'A man who speaks neither the truth nor lies but is a sort of Not Proven compound which is very relishable.' 'A doctor who attended a woman who could not pay him, said he would take the dead baby in payment, and it was kept on his mantelpiece in a glass jar in spirits.' "'Should he upbraid'" is the most marvellous old song in English music in its power of touching an audience.' 'A fowl-house built of old church materials bought at a builder's sale; the cock flaps his wings against the Ten Commandments.' 'The wealthy Mrs. B., impassive and grand in her unintelligence, like a Carthaginian statue.' 'A cheerful man who had turned his trousers hind part before because the knees had worn through.' 'The hurdle-maker said he would make a hurdle sooner than another man could pull one to pieces, and did so.' 'Lord P., a farmer-like man with a broad Devon accent, who showed me a bridge over which bastards were thrown and drowned even down to quite recent times.' 'James Payn said that the lack of gentry in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* made it uninteresting.' 'Plenty of form in the politicians' handling, but no matter,

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no originality.' 'Would never be called by her husband's name, and to the end of their lives the couple were spoken of as "Nancy Priddle and John Cogan".' "Ich woll," "er woll," etc., still used by old people in N.W. Dorset and Somerset.' 'These women at a crush at the Jeunes', if put into rough wrappers in a turnip-field where would their beauty be?'—*The Pathway* (Cape, pp. 416, $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$, 6s.), by Henry Williamson, author of 'Tarka, the Otter' (Hawthornden Prize) will not hold everybody, but it will be relished by readers who value literary workmanship, love Devon and its speech, delight in wild life, and appreciate an effort to represent the day by day existence of youths and maidens and middle-aged people in a country home of limited means.—In deploring the death of C. E. Montague we spoke particularly of two country sketches of his which were so different from the ordinary run of rural sketches. Both of them are in *Action* (Chatto & Windus, pp. 264, $4\frac{7}{8} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$, 7s. 6d.), and readers who want the stimulus of witty, manly, humane writing in mastered English should have this book.—Essex is under obligations to S. L. Bensusan (*Comments from the Countryside*, Douglas, pp. 223, $8\frac{5}{8} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$, 10s. 6d.) for he has caught what is significant in a dialect the integrity of which is sapped, and he can give us humour and the tang in the old folks' talk. His book is set off by pleasant illustrations by Mrs. Bensusan.—*The Judas Tree* (Hodder & Stoughton, pp. 351, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$, 7s. 6d.) is an unusual tale of the Chilterns in which appreciative readers will recognize Miss Almey St. John Adcock's power, sensibility and dramatic feeling.—It looks so easy to write like *Between Fires: A Comedy*, a play by Wilfrid Gibson (Macmillan, pp. 92, $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$, 3s. 6d.). But let the novice try to bring about in his open-air characters just such a combination of volubility and taciturnity, friendliness and spitefulness, density and alertness, reserve and easy recognition of the 'facts of life,' and he will learn a thing or two.

Once more E. V. Lucas has written a book unlike anyone else's, *Out of a Clear Sky* (Methuen, pp. 138, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$,

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new edition of that work, and the result is to be found, with all the glory of maps and other illustrations, in a Board of Education pamphlet, *Village Survey-making: An Oxfordshire Experiment*, by C. V. Butler and C. A. Simpson (H.M. Stationery Office, pp. 36, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 1s.). Read the Idbury Book for a saying with a smack: 'Thee bist neither 'ard 'ood (wood) ner faggits,' or for weather lore,

Fog on the hill, water to the mill;
Fog in the hollow, fine day to follow.

And we Idburians have a veiled May doll.—The account of that interesting place, *Charlbury* (where a flitch of bacon used to be awarded every forty years to the man 'who did mind his own business and did leave other people's alone'), written and illustrated by John Kibble ('Oxford Chronicle,' pp. 102, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$, 2s.), has reached a merited second impression.

There was one thing that ought to have betrayed the sex of the author of 'Adam Bede,' George Lewes thought: 'no man with such fine observation and intimate knowledge of country life would have been so totally indifferent to sport in all its aspects.' THE COUNTRYMAN, with so much in rural, social and agricultural conditions to occupy it, can but mention *Irish Bogs: Sport and Country Life in the Irish Free State*, by J. W. Seigne (Longmans, pp. 261, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$, 33 illus., 15s.) as a work much above the average of its class in interest, variety and practical character.—The unusual skill with which *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* (Faber & Gwyer, pp. 395, $4\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{3}{8}$, 7s. 6d.) is written was accounted for when the second impression bore the name of Siegfried Sassoon. The picture of the life of a young fox-hunter and steeplechaser (and some of his associates) is so convincing that had the book remained anonymous it would have been taken for autobiography. A peculiarity of the story is that there is no girl in it.—Along with this book should be mentioned a volume of illustrated *Fox-Hunting Recollections*, by J. Stanley Reeve (Lippincott, pp. 320, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 21s.), primarily concerned with the achievements of a long-

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established and well-known American hunt, the Radnor in Pennsylvania, and merry, candid and full of matter.

The grass farming experts have got far enough to give themselves a name, agrostologist. The importance of their job is seen from the fact brought out by Major Walter Elliot, M.P., in his racy introduction to Professor Stapledon's most readable grass land *Tour in Australia and New Zealand* (Humphrey Milford, pp. 144, 5½ × 8½, 7s. 6d.) that 25s. in every £5 spent on overseas products of any and every kind go in buying 'what is in essence worked-up grass.' The author has a leaping intelligence. 'Agricultural science, engineering science and practical aptitude are combining together for the solution of economic problems; it is unjustifiable pessimism to assume that the limit of what is possible is even in sight' is a typical sentence in an informing book, particularly for men thinking of going to the Antipodes or desirous of getting at the elements of the situation 'down under'.—Lord Bledisloe, who in his paper at the 1922 British Association said things that are still quoted, read a paper equally full of points at the 1928 British Association and it is now available as a 32-page pamphlet, *The Intensive Treatment of Grassland: A Revolution in Husbandry* (P. S. King & Son, 1s.). It is 'rural economic disaster' for wheat to 'loom predominantly large' among the chief food products of this country. 'Grassland is bottled fertility.' 'Three cows and an acre.' 'Fertilisers are 20 per cent. below 1913 prices while agricultural produce is 40 per cent. above the 1913 level.' 'Grass is a crop.' We may also mention Mr. J. Lleflys Davies' *Grass Farming in the Welland Valley*, a study on behalf of the Oxford Agricultural Economics Research Institute (Humphrey Milford, pp. 66, 5½ × 8½, 2s. 6d.). In the *Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture* for October there is an article by Sir Daniel Hall and Mr. J. G. Stewart summarising the German experiments in grassland management, 'the importance of which the Ministry presses on farmers.'—E. C. Ash entered upon a dilapidated 'farmed-out farm, carrying a few poor hungry

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cattle and miserable yields of cereals,' and, 'by dint of hard work and educative experiment,' succeeded in 'doubling its yield of corn and trebling that of grass, while improving the quality and earning capacity of its cattle until his herd of Red Polls became one of the most famous in the country.' He is, says Lord Bledisloe, in the preface to *Farming* (Methuen, pp. 184, illus., $6 \times 9\frac{3}{4}$, 12s. 6d.), 'a practical farmer of energy, enterprise and keen observation. Thus he is entitled to write a book for the young agriculturist and the novice on the various departments of farm work and to outline his 'new theories on stock-breeding and milk production.' There are plenty of things in the book with which the reader may not find himself in agreement, but he will arrive at the last page with respect for the author's rectitude, experience and forward-looking mind, and without being bored.—Two valuable fruit books have been published, *The English Grass Orchard*, by A. H. Hoare (Benn, pp. 227, 50 illus., tables and charts, $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{3}{8}$, 32s. 6d.), and the Ministry of Agriculture's *Report on the Preparation of Fruit for Market* (H. M. Stationery Office, pp. 88, $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$, 6d.). The author of the former, after more than a dozen years' experience, writes in a masterly way on the cultivation of cherries, apples and plums. The *Report*, which like the more expensive work, cannot be bettered for the clear detailed practical advice it gives, has one fault. It should have been called a *Guide*, not a *Report*.—*Practical Bee-Breeding*, by A. Gilman (Putman, pp. 248, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$, 21 illus., 6s.) is practical: 'the author has no pretensions to science; he writes as a plain practical man' after 'many years' independent thinking and practice'.—*Pioneering in Poverty Bay*, New Zealand, by P. T. Kenway (Murray, pp. 258, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$, 28 illus. 7s. 6d.) has the touch which makes it exactly the book for a young man meditating emigration to that far Dominion.—*Producers and Consumers*, by Margaret Digby (Routledge, pp. 213, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 5s.), is a timely and informed study in co-operative relations in Great Britain and abroad, edited by the Plunkett Foundation. Co-operative consumers in Great

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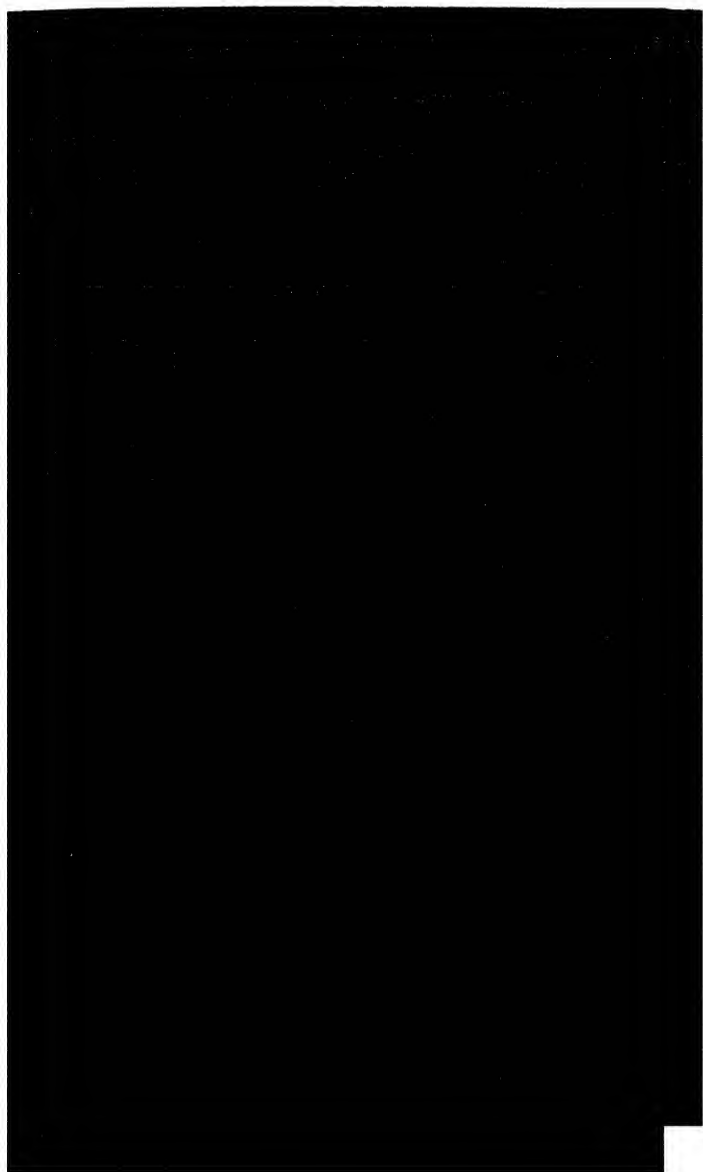
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Contents

	PAGE
A COUNTRY HOUSE CONSPIRACY, by Sir Timothy Eden, Bart.	389
AS ONE COUNTRYMAN TO ANOTHER—Babble about Old Cottages 369—Qualms and the Cure 376—'Expensive Economy' 381	
AS IT SEEMS TO SOME OF US—What's in a Name 383—A Plea for Roadside Trees 384—The Christmas Feeling 385	
BIRDS—The Guardian of the Skuas - - - - -	403
BUILDING AND FITTING UP—Cement Floors for Upstairs, by F.G.P. - - - - -	434
CHRISTMAS BELLS AT SHENTON BOVESYN, by M. K. Ashby - - -	424
COLLECTOR, THE—The Attractions of Simple Furniture - - -	440
COUNTRY BOOKS OF THE QUARTER—Books for Oneself and Other People - - - - -	462
COMPETITION FOR COUNTRYMEN AND COUNTRYWOMEN - - -	448
COUNTRYMAN'S LIBRARY, THE—III. A Few Foreign Books - - -	454
DECREASE IN MEAT-EATING AND THE CONSEQUENCES, by A Young Farmer - - - - -	430
FARM HOUSE RHYMES—IV - - - - -	385
FARMER'S NOTE BOOK, A - - - - -	420
FROM A COUNTY COUNCILLOR'S DIARY - - - - -	436
FROM CIVIL SERVANT TO FARMER - - - - -	450
GARDEN, THE—Making a Hedge - - - - -	388
HEALTH AND THE OPEN AIR—Can we Thrive on Stale Food ? - - -	446
I GO ON TRAMP AND THIEVE - - - - -	386
LURE OF RABBIT PIE, THE, A Christmas Dialogue of War Time, by Elspet Keith - - - - -	408
MOTORS—On the Farm and Road, by Owner-Driver - - - - -	406
MY SIX YEARS' FARMING AND WHAT IT HAS TAUGHT Mr—III. My Stock and my Grass - - - - -	397
PARAGRAPHS—A Decaying Industry 416, Village Brass Bands 416, Village Brighteners 416, A Question 428, Common Sense <i>versus</i> Theories 444, Local Government 434, The Obstacle Race 432, Mr. Frederick Watson 432, What Credit Legislation May Do 460, An Illustration 460, Sprinklers for Country Houses 478	
RURAL AUTHORS—VI. Rose C. Feld and H. W. Freeman - - -	392
SIX COUNTIES WITHOUT A FIELD (Illus.) - - - - -	418
TAIL CORN (Illus.) - - - - -	404
TO OUR READERS - - - - -	404
TOWNSMAN TURNING COUNTRYMAN—An Acre of Wood for a £10 Note - - - - -	442
WHAT COUNTRY PEOPLE ARE READING—Sale of Dailies and Weeklies in a County Town - - - - -	456
ILLUSTRATIONS—The Cook at the Farm House, by James Bateman (<i>frontispiece</i>)—A Fox Shoot (facing 384)—THE COUNTRYMAN'S Outlook, 392	

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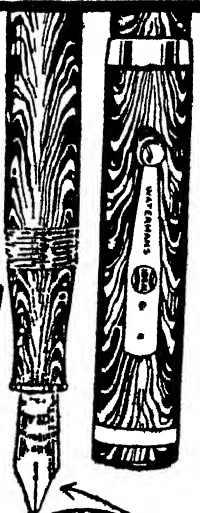


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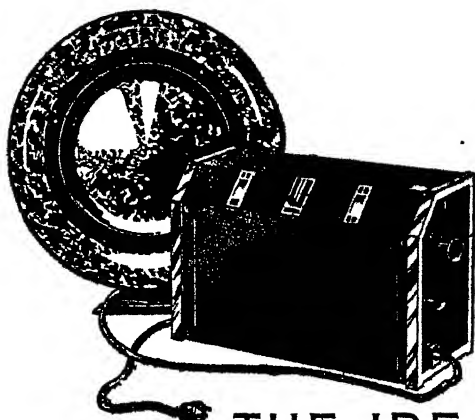
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In the year 1814 January the
A Snow fell and lay untill the
3 of April

the 19 of April the sold onions
at 4 pence Each

the 28 of April I had some 1814
Boiled Butter milk per my Dener

In this parish of Selmersham
there is But 38 houses and their
~~ten~~^{is} ten old Maids

and a leven widows December ^{17 1814}

January the 3 A peck loaf ¹⁸¹⁵

Attention is 3 & at ground 3-4

February the 7 A peck Loaf 3-0

October the 9 A peck loaf 3-3

the 19 1813 Selmersham

Ann Baber was Ransomed

By Robert Smith parsonham

April the 18 1815 the flock of

Wild geese was ^{was} seen ^{never} in the

The Countryman

A Quarterly Non-Party Review and
Miscellany of Rural Life and Industry

*Edited and Published by J. W. Robertson Scott
at Idbury, Kingham, Oxford*

O more than happy countryman if only he knew his good fortune !—*Vergil*
The best citizens spring from the cultivators ; theirs are the enduring rewards —*Cato*
Agriculture can never regain even a moderate degree of prosperity unless it is treated
on the lines of THE COUNTRYMAN, that is without Party bias —*Lord Ernle*

Vol. III No. 2 Half-a-crown quarterly July 1929

A Grave-Digger's Diary—1763-1831—A Second Instalment

EDWARD ARPIN I do remember in the year
of 1763 that Bread was sold at one shilling one
penny the peck

in the same year ann Silver come to keep my
Fathers house and she was with child and in august
next she was Brought abed of a male child and she
had it named William Silver, that had 4 eyes 2 in
the face as others have and 2 upon the head

In the year of 1780 a peck loaf for 1s. 2d. in
the year 1800 a peck loaf for 6s. 2d. in the year
1801 a peck loaf is 6s. 6d. in the year 1806 a peck
loaf is 3s. 6d. In the year 1812 a peck loaf is 6s. 4d.

Remarks

In the year 1800 August great thunder at Rege-
ment their was hail stons Found Mesurd 12 inches
and one Christmas day the Bird that is called
Cuck-oo was seen and heard to sing By manny
Folks at Willsend

In the year 1801 near Stone-Stratford there was

a hawe Thorn Bush upon the Full Bloom January
the 12 Northampton News

In the year 1801 July there Fell in Iterley A hail
Stone that Wayed 16 pounds and a half Northamp-
ton News

Feb 28 a Miss wooded the church Minestr Mr
Timms Daughter was delivered of a fine Gearl
that 6 fingers on each hand 6 toes one each foot

in the year 1813 John Miller of Filmersham
made an ende of Wheat seeding January the 3

October 3th I and my famley had green pease
Both Blue and Prounefirs for dinner

Oct th 20 1813 I had 3 pounds wight in money
for helping caring the Raimens of Mr. John Greey
to the Church of Felmersham

Decmbr th 10 1813 A peck Loaf was 36 ditto 1738

Janry th 7 A peck Loaf 3-9 1814

Out of 26 Famlys thiris 10 widows in the parish
of Felmersham

Nanns Susanah Lee Eliz Church Sarah Drage
Mary Brown Mary Dotson Mary Groves Ann
Brooks Sarah Broatfield Ann Hickman Sarah Arpin
it never was known in the oldist

Mutton one shilling and tow pence a pound

[The above entries, as stated on a later page, were dis-
covered after the publication of the instalment, 1814-1824,
which appeared in the April issue of THE COUNTRYMAN.—
EDITOR.]

1825

Jany 24 John Hannah Jintell Man Born [gen-
tleman born] come to work on the rood for his
living Bread 3s 6d a peck loaf

Febry 10 Robert Costin and James Hulet sent
prison for sheep stealin

Feb 13 Joseph Payens Barn at Hardwick was set willfully on Fire

Feb 18 Benjamin Parsons sent to Goal Beatin Joseph Wills one of the watches at the above fire

March 22 James Pain went away for stealin flower from William Brooks

March the 11 Robert Costin and James Hulett was condde'd to Be hanged But was Reprev'd But was transported For life

March 16 George Costin Dickins Prigmore was sent to the Goal for setin fire to Mr pains Barn at Hardwick and Sheap stealin

April Hugh Applejohn give Ann Prigmore 1s.

March 17 Francis Hulett was sent to Goal for the fire and sheep stealin

April 25 James hulet and Robert Costin was sent Beyond the Seas for sheep stealing

April 15 Hugh Applejohn had Ann Prigmore into his own room and give her one shilling

July the 15 George Costin and Francis Hulet was conmed to be hangd But was transported for Life Dickins Prigmore turnd Kings Evend

Oct. 11 a flood

Octr 21 snow and very could

Oct 20 Gott a cowcumber Mesured 9 inches and a quarter Round

1826

Feb we had 15 Floods Salt is one penney apr Pound Bread is 3 shilling a peack Loafe

One Monday 27 A Great fire Brok out at Kempstone 40 houses Burnt

March 9 a Flood out we had 14 Floods this Winter Bread 3s. 9d. peck Loaf

We have had A peacin cold Spring

In July A Great Tempeast Burnt farm and wheat hovel at Harold

Very Forward harvist Mr. Chapman Gott harvist home at Oakley the 29 day of July

A great tempest July 31 thrown down Rushdon spire and shiverd all the whole Church so that the Esty Mation of damage is to Be Fore 4000 pounds to repair it again

Robert Hulett at Oakley Gott Harvist home August 5 and his pease and Beans was Lite and he sode 3 Bushels of salt upon his Benans to keep the straw for his kittel to eat it was never known in the old Age

Samuel Swannell this last seedin sod 20 Bushells of salt upon 2 lands of Barley and its not better but rather worse

Ann Dolton was Drunk and found in Humphrey Payen straw hovel her daughter Elizabeth was drunk and satt upon Marrioats stiale [stile]

Felmersham Church the tower has been new timberd and thier was a Brace put up in the tower to supporte the old timber The Portch which is Built new From the Ground Oct 7.

Octr 22 it thunderd Most part of the day
the Revd. Henery Dervice Ward Prech'd his First searmon at Pavinham Chappel of East Decm 24 at Felmersham Mother Church one Christmas Day

1827

June 12 was Found the part of the in side of some woman in the well against Thomas Greeves house it was bound up into a napken

July 28 William Edmund Low and Edward Arpin Clerk paid the poor in the Church porch it was never known in the oldist Age before

16 of July the Begin to Bulde the work house
James Buit went away Oct '28

A peck loaf is 2s. 10d pence

August 21 Samuel Swannell sent a wagin Load
of new wheat to Stoke mills it Never was knowed so
soon in the oldest Age

1828

June 23 William Brezzer had his Neck [broke]
and Jams how sett it again

We had amids Floods 23 days it was never
knowd in the oldist Age

Bread was 2s. 8d. peck loaf

Octr 2 A great Flood peck loaf 4s.

Octr 20 A great Froast an ice Bread is 3s. 10d. A peck

Novm 12 Robert toll sent Gaol for stealing An
Apple tree from William dennis

Novm 18 Robert Smith for Robbin parrsions
hen ruste

1829

Jany 15 Revd Henery Davice Ward Married

Bread 3s. 8d. peck loaf

Will Dix cald a fool But gott girl with Child
and he (gave) her 1s. 6d. to be aste at Church when
she was sworn her Child to Daniel howe

John Turner to North America

29 June 39 men women and children set off to
go to Boston in Massachusetts in the united States.
of North America

Sept 21 My daughter Hagar in her 49 years was
Married to William Leighton Aged in his 81 he is
32 years oldist

Bread 3 shillings a peck

Octr 7 it snowd an raind (in 1829) 89 days and
very cold.

1830

January 10 Joseph Swannell set sail to the West Indies

Nov 25 it snowd very cold and the snow was upon the ground the 12d of March

May 8 John Hannah Charles Bonom sailed to West Indies

King George 4 died June 26 he was Buried on St. Swithins Day at ten at night and i knold the Bell 14 hours in the time

1831

Jany 11 Mr. H. Ward Apointed Justice of the peace, Rabert truit the First as went to him

Jany 24 Thos Poolys widow a great Decentor was put to Bed of a girl unknown whos

Feb 8 A very great Flood and 2 Bakers went with a cart and Bread to Mitton End and man a blacksmith name Pruddon to Bletsoe to work untill night and he went to Milton to come home with the 2 Bakers and the all come together and come down the Flood to Rodwell Bridge Foot and the over turned the cart Smith got out of the cart to Swim over But he has not Found yet. The 2 Bakers got out. the horse and car was By water sent into perrys Meadow it was never knowd in the oldist Aage
[This is still talked of in Felmersham.—ED.]

Sept 15 I Berried an old woman 87 years of Age Catherint tite.

THE appearance of the first instalment of THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S DIARY in our April number brought us many expressions of appreciation. A poet says that it will be his lifelong regret that he had never thought how much he 'should like to go to heaven And sit upon a white horse And ride about heaven', like the William Norman of the Diary. The poet

does not know whether he most admires the man who had such a glorious Blake-like thought or the Diarist who recognized in this a sublime aspiration.

Other readers were so much interested that they had the helpful impulse of trying to find out something about the Diarist ; but though there are survivors of some of the families mentioned in the Diary, the Grave Digger himself seems to have left neither descendants nor memories. Most interesting of all was the discovery of several more sheets of the Diary fastened to the back cover of the old book, for the Grave Digger wrote Far Eastern fashion, beginning at the end.

In these sheets which form the opening of the Diary, the Diarist's name is given for the first time. He writes himself down Edward Arpin, which, judging by the varieties of spelling of other names in the Diary, was just as likely to have been spelt Harpin or Orpin. This name brought to Mr. C. D. Linnell, of Pavenham (until 1858 forming one parish with Felmersham) the recollection that the 'Parish Clerk' of Gainsborough's famous picture at the Tate Gallery was named Edward Orpin ! But this Edward Orpin was parish Clerk not at Felmersham but at Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts., where the portrait was painted in 1769. Mr Linnell writes : 'The Orpin coincidence is truly remarkable but I cannot think that they were the same people. Our Orpin, I find, was baptized at Pavenham in 1756 and was Parish Clerk of Felmersham from 1824 to 1834. The Felmersham Orpin was thus only 13 years old when the picture was painted May it be that he was a relative of Gainsborough's Parish Clerk ? Four miles from Felmersham, at Harrold, there is a resident of the name of Orpin, but neither his grandfather nor greatgrandfather had any connection with Felmersham. The problem of how the Diary got from Felmersham to Warwickshire is still unsolved.

Why did Orpin write his Diary ? Mr. Linnell advances the ingenious theory that he was stimulated by the achievement of the vicar of the neighbouring parish of Shevington, the Rev. F. Orlebar Marsh (1766-1832), who lived at Felmersham, officiated there at funerals and weddings, and wrote notes on

the natural history and remarkable occurrences of the district. Several collections of his MSS. are still in the British Museum.

To Mr. and Mrs. Maltby of Felmersham we are indebted for the illustration of Felmersham church and bridge and other kind help.

Some names in the Diary have been altered.

It will be one of the happiest results of the finding and publishing of this remarkable Diary if it should send readers of it hunting among old books, in parish registers and in churchwardens' accounts and family papers. Already subscribers to THE COUNTRYMAN have been kind enough to send us the Notebook of a Farmer kept at the opening of the Seventeenth Century, the Diary of an Eighteenth Century Country Farmer, a characteristic MS. of William Cobbett and an engaging Diary from Yorkshire which we may entitle How They Went for a Holiday in 1758!

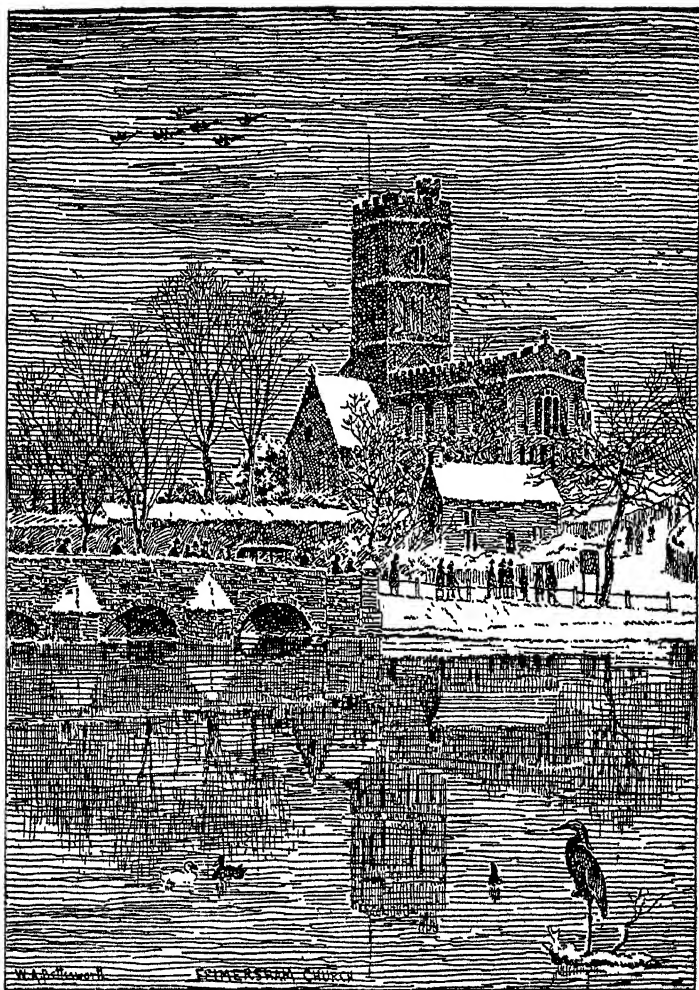
In our next issue we shall print some pleasing extracts.



'My Most Interesting Experience on a Country Road'

AMONG outstanding contributions in this Competition were those of D.G. and J.E.H.N., though R.T.B. did tell us that he had seen a parson motorist in desperate straits and the lettering on his car was O.L. On the whole we are inclined to think that the following, which has come to our desk anonymously, has an unusual character that calls for the prize :

'A dog sauntered across the road in front of the car, and, in spite of excellent brakes, which pulled me up within a couple of yards, I thought I must have hit the stupid animal. On getting out to see what damage I had done to the beast and the tyres, I found my way blocked by the dog which was quite unhurt and was stepping into the car with something very like a smile on his face. He clearly knew that the car had stopped on purpose for him and was gladly accepting the proffered lift.'



THE GRAVE DIGGER'S DIARY.—The Church and the Bridge mentioned by the Diarist

The Country House Aeroplane*Round the British Isles—by Colonel the Master of Sempill*

I READ Mr. Norman's article in the last number of THE COUNTRYMAN with much interest. He possesses the great merit of practising what he preaches, as he is helping to provide facilities for flying in these islands. He rightly points out that the countryman can learn much about flying by watching the birds, and might have mentioned that aeroplanes and birds have habits in common: for example, they take off and land into the wind. Anyone who has watched young rooks feeding on worms turned up by the plough may have observed that an occasional youngster sometimes forgets this golden rule with results that are amusing and undignified.

The 30-acre aerodrome attached to a private house will prove to be rather rare, as most fields are smaller than this and yet are amply large enough for the light aeroplane. Adjoining a little cottage perched on top of the Cornish cliffs is a field of some 61 acres which has proved sufficiently large for all my requirements. The field is long and narrow but lies S.W. and N.E., thereby allowing one to land and to take off into the prevailing wind. The time is fast approaching when no country house will be complete without its landing field. These fields may be permanent pastures, or if, as is probable, other neighbouring fields are available, the ordinary rotation of crops may be followed.

Mr. Norman has nothing to say about the light sea-plane, and as many country houses are on the sea or near some lake or river, it obviously deserves attention. This type of craft has yet to come into its own—and I may explain here that what is meant by a light seaplane is in essence a light aeroplane to which floats have been fitted in place of wheels, thus enabling it to alight on and get off the water. When not in use the seaplane can be moored to a buoy, as is an ordinary boat. Travelling by light sea-plane is in many ways more attractive than by aeroplane as the air is usually calmer over

the sea. There are many generous expanses of enclosed or partially sheltered waters around our shores, from which this craft can be operated very conveniently. Perhaps some of the advantages and charm of this method of travel may be better appreciated if I describe very briefly a fortnight's holiday with a light sea-plane round the British Isles.

The machine used was a Bluebird side-by-side 2-seater fitted with an Armstrong Siddeley Genet engine of 80 h.p. Most machines have tandem seating but the advantages of the side-by-side arrangement are so great as to lead me to believe that this arrangement will gain immense popularity in the future. The tour I am describing started from the Thames opposite the Houses of Parliament and ended 14 days later on the Welsh Harp, to the North of London. On the first day a stop for the night was made at Hartlepool, the machine being moored in the harbour. On the second day a reservoir 1,000 ft. up in the Peebleshire hills was reached. There a few days were spent before going over to the West coast to a loch some 8 miles inland from Ayr. From here various islands on the West coast were visited for lunch and tea, including flights to Inveraray on Loch Fyne, Mount Stewart, Buteshire, and other well-known beauty spots. A night was spent at Balloch on Loch Lomond, from where a flight of 11 hours brought us back to the East coast and Aberdeen. From Aberdeen to John o' Groats was not too far a cry, the night being spent at Thurso. Then came the stage around Cape Wrath, the extreme north-westerly point of Scotland, and down that lovely but sadly deserted West coast to Ströme Ferry, Oban, and across to Belfast. To those who wish to breakfast in Thurso and dine in Belfast the sea-plane offers itself as the modern magic-carpet.

After leaving Belfast half an hour was spent watching the early stages of the great Road Race won with such distinction by Mr. Kaye Don—incidentally one had an uninterrupted view of the entire course and was able to follow the fortunes of each competitor. Then followed a flight to Wexford, in Southern Ireland, where a stop was made for more petrol.

Leaving Wexford at 6 p.m. a flight of some 60 miles across the Irish Sea brought us to St. David's Head, which could be seen whilst still 20 miles off. Turning to the South, Lundy Island was soon passed and dusk fell as the Cornish coast was reached. Eventually we arrived in Falmouth harbour alighting alongside the brilliantly lit yachts that frequent the head-quarters of the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club. The fourteenth day brought us back to London via Dover and ended a delightful summer holiday with never a dull moment. Flying by sea-plane has the special attraction that it can be carried out at low altitudes with safety and comfort.



Building and Fitting Up

A New Kind of Room in the Country House

SO much has been written since the War about the economical side of life in the country that I should like to recommend a well-arranged joiner's shop *indoors* as one of the luxuries of a country house. At a country house in Derbyshire there is a delightful joiner's shop in a large room under the billiard room, so arranged as to be warmed by hot water pipes. The joiner's shop must be well-lighted and the walls should be white or light-coloured. The tools can be arranged round the walls over the carpenter's benches. A lathe is, of course, a fine thing to have. If the drawers for nails, screws and hinges are kept filled and guests are free, in wet weather or in the evening, to try their skill or help their host, I am sure the shop can be quite as attractive in its way as the billiard room. One job is the fitting up of a fruit room and a gun and fishing rod room. If the fishing is near the house it is a great advantage to have hooks on which fishing-rods can be laid at full length with line and flies on, ready for immediate use if any fisherman sees a fish rising. I have known many a fish caught because no time was lost in putting a rod together and tying on flies.—*M.P.B.*



'THE GRAVE DIGGER'S DIARY': AN INTERESTING COINCIDENCE.—A reproduction of Gainsborough's famous 'Parish Clerk', who bore the same name, Edward Orpin, as the Author of 'The Grave Digger's Diary'

The Tolpuddle Martyrs—New Letters

THERE lately came into the possession of the British Museum a collection of letters, dated three years before Queen Victoria came to the throne, which throw new light on one of the saddest incidents in the agricultural history of the past century, the transportation for seven years of six Wessex farmworkers for what the 'Annual Register' for 1834 termed 'swearing agricultural labourers and binding them to the observance of an illegal oath by ceremonies partaking of mingled folly, superstition and ferocity'.

THE story begins in these MSS. with a letter from a Mr Frampton, a justice of the peace, who at the end of January tells Lord Digby that

within this last fortnight I have had private information that nightly meetings have been for some time held by agricultural labourers in the parishes of Tolpuddle and Bere Regis, where Societies, or, as I believe they are called Unions, are formed, where they Bind themselves by an oath to certain articles. I am told they are conveyed Blindfolded to the place and do not see the person who administers the oath. I am informed that they are to strike work whenever ordered by their superiors, and that they are to demand an increase of wages.

Lord Melbourne is communicated with concerning these 'combinations of a dangerous and alarming kind'. The difficulty is 'how to proceed to bring the persons concerned under the cognizance of the Law'. Lord Melbourne is careful, but suggests that 'in cases of this description statutory provisions relative to the administration of secret oaths have been frequently resorted to with advantage'. On March 1 Mr. Frampton is advising Lord Melbourne that he has committed six men for administering unlawful oaths. Nevertheless

it is the opinion of many respectable Inhabitants that we shall not be able to suppress these meetings, but that they will continue to increase to an extent that will be truly alarming unless your Lordship should think proper to recommend the issuing of some Proclamation against such a Society or offering some reward for the discovery of the offenders.

Lord Melbourne has doubts of the prudence of this course. But his correspondent is persistent, and Mr. Frampton has a long and characteristic 'private and con-

fidential ' letter from Lord Melbourne in autograph. The Secretary of State says that he had ' not ventured to express himself fully in a public letter, the substance of which might find itself into the Newspaper '.

Is it possible for the Government to advise the magistrates or for the magistrates to advise the farmers to discharge these men for doing that which may not only be legal but just and reasonable. Would not the respectable Parties so acting take upon themselves a great responsibility, incur much odium and subject themselves to observations which it would be difficult to reply to?

It has always been found difficult to obtain co-operation among the Master Manufacturers, and the Farmers are still more timid, more disunited, more attentive to their particular situation and individual interests and at the same time less intelligent and apprehensive. My impression is that if the recommendation of the magistrates became very unpopular, or in any way seemed in danger of failure, you would be abandoned by many of them.

You will naturally ask me, Are we to wait, with our arms folded whilst this combination spreads itself through the peasantry and prepares undisturbed the most dangerous results. I am compelled to answer that in the present state of the law and of the public feeling I see no safe or effective method of prevention.

After the Assizes and the transportations the magistrates are much concerned about a mysterious man who came down from London into the district ' for the purpose of conveying money to the wives and families of the convicts '. He is discovered to have been employed in ' making the cases for the Time Pieces of the Guards of the Mail Coaches '. There is a correspondence with Lord Melbourne on this and also on the subject of relief having been refused to these poor people. Mr. Frampton admits that the magistrates did direct the overseer to allow no relief to families of persons who had taken the illegal oath ' as none of these persons has ever in any way acknowledged his error or expressed any sorrow '.

So far the British Museum documents. The facts about the Tolpuddle martyrs are these. The Tolpuddle labourers, led by one of their class, George Loveless, had requested a rise in wages, and an agreement was made between the farmers and the men, in the presence of the village parson, that the wages should be those paid in the neighbouring

districts. This involved a rise from 9s. to 10s. a week. The farmers refused to keep their word. They reduced wages to 8s. a week. An appeal was made to the chairman of the local bench, who decided that men must work for whatever their masters chose to pay them. The parson, who had at first promised his help, now turned against them, and the masters promptly reduced the wages to 7s. a week. Loveless, a Wesleyan lay preacher and a man of great intelligence, has given an account of what followed. 'The labouring men consulted together what had better be done, as they knew it was impossible to live honestly on such scanty means. I had seen at different times accounts of Trade Societies; I told them of this, and they willingly consented to form a friendly society. Nothing particular occurred from this time until February 21st, 1834, when placards were posted up from the magistrates threatening to punish with seven years' transportation any man who should join the Union.' Early in 1834 George Loveless and five of his companions were arrested. The prisoners were approached separately with inducements to give evidence one against the other. Such attempts did not succeed. Endeavours to find something in their character or conduct that would stand against them also proved unavailing. Their masters had to admit that they were faithful and trustworthy servants. But in the existing state of the country it was considered dangerous for such societies to be permitted. In the words of the judge, 'if such societies were allowed to exist it would ruin the masters, cause stagnation of trade, and destroy property'. The Combination Laws had been repealed ten years before, and the Union was perfectly legal. But the judge directed that the men should be tried for mutiny under an Act of George III passed to deal with the mutiny at the Nore. Loveless made a manly and intelligent defence in which he said, 'My Lord, if we have violated any law it was not done intentionally; we have injured no man's reputation, character, person or property. We were united together to preserve ourselves, our wives, and children from

utter starvation'. But a true bill had been brought in by a grand jury of landowners, and a petty jury of farmers found them guilty. Although one of the counsel for the defence protested that not one of the charges brought against the prisoners had been proved, the judge addressed them in the following terms: 'Not for anything you have done, or as I can prove you intended to do, but as an example to others I consider it my duty to pass the sentence of seven years' penal transportation across His Majesty's high seas upon each and every one of you'. On reaching Salisbury prison, the clerk of the prison had some qualms when the prisoners appeared in irons. He offered to have them taken off, but Loveless said that being conscious of his innocence he was not ashamed to be seen in irons. But the men were greatly depressed when they came to Portsmouth and saw the hulks. However, they found a good friend in the captain, who had been apprised of the whole circumstances of the case, and treated them on the voyage with humane consideration.

The prosecution of these Dorset labourers shocked the conscience of the best men of the time. At first Lord Melbourne's Government was adamant. In the opinion of the 'Times', combinations of workmen were to be put down like the pestilence. Eventually public opinion forced the Government to give way and Lord John Russell announced that the men would be brought home 'with every necessary comfort'. Four of them went to Canada and one came to England. The fifth, George Loveless, after unconscionable ill-treatment, did not get home till 1837. The following lines, which were tossed to the crowd by George Loveless on his way back to prison after the trial, reveal the greatness of the minds and spirits of these injured men, as well as the ability of their leader:

God is our guide ! no swords we draw,
We kindle not war's battle fires ;
By reason, union, justice, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires.
We raise the watchword liberty,
We will, we will, we will be free.

C.N.

Values Vary, by Elspet Keith

Scene, A Women's Institute Hall. Committee assembling before the monthly members' meeting.

LADY BROWNE (*in the chair*) For whom are we waiting, ladies?

MRS. RODD (*a bitter-faced widow*) There's our treasurer, Lady Browne. (*A visible stir among the group*)

MISS FIELD (*the matter-of-fact secretary*) You mean, Hester Munn. You needn't worry about Hester. I'm looking after the money for her. Everything was in perfect order when Hester handed over the books to me.

LADY BROWNE A most unselfish worker, Hester Munn!

MRS. RODD It's not what Hester *was*, Lady Browne. It's what she *is*. I must say I was surprised to hear that Mrs Peters had taken her back again. I *may* be misinformed.

LADY BROWNE I really don't see that it is our business, Mrs. Rodd. But here is dear Mrs. Peters and you can ask her.

MRS. PETERS (*wife of local doctor*) So sorry to be late, Lady Browne. (*A little nervously*) Somebody wanting to ask me something, did you say?

MRS. RODD Yes, Mrs. Peters; I was just saying I was surprised to hear that you had taken Hester back; that is, if it's true, of course.

MRS. PETERS Oh, it is quite true, Mrs. Rodd. It never occurred to my husband and myself *not* to take Hester back. Hester is so much part of our household. (*Mrs. Rodd sniffs*) You see she came to us when she was a cripple child of thirteen. She could not walk at all for the first three years. My husband brought her from an East End Cripples Home, as most of you know.

MRS. RODD That's what people had *heard*!

MRS. PETERS (*unconscious of implied malice*) Poor Hester's history was of the usual sordid kind, but the child had always a loving nature. (*Pausing helplessly*) The very last thing in the world I ever dreamt of was that cripple Hester

might 'get into trouble', as you country people call it. Hester was always so innocent, and, really, if I may say so, not quite, not quite normal mentally. Some cripples are like that. Although there was something lacking, there was also something almost angelic about Hester.

MRS. RODD (*under her breath*) A crooked angel ! (*The door opens and well-to-do Mrs. Halkett enters*).

MRS. HALKETT I must apologise for being so late, Lady Browne. I only got back last night. How serious you all look. Is there something wrong ? (*Mrs. Halkett's questioning look is answered by a plump, fair-haired farmer's wife*).

MRS. BONE You know Hester Munn, Mrs. Halkett ? (*Mrs. Halkett nods*) Well, she's had a baby !

MRS. HALKETT Your nice cripple maid, Mrs. Peters ? (*Mrs. Peters nods*) Hester, our Treasurer, the one who did all the unpleasant jobs so sweetly ? You *do* surprise me. And such a cripple too. Why, I always thought of Hester as a sort of saint.

MRS. RODD (*raising her voice*) Saints AND angels ! (*There is a titter*)

LADY BROWNE Ladies, ladies, this is not Committee business !

MRS. RODD I think it is. Is there no ruling by the County Federation, or head-quarters, about misconduct of an Institute official ? I think we ought to consult our Federation Secretary in such a case.

LADY BROWNE I think we are quite capable of settling such an affair ourselves, if there is anything to be settled. (*Looking round the group*) If the Committee would like me to consult our County Secretary—of course, this thing must have happened over and over again—I will gladly do so. But my own feeling is that we have no right to discuss a member's character. All that is asked of a member is that she be proposed, seconded, accepted, and her yearly fee of 2/- paid. This affair of Hester has been something of a shock to us all ; therefore it has seemed right for the Committee to consider their line of conduct before all the members

meet. But we must be careful not to go beyond our province.

MRS. HALKETT Who's the father?

MRS. RODD Nobody's supposed to know, but they say it is that nasty fellow Greene.

MRS. HALKETT Not Nat Greene—Mrs. Greene's husband? With that young family? How dreadful!

MRS. RODD (*misinterpreting the remark*) I think so too. I think such people should be turned out of the Institute, and out of the village.

MISS MARLOW (*the schoolmistress; a handsome, vigorous young woman with a smiling, happy face*) Lady Browne and fellow members, if I may be allowed a word, I am proud to belong to a Committee, or an Institute, or for that matter to a community along with someone bigminded like Mrs. Peters. Nobody knows what the Institute owes Hester better than I do. Nothing's been the same with Hester away. Nobody with a heart could help feeling sorry for that poor cripple girl. However hard it may be for Mrs. Greene, and she's one of our most regular members, I don't see that we can cold shoulder Hester. I for one will do everything I can to welcome her back.

MRS. HAYDON (*the stout motherly wife of a farm worker*) Thank you, Miss, for that. I feel as you does, and there's them as sets in jedgment that had better say naught. The girl as has the baby is not the worst mebbe. It don't need a baby to prove that folks 'as misbe'aved. I likes 'Ester, and it's a lovely babe, I will say, Greene or no Greene.

MRS. PRATT (*another cottager member*) That's right, Mrs. Haydon. If the Institute only took folks as 'ad never made a slip, t'would have a rainy day attendance, I'm thinkin'. 'Tis kind of Mrs. Peters to take that dear babe, I says.

LADY BROWNE Has any other member anything to add? You, Mrs. Hillyard?

MRS. HILLYARD (*a rich member who always professes unwillingness to be re-elected to office*) I confess, I don't know where I am these days, Lady Browne. What with 'doles'

and 'pensions' and all this fuss about a charity girl having a baby, I think we are getting too sentimental altogether. You can't let this Hester girl return as treasurer of the Institute. That's *quite* impossible! What I should like to know (*turning to Mrs. Peters*)—but this is mere personal curiosity—is this: Whatever did your other maids say to Hester when she came back?

MRS. PETERS My husband and I rather dreaded that, Mrs. Hillyard; but cook was so nice to Hester. You can't believe how nice she has been about it, and the others followed suit.

LADY BROWNE. Ladies, we really must get to business.

MISS MARLOW If I may be allowed one word more, Lady Browne (*the members clap*) It's got to be a kind of fashion to run down Institutes—to say they're no manner of use; but I don't see it like that. Countrywomen, high and low, love their Institute. If it was a Church or a Chapel meeting, it might be difficult to take Hester back. But here in our own Institute we are free to act like human beings. Life is so big. Wrong things will happen no matter how hard we try. The Institute's the one place where women can set their own standards. I don't say we should welcome Hester as if we thought she had done right, but just because she has done wrong we can sympathise with her and help her. It *must* have been the man's fault this time. It's not always so clear; and, anyhow, the mischief's done, and Mrs. Peters' kindness makes it possible for us to be kind too. It can't be wrong to be kind; at least that's how I see it (*murmurs of approval*).

LADY BROWNE After Miss Marlow's excellent and sensible remarks may I say that it is the large-mindedness of countrywomen that always delights and surprises me. I think we all must feel that there is nothing for it but to follow Mrs. Peters's example and meet Hester as if nothing had happened.

MRS. PETERS Oh, please, dear friends, do not misunderstand me about Hester. She has no idea we are sitting in judgment on her. I don't believe it has ever occurred to

her that she has done anything wrong ! I am sorry to tell you this, but it is true. It seemed a wonderful thing to her that any man should take notice of a poor cripple. Instead of regarding Greene as a villain, she seems to be grateful and she is frightfully proud of having a baby. The difficult situation will be when Mrs. Greene and Hester meet at the Institute here, and meet they will if they both continue to come.

MRS. RODD (*rising excitedly and pointing out of the window*) And meet they *have*, for there's that disgraceful Hester crawling up the path, and Mrs. Greene carrying the infant !



Rural Authors.—VIII. Cecil Torr

AMONG the perfect volumes for the house in the country—class the work as you will, as an open-air book for a summer day or a book for the fireside or a bed book—is the commonplace book of Cecil Torr, a Devonshire landowner who died last autumn. Small Talk at Wreyland—Wreyland was where he lived—is in three successive volumes, all under the same title. The first, which came out in 1918, is no longer in print. The second was published in 1921 and the third in 1923. The Cambridge University Press also issued in 1927 a small abridged edition of all three volumes (pp. 352, 4½×6½, 7s. 6d.), which is now in a second impression. The original volumes, which have a pleasant format of their own, run to a little more than a hundred pages (5½×8½, 8s. 6d.). Torr's happy combination of gifts is unusual. He was at once an antiquary of international reputation and the best type of countryman. His learning sat ever so lightly on him. His mind and his pen were nimble. His curiosity was irrepressible but intelligent. It had perspective. He was witty, humane, and wise. He browsed with equal zest in the past and in the present ; his mind flitted from antiquity to the doings of district councils and his farmer and cottage neighbours' gossip. He is one of the authors whose praise is that his readers grieve that

they never had the privilege of meeting him. He is as stimulating as he is diverting. His books hide under an appearance of triviality a valuable record of rural manners in our own time and of many preceding centuries. Of the artistry of Torr's writing it is enough to say that the reader's mind is held although each of the books consists merely of one long series of paragraphs, as often as not unrelated, and without a headline or change of type to distinguish one from the other. But there is never one unneeded sentence. Assuredly there is no rural paragrapher whose quality is more clearly demonstrated by a number of quotations. The following are made almost at random :

IN the old days of practical joking it was one of the stock jokes to go out to some cross-road in the middle of the night, dig up the sign-post, turn it round a right-angle, and fix it down again with its arms all pointing the wrong way.

It certainly was no joke riding out at night with a pair of lanterns fixed on underneath your stirrups to guide you in the dark. But travelling by coach was not so very much better. In his diary down here, February, 1836, my father notes an old friend of his exclaims—‘ Oh that Salisbury Plain, thirty-five miles of a wet windy night outside a coach? by god, sir, ’tis no joke.’

On the London and Exeter coaches the tips came to about a quarter of the fare.

My sister writes to my grandmother, 29 January 1851, ‘ Brother Henry and I went to a party on Tuesday evening. There was a German tree, and many nice things to eat.’ At that date a Christmas tree was still a novelty and was called a German tree, as the fashion came from Germany.

3 June 1843, ‘ Farmers are now apeing the gentleman with their gigs and fine hackneys, and all the household and labourers pinched and begrudged.’

Within the last twenty years I have seen an account set out between a blacksmith and a farmer without any reference at all to money. On one side there were horseshoes, plough-shares, etc., and on the other side, pork, butter, geese, etc.

And both parties reckoned the items up and saw that the totals balanced. They seemed to have some weights and measures in their mind that are not found in books, say, 4 horseshoes make 1 duck.

A stranger came to the back-door one Sunday morning and asked for a drink of cider to help him on his way. He was denied it by the maid who was in charge there, and thereupon he said to her—‘You know not what you do. You might be entertaining angels unawares.’ To which she answered—‘Get thee ’long. Angels don’t go drinkin’ cider church-times.’

We have a memorial here, of which we are all proud. It is at the railway station. ‘Beneath this slab, and stretched out flat, lies Jumbo, once our station cat.’

One winter afternoon I went up to my bedroom and found a rat there, sitting on the rug before the fire. It did not move when I came in, but looked at me appealingly. I understood, and it saw I understood; and we had as clear a conversation as if we had expressed ourselves in words. The rat said, ‘I must apologize for this unwarranted intrusion; but I am suffering from some distressing malady, and entertain a hope that it may be within your power to alleviate my sufferings.’ I said, ‘I regret exceedingly that this should be entirely beyond my powers. I know too little of human maladies, and even less of the maladies of rodents; and were I to adopt the treatment usually prescribed for them, I fear your sufferings might be aggravated’. And the rat said, ‘You disappoint me grievously. But at least, I trust you will not abuse the confidence I have reposed in you?’ I said, ‘Nothing could be further from my thoughts’, and held the door politely open. The rat walked slowly out, stopped at the top of the stairs and looked back at me with much more confidence, ‘But really isn’t there anything at all that you can do for me?’ I said, ‘I’m awfully sorry, but I’m afraid there isn’t.’

And the rat went slowly downstairs, out of doors, and away along the Pixey Garden.

A Riddle of Blackbirds

EVERY July I am set a riddle. The chorus of singing birds dies down at the end of June, and I know that except for the *Little-bit-of-bread-and-no-cheese* of the yellow-hammer, and may be a late sedge-warbler at night down by the river, I shall hear no bird in song until the robin opens again in August. And then, as I am sitting in the garden, there comes to me from an unknown distance the song of a blackbird. Not the full song—not the splendid, careless fluting of April and May, but what I can only call a miniature song, with the same modulations, the same freedom, but tiny, faint, far away. I say far away, but where is it? I do not know. When I first hear the song, it sounds as if it were a blackbird singing in the distance, as you may hear one first in February, perhaps. But I know it is not in the distance, because if I walk towards the sound I cannot come up to it and it does not become louder—in fact, it ceases. Is it near at hand, then, and is it a blackbird singing under its breath, as you may often hear a robin, when you have thrown him a worm and he comes and perches on an espalier or your spade handle and sings you his little grace of thanks? But if it is a blackbird singing under his breath, why can I never find him? For I never can; I walk towards the voice, there is silence and he must have seen me, but I cannot catch sight of a feather. Every July I hope to hear and at last to see that blackbird, but as yet I have only heard him.

E.P.

❧

CURLEWS crying
To a soft grey sky,
Toss'd brown larches
Where a storm-cock sings,
And a black robber
Slowly beating by
On hard cruel wings.

G.B.F.D.

The Collector—V. Village Clocks

THE collector should keep a look-out for the commoner long case clocks of the eighteenth century. These range from those with plain deal cases, frequently grained or painted, to the most bucolic examples in veneered mahogany of the Regency. The earliest are of oak with brass dials and go for thirty hours. A famous maker of cottage and farm house clocks was Avenell, of Farnham, Surrey. Towards the end of the century, painted dials came into favour. Frequently interesting features were added, such as a rocking ship or sun. The works and the dials were supplied from Birmingham. The clock cases were made locally. The clock was set up by the local maker whose name is generally engraved or painted on the dial. Clocks bearing the names of the maker and the village or town are much sought after. Thirty-hour clocks are quite trustworthy timekeepers but attention must be given to the cords attached to the lead weight. The cost varies from two to three pounds for a fair specimen. The more elaborate eight-day grandfather clocks, with cases of walnut or mahogany range in price from forty to a hundred and twenty pounds. These were never cottage or farm house pieces but were originally part of the equipment of the hall or the manison. The large mural clocks with short pendulums first became popular in the days of Queen Anne. At the time of the Napoleonic wars, when clocks were taxed, a simpler version of the hanging clock was introduced for inns and the early post offices. Such specimens are known as Act of Parliament clocks. The small circular wall clocks came into being about 1790. These were intended for shops and offices. The cases are of mahogany, the dials have painted numerals and the bezils are of brass. The works are similar to those of bracket clocks with fine pillars and short bob pendulums. Such clocks can be purchased to-day at prices varying from two to five pounds. They would be cheap at double the money, but for some obscure reason the ordinary collector has not

marked them down. The earliest alarm clock, the fore-runner of the cheap American alarm, dates from 1810. The type was developed from the striking bracket clock and the repeating watch. Such examples are rare. They were made at Birmingham. A good specimen fetches from fifteen to twenty pounds. After 1840, when the clock making industry of Birmingham, Coventry, and Clerkenwell suffered from foreign competition, the whole of the rural clock-making industry began to be affected. This was the time when the American cottage clock was peddled through England. This is itself in process of being collected. The more ordinary are rectangular in shape, the cases being of mahogany veneer, with painted glass panels. The works are generally good and serviceable. The price to-day ranges from twenty-five shillings to two pounds. The most elegant bracket clocks developed from the early Cromwellian lantern clocks are in a special category. Those of G. Tompion, Daniel Quare, James Upjohn and Joseph Knibb fetch any sum from fifty to a hundred and twenty pounds. It is still possible to find a good specimen in plain mahogany with a silvered dial from eighteen to twenty pounds. Do not despise the old turnip cased silver watches once the pride of the farmer and the well-to-do mechanic of the eighteenth century. The works are a delight; there is elaborate chasing and the pillars are marvels of delicate design. Stop watches were invented about 1815. Frequently the outer case contains a circular trade bill giving the maker's name or more often the name of the watchmaker who repaired the watch. The old travellers carried their toll-gate passes within their watch cases for safety. Much information that is out of the way and curious can be gleaned from such objects.

MOTORIST, in an area of bad roads, to countryman: 'Hi, man; where do you go from here to get to London?' Countryman: 'Well now if I were a-goin' to Lunnon I wouldn't go from 'ere at all.'

My Six Years' Farming and What it has Taught Me.—V. The Farm on its Feet

AT Michaelmas, 1927, I considered the farm had to assume some of the responsibilities of manhood, and set about earning its own living, or anyway trying to. For the past five years, I had made all I could out of the farm, but always first in my mind was making the farm. The five years I had allowed for this were now over. The cost had been more than I counted on, as always happens. The house alone had exceeded my estimates by £400, the farm still wanted a lot doing to it and, of course, the land was (and will be for years) a lot under its possibilities, still much understocked and under-equipped ; but taken all together, the farm was in a reasonably workable state. I might hope that in future I could farm on such terms as to draw a little cash out, at the same time keeping on improving and stocking up. Michaelmas, 1927, was pretty black. A bad season had left a short supply of bad hay. All food stuff prices were right up, and all farm produce prices, especially meat and milk, right down. Foot and mouth was troublesome in some districts, of which mine was one. My first year's real farming here opened on a world so dark that things had either to mend all round or there would be a colossal crash. In this latter case, those strong enough to survive would find themselves doing fairly well through lack of competitors.

Milk.—There was plenty of grass about in the autumn of 1927. For cake I decided to feed a basic ration of 3 lbs. per gallon of cotton cake for the first three gallons, adding crushed oats at the rate of 3 lbs. per gallon for milk given over the first three gallons. As my oats got down a bit, I substituted linseed cake of like quality. I believe this to be an unscientific ration, but it worked well and was cheap. The cows were out day and night up to November 18, when they were brought in at night and given hay and roots in addition to their cake. This was a gain, the cows usually coming in on the last Saturday of October—I am in a south coast

county. Leaving them out longer enabled me to save hay and bedding, but there was less dung at the end of the winter. The hay was not very good and had to be fed cautiously. This style of feeding was kept up till towards the end of March, when the mangolds were finished. On April 11 1928, I decided to start leaving the cows out at night. Hay was now very short, as was also straw for bedding. There was a fair bite of grass. I usually do not put the cows out at night before about April 20. We had some fairly sharp frosts, but the cows did not appear to suffer. Cake was gradually cut off from April 1 and stopped altogether from the 10th, but the cows were given all the hay they would eat. My previous caution had left hay on hand and I decided to feed it rather than pay out cash for cake. This left me bare until the new hay was in—a risk, but all came out well. One has often to gamble. I think one usually comes out more or less right. I sometimes wonder in these matters, is it just luck or is one prompted by some sort of instinct?

Once there is fresh grass about, the cows will not eat much hay, but want something solid. The spring was bad for grass; the fields were so bare that the cows seemed to be living on wind and water, as the cowman said. In June I decided that the heavy milkers ought to have a bite of cake. At ruling prices, I thought linseed best value for the money, so decided to crack up one cake a day for the herd and some calves. The cows actually got an average of about a third of a pound per gallon of milk, going roughly at the rate of two-thirds of a pound per gallon to the heavy milkers. Again I was going quite contrary to all experts' ideas, but got satisfactory results. This feeding continued right through until Michaelmas, but in September the cake was increased to 1 lb. per gallon.

Hay.—With an empty yard and a poor growing year, I watched the laid-up fields pretty keenly. In due season, to my surprise and pleasure, the grass cut very well. In the Home field it was the best I had ever cut. This is encouraging, as the whole farm is practically the same soil; with



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THE HOUSE IN WHICH 'SMALL TALK AT WREYLAND' WAS WRITTEN.—See our
Rural Authors.—VIII. Cecil Torr

(By courtesy Cambridge University Press

care and time I feel it has great possibilities. I further had the good fortune to save the hay without getting anything worth calling rain on it. Thirty-seven acres were cut and I am calling the hay fifty tons.

I put up a Dutch barn, 20 ft. \times 60 ft. \times 15 ft. high to the eaves, and am delighted with it. The hay was not built in, but just pushed in anyhow, filling up a 15 ft. section to the roof, then pulling the elevator forward and filling another section; when this was well up, re-filling the previous section, which had now settled, to its roof. At the finish I had three men passing the hay back from a pitch-hole door at one end. Hay was packed to the roof again and again as settling took place. Hay could not have been built into ricks nearly so fast. A rick had to be built outside as well. The barn hay is cutting out as tight and solid as rick hay. The top layer, not settled and subject to the heat of the iron roof, is dried rather than made, but quite good feeding, so there is no waste, and, considering thatching and all, a big saving of labour.

Mangolds.—The three acres I put in did very badly, so I decided on an apparently rash course. For several years I had grown a few winter green turnips. These make a lot of top, which can be cut in the autumn and the roots fed later. At least this is what the seedsmen say. I always fed top and root together early as October and late as the following May. As the mangold land was in good heart, I decided to plough the mangolds out and put in these turnips under really good conditions, so as to give them a fair trial. One does so much want a good cheap root crop which will clean the land. I got a tremendous growth of tops and gave the cows a cart-load of hay in the field from September 25 to nearly Christmas 1928, which they relished. Cutting the tops in this way leaves the ground quite clean. The roots I propose to feed later. A good second 'top' has grown on all these cut up to mid-October. Of course, we have had a favourable growing time, but still I think this crop is well worth careful consideration; it gives a heavy growth of top

and root on good land and stands in the ground all winter.

Cattle.—In December I sold two heifers, which had had one calf, to my own butcher at 9d. per lb. dressed carcass. Allowing for hide and offals, this is about 6½d.; he sells this at 1s. to 2s. 6d. lb., according to cuts. I reckon an average of 1s. 4d. The two realized £49 10s. Two cows which would not get in calf went to an abattoir at 6d. per lb. Not only was this 6d. low; I was not satisfied with the weight. I have had a large experience in dealing with cattle weights, and of course am a judge of beasts of my own breeding. The weights I estimate when selling to my own butcher—I sometimes send and see them weighed, but often trust him, which I think I can do—are always close. The abattoir returned me weights in one case 100 lbs. and the other 200 lbs. below my estimate. I shall send no more there. A very good 3-year-old heifer which slipped her calf I sold for £20 to a dealer in the spring, about six weeks after her calving. I told him her history and he assured me she was going as a barrenner to be fattened; considering the time of year I expect she was. They say there is no danger of a cow aborting twice, but this is the only case I have had and I did not like selling her into some unsuspecting man's herd. The young bull I decided not to keep, so sold him to a neighbour for £11 8s., just short of twelve months old. One of my home-bred heifers turned out very wild on calving. I let this heifer fatten her calf, which went to the butcher for £8 at 9 weeks old. I then put another calf on to her, which she took to quite well. She is now dry and will be a good barrenner next March or April, when I aim at clearing such. I always rear all my heifer calves. This year I also reared two bull calves. One I am keeping and one I sold at 8 months old for £8 10s. to a neighbour. This year I fed my rearing calves on a mixture of half and half flaked maize and linseed cake, cutting out the 'cod liver oil' condiment usually used. I found they did just as well without it. One improvement I found was to feed the cake ration three times

a day instead of twice as formerly ; this method undoubtedly suits them better. Further, at four months old, I fed pure linseed cake, cutting out the maize with excellent results, so much so that now I am trying a calf on pure linseed cake (with, of course, hay) as her only food from the time she begins to eat, that is at about three weeks. According to 'Expert' arguments, she ought to do badly. Of course, this calf, like all my calves, gets her gallon of milk a day for the first month, which is reduced by a quart a week until, at the end of the second month, she has to do on the water tub in her box.

Horses.—These brought me no luck this year. One mare proved empty and the other (Violet) produced a deformed foal which died at once. Fortunately I was insured, so got £4 from this, but I would rather have had a foal.

Wheat and Oats.—The wheat and oats got no artificials. I cannot quite make up my mind about artificials on arable. I think they pay on land in fairly good or good heart, but I doubt if they pay an owner on poorish land. I got only 6½ sacks of wheat per acre, a bad yield, but had an abundance of straw. I think the cold dry spring and summer made the bearing small and my arable is still poorish. The spring oats gave a fair return, but the straw was short.

The Year's Results.—I have been anxious to give a simple and truthful picture of my farm which must be, to a considerable extent, a picture of present English farming. I shall set forth the cash account, with certain guiding information, that the reader may form his own opinions. I believe accounts set out in this way are the only agricultural accounts of serious value. When I see the accounts of some Farm Institutes, for instance, claiming that they are making a profit, the accounts to me are valueless and the profit doubtful. Cash taken out of the business is the only gauge of farming profit. Of course, a period of one year is too short a time to form a proper judgment on a cash return basis ; but if, year by year, profits other than cash are being put into the farm, these, if real, will show cash returns in due

season. If the heart of the farm is being cashed out, the increasing poverty will duly and progressively diminish the cash return. In the same way, income tax in the end comes into its own. If there is any own ! A general comparative picture of the farm at the end as compared with the beginning of a year is thus a useful setting with which to present a single year's cash account, but it is only a setting ; the cash account is the only reality. In my accounts are included £15 spent on straw, which is not a normal expenditure, but the fact that a neighbour was selling out made some reasonably cheap straw available. With poorish arable land I thought it good business to buy this straw and pass it under the cattle's hoofs on to the land. Some £10 was also spent on second-hand sundries, such as harness, feeding troughs, etc. This I consider a normal working expense. It might not occur every year, but keeping up one's working plant implies such expenditure. All working plant was duly repaired and well kept up. £8 10s. was spent on piece-work 'docking', which I hope is the last expenditure on this work. In a way it is a capital expenditure, as is the £15 for straw. In every way the farm is better than at Michaelmas 1927. Notably this Michaelmas account shows 7 acres of wheat against 11 acres last year. By saving dung last winter, I was able to get in about 7 acres of winter oats just after Michaelmas. In previous years I have always had to leave oats till the spring, as I did not consider my land fit to crop before the winter's dung was available. Autumn here generally gives a long spell of good growing weather, whereas springs are mostly bad for growing, so to have one's main straw crops safely in early in October is a great gain. Incidentally, rooks are less voracious in early autumn. In every way it makes the working of the farm better. I have lots of straw on hand now (and hope henceforth I always shall), so this winter's dung is making a pleasing heap in the corner of my main arable field, ready to go down between the stooks immediately the harvest is cut, instead of all being used in the spring. Some, of course, will be used for roots.

The corn crop position is thus much improved ; also I can hope for better crops.

Milk Herd—This year started with 19 milkers in place of 18 last year. Further, during the year, four barreners were sold out and five first calf heifers of my own breeding brought in. The older cows are possibly lower in value, but the first and second calf heifers of more value. The oldest cows are fifth calves, so generally the herd is a better producing unit in addition to the extra one in number. It is hard to make exact comparisons about young stock, as the reader cannot see the actual cattle, but on the whole I feel they are up a step. There is a nominal 15 tons extra hay this year. All this year's hay is excellent quality. I am well off for straw and, all round, although weak in roots, consider the feeding position considerably stronger than last year, which I trust will duly show in the cake bill. With the routine care of treatments and artificials, all the grass land is rapidly increasing in productivity every year ; there is a certain uncounted gain there. Although the cash account is so disappointing, I am not left without consolation. The plant which supplies food for most farmers—hope—has had a fairly good year. But if I were a farmer living out of my farm, I should be in the position of the horse waiting for the grass to grow.

STOCK BALANCE

	<i>Michaelmas</i> 1927	<i>Michaelmas</i> 1928
Milkers	18	19
Heifers in calf	5	1
Yearling heifers	4	6
Heifers under 12 months ...	8	11
Bull calves	1	2
Barrener half fat	0	1
Maiden heifers, half-fat, 2 years	2	2
Stock bull	1	1
	<hr/> 39 <hr/>	<hr/> 43 <hr/>

					<i>Michaelmas</i> 1927	<i>Michaelmas</i> 1928
Hay	35 tons	50 tons
Straw	6 "	12 "
Mangolds	3 acres	0 acres
Turnips	4 "	3 "
Wheat	11 "	7 "
Vetches	3 "	1½ "
Oats	7 tons	2 tons
Wheat (for poultry)	0 "	0 "

CASH ACCOUNT

SALES

						£	s.	d.
Milk	534	11	0
Cattle	198	6	1
Wheat	88	18	6
Sundries	18	3	3
						£839	18	10

PAYMENTS.

						£	s.	d.
Wages	343	6	3
Rates	26	3	2
Water	23	5	3
Tithe	5	6	1
Hire of machinery	3	10	0
Blacksmith	15	7	9
Vet. and medicines	1	14	0
Other tradesmen's bills	29	12	0
Foods	168	9	10
Manures	61	8	2
Seeds	16	0	0
Sundries	54	2	2
Petrol and Oil	17	4	0
Milking machine spares	4	1	4
Petty cash	4	13	3
Cattle	11	0	0
Loss on Poultry	3	0	0
						£788	3	3

Credit Balance £51 15s. 7d.

All expenses which can possibly be called farming are charged in the cash account. 'Loss on Poultry Account, £3.': poultry eaten in the house are credited at prices at which shops in the local town are buying. Eggs are not

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easily counted, as previously explained. All come into the house, those not used going in barter to the grocer. These eggs are not credited to the poultry account, hence the loss. Last year I bought some food. Normally I do not do this, so the poultry account shows a small profit plus the eggs. This should always be the case in future. The year before last no wheat was grown. It will be noted that no repairs were charged. Some minor repairs were done with farm labour, the materials being charged up under 'Other Tradesmen's bills'. The farm has been so overhauled, repairs ought not to be serious for many years. No rent, of course, shows. Equally, wood, vegetables, eggs and services to the house are not credited.

My Farm's Future.—In spite of a bad year, which all farmers shared, I feel that in a general way, things are not going badly, that I only have to keep steadily along the same road and time will bring me a fair reward. At one time I rather leaned towards specialization, which, in my case, would have been dairying; but I now incline to mixed farming, aiming at a balance of selling milk, meat, corn, young stock, perhaps even hay in greater or smaller quantities as each season's weather and markets make advisable. Heavy milking cows are not desirable for this scheme; I seriously wonder if they are good business for anybody. I shall stick to Shorthorns, which I expect will give me 600 to 800 gallons, according to age; one or two perhaps 900, but I do not really want 900-gallon cows; I think I can produce cheaper milk with low averagers who keep themselves easily and go on year after year. For me the Shorthorn is the ideal dual purpose. In times of surplus milk, I can fatten excellent calves. My ideas of feeding have changed right away from the accepted theory of balanced rations. I ask myself if our experts have sufficient knowledge of the cow's digestive processes to give us pontifical advice. We are told to feed rations so balanced in proteids and carbohydrates as to equal these elements in the milk produced. I am inclined to think the cow breaks her food down to something much



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more elemental than carbohydrates and proteids before rebuilding it into milk. This is being written near Christmas ; to test my theory, I have been giving my cows since Michaelmas 2 lbs. of linseed cake per gallon and the hay they will clean up, changing since November, when the grass was partially gone, to 2 lbs. of a mixture made up of 2 linseed cake and 1 locust beans per gallon with hay and a cart-load of turnips with their tops daily for 19 cows. The cows look well and milk well. I have always had three or four giving some 4 to 4½ gallons daily. Now, theoretically, this ration is about as wrong as can be. My neighbours worth observing, who do things carefully, use the theoretical balanced rations of various mixtures, together with roots and hay—less hay than I do, but more, sometimes very much more, cake. Both as to quantity and cost, I think my plan serves best on the whole ; it is certainly no worse. The short hay and heavy cake method means more milk per acre and more immediate cash coming to hand quickly, but my way permits more young cattle, distant cash, but always cash, which, considered with a short cake bill and less loss on worn-out cows, possibly means more actual profit. I think farmers should make more of home-grown foods, especially hay and roots, which tend to balance each other—a bad year for hay generally means a good year for roots. Experts have gone so far recently as to say cows should have no roots ; they are positively poison, said one. This throws the farmer on to the cake market in a bad season, such as last, to a calamitous extent.

I know very little about silage except that silos are very costly, but I intend going into the question. Considerable feeding possibilities may lie in that direction. There is the question of carting a heavy crop, but it would come at a slack time, just before hay, if one had no roots. The land would be well cleaned. While having no faith in the intensive grazing idea, for two years I have used some ammonia on my grazing land and think it opens considerable possibilities. Generally I feel one gets better results from

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money spent on artificial manures than on artificial foods. The ideal balance of these two expenditures is what I am looking for. In this connection close grazing and cutting tufts, now being preached as new methods, are very old English farming practice. I visualize the ideal milk and meat farm with all cattle roofed in winter making high quality dung, this dung, with artificials, growing great crops ; in effect, letting your dung lead the artificials by the hand through the soil, bringing them out as crops, selling most of these crops as milk and meat. There are farmers doing this now. Those I know are, I think, holding their own in spite of bad times.



For Countrymen and Countrywomen—X

1. What is a well-known scientist's computation of the number of drops of rain in one's morning bath ?—2. 'Metal was so rare that the sickles for cutting the barley were made of baked clay.' Among whom ?—3. Where may a crop of turnips be blown out of the ground by a gale ?—4. Who was it who recorded on his wife's tombstone that she was the great-granddaughter of the man who introduced marling into Norfolk ?—5. 'What a sad thing for philosophic husbandmen that God Almighty created such a thing as couch'. Name of author ?—6. What are Kerry Blues, Rhode Island Reds, and Middle Whites ?

ANSWERS TO APRIL QUESTIONS.—1. Moorhen.—2. S, H, W, B, C, M, P, R, D, J, E, O.—3. Corncockle.—4 The smallest pig of a litter; or part of a scythe fastening the blade to the handle.—5. Gooseberry tart.—6 4d. in the £



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another man, a map
for his pocket and a
stick for his hand. But
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'We sell a fairly large number of "Boys' Friend," "Sexton Blake," etc., libraries and similar girls' libraries of various names, which are issued fortnightly and monthly, selling at 4d. or 4½d. There is a considerable sale for 6d. novels, Edgar Wallace being at present best seller and Annie S. Swan, William Le Queux, Nat Gould, Charlotte Brame and Charles Garvice also favourites. For some years there has been a good demand for 2s. novels, detective stories and Wild West tales being the staple ; but this season they seem to have gone slower, and the 1s. novels which have been put on the market do not seem to have quite caught on, while the sixpennies above mentioned have greatly increased their sale. The demand for books of a more substantial character is by no means what we would like it to be

'Fashion magazines are now sold in much reduced numbers, reflecting as we suppose, the reign of the ready-made. Of "Weldon's Illustrated " (6), "Weldon's Children's Bazaar " (6), "Weldon's Ladies " (6) a few years ago we sold about

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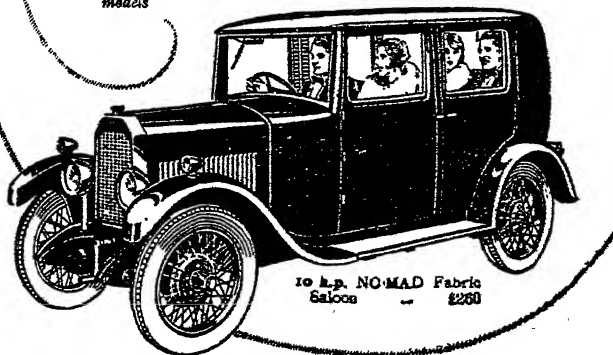
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'We should like to note the great increase in the daily paper habit, which dates from the War. Before the War we posted very few "specimens" except to farmers. A great many people began taking a daily during the War and went on. Of course this mainly applies to cheaper papers such as "Daily Mail" and "Record". There are farm places where two or three dailies go into the cottages.'

Dailies.—Edinburgh Evening News 172, Scotsman 165, Daily Record 162, Daily Mail 142, Edinburgh Evening Dispatch 129, Daily Bulletin 57, Daily Sketch 53, Daily Express 52, Daily Mirror 49, Daily Chronicle 19, Glasgow Herald 11, Daily Herald 7, Sporting Chronicle 2. (More sporting papers are sold during the season, and on Saturday more than 300 Sports editions of evening papers are disposed of.)

Local Weeklies (15).—2, 136

Weeklies and Monthlies.—People's Friend 461, Red Letter 171, Weekly Welcome 157, John Bull 117, News of the World 90, My Weekly 85, Christian Herald 83, Radio Times 80, Scottish Farmer 64, Woman's Way 62, Sports Dispatch 61, Rover 48, Adventure, Wizard 37, Topical Times 30, Motor Cycling, Woman's Companion 27, British Weekly 24, Children's Newspaper, Tit-Bits 23 Home Friend 21, Rainbow 20, Amateur Gardening, Chambers' Journal, Puck 19, Feathered World, Pearson's Weekly, Sunday Companion 18, Everybody's Weekly, North British Agriculturist 17, Bubbles, Racing Leader, Woman and Home 16, Fur and Feather, Good Housekeeping 15, Dixon Hawke Library, Horner's Stories, Playbox 14, Betty's Paper, Cage Birds, Modern Home, Passing Show, Peg's Paper, Popular Wireless 13, Home Companion, Reynold's News, Sporting Chronicle Handicap, Weldon's Ladies 12, Fairyland Tales, Forward, Schoolgirl's Own, Schoolgirl's Weekly 11

Chips, Ideas, My Favourite, Picture Show, World Radio, Weldon's Children's Bazaar 10

Eve's Own, Modern Boy, Peg's Companion, Scots Observer 9
Boy's Friend Library, Home Chat, Racing Winner, Scout, Sexton
Blake Library, Smallholder, Thriller, Week-end Novels 8

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Amateur Wireless, Athletic News, Carpenter, Child Education, Educational Journal, Film Fun, Football and Sports Library, Fun and Fiction, Girl's Cinema, Hobbies, Home Magazine, Joker, Ladies' Companion, Meat Trade Journal, Merry and Bright, Motor Transport, Nash's Magazine, New Magazine, Our Dogs, Pictorial Weekly, Schoolgirl's Own Library, Tiger Tim, Triumph, Union Jack, Wireless Construction, World's Pictorial 3

Britannia, Children's Dress, Christian, Draper's Record, Fashions for All, Film Weekly, Fruit Grower, Gardening Illustrated, Illustrated London News, Investor's Chronicle, John Blunt, Kinema Comic, London Magazine, Lots o' Fun, Model Engineer, Motor Cycling, Motor Cyclist Review, Needlewoman, Observer, Picture Show, Poultry, Racing World, Royal Magazine, Scots Magazine, Weekly Sketch, Tatler, T.P.'s Weekly, Violet Magazine, Weekly Mirror 2.

Amateur Photography, Austin Magazine, Blackwood's Magazine, Boxing, Bystander, Castle's Magazine of Fiction, Catholic Herald, Champion, Chick's Own, Church of England Newspaper, Cycling, Eggs, Expository Times, Family Herald, Farmer and Stockbreeder, Fish Trades Gazette, Fourpenny Magazine, Gem, Girl Guide Gazette, Graphic, Great Thoughts, Hutchinson's Best Story Magazine, Insurance Mail, Labour Standard, Ladies' Home Journal, Lady, Lancet, Life of Faith, Merry Magazine, Monster Comic, Nelson Lee Library, New Leader, Nursing Mirror, Pall Mall Magazine, Pictorial Education, Pigeons, Pitman's, Police Chronicle, Police Review, Popular Gardening, Premier Magazine, Poultry World, Racing Judge, Railway Magazine, School Friend, Scottish Beekeeper, Scottish Chronicle, Scottish Field, Shoe and Leather Record, Shorthand Weekly, Smart Novels, Sports Budget, Stock-keeper, Story Magazine, Sunbeam, Sunday at Home, Sunday Dispatch, Sunday Mail, Tailor and Cutter, Tee Topics, Universe, Weldon's Home Dressmaking, Wireless Magazine, Wireless World, Woman's Journal 1

A question from a child : ' If a cat ate a mouse, would the mouse go straight to heaven or would it have to wait till the cat died too ? ' Another one : ' God is like a kind of man, isn't he, and Nature is a lady, so are they like a husband and wife ? '



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FOR about 200 years the family of the village blacksmith has been exercising its craft in the same village in the Home Counties, and to-day's representative has the artist's or craftsman's temperament and philosophy as strongly, in his strong way, as anyone in Chelsea. He says of his work, 'I know it is good because I am pleased with it myself'. He has his limitations as well as his virtues. For example, he has deserted horses as surely as horses have deserted him. Shoeing them entailed a nervous exhaustion which kept him awake at nights. Happily the absence of his standard job does not involve any loss of work. There has grown up a demand for curves and crisps at least as seductive in outline as any horse's shoe, though that should be regarded as not less truly a work of art than any ornamental gate or cresset. The blacksmith, in his rough and simple forge, has requests for iron work from places—to mention particular orders—as far apart as Cairo and Aberdeen. He manufactures—a good word that has acquired a mendacious meaning—iron gates, cresset lamps, brackets, coal scuttles, door knockers, hinges, plates, locks, signs, vanes, and tools of all sorts. No hammered iron work comes amiss. The one thing that you may not suggest is that he should use the file. If he sees a bit of work where the file has been called in to correct the hammer, he grows furious as any painter whose rival has scraped high lights with a pen knife. The file means bad art, and that is the sin of sins. When he has a big bit of work on hand (with curves perhaps as difficult to get right as any that made Aubrey Beardsley's fame) he falls on with fury, scorning sleep, leisure or any more lucrative job. He would, if need were, like Benvenuto Cellini, burn his household furniture to keep the fire hot. And the work, thanks to hereditary knowledge and craftsman's ideal, is always sterling. He is content as a rule to borrow his patterns though he is a born designer. But the little adaptations often amount to a



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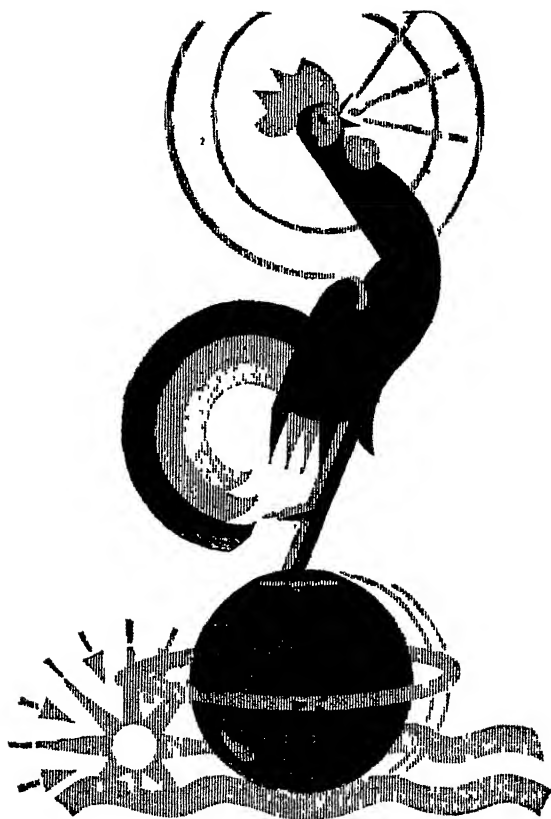
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design in themselves, and now and then he breaks out in stark originality. When the old village fire engine, whose activities he had directed, was scrapped, his affections were so moved that he bought the copper boiler, a hand beaten one at least a hundred years old, and created from it one of the most seductive coal scuttles in Europe. Everything he does *works*. He sets your saw so that it saws. His latches are smooth and secure. The garden shelter that he founded revolves smoothly on the ball bearings of a scrapped car and his own iron circle. Here is a master of his craft indeed ! How we all envy him ! But he himself, so perverse is human nature, continually regrets that he is 'no scholar' and confesses that his ambition was to become a schoolmaster.



Saxon Henchmen by M. Isabel Wyatt

I LOOKED across, through the grey fog of rain, to Athelney, with its green slopes climbing out of the wide floods. Such was the Saxon refuge, I reflected, as I traced the line of King Alfred's earthwork across the meres Winter brings back. Suddenly, advancing across the sodden grass, came three figures, vague shapes in the rain mist. In hoods, jerkins, and cross-garters, here were Saxons returned, like the floods from a thousand years ago, and again stealthily emerging from their retreat among the trackless fens, to join Alfred at Ecbryght's Stone. I caught an echo of their speech, slow, outlandish, unfamiliar. Then, as they came nearer, I saw more clearly. They were labourers I knew, plodding home to tea. For protection from the weather they had reverted to the costume of old time ; the jerkins were sacks, the hoods were sacks ; sacking bound with straw reached from knee to ankle. As they passed they greeted me, their dialect proclaiming them the sons of Alfred's Wessex Saxons as surely as did their stature and their build, their blue eyes and fair skins.



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passed on which Saroj Nalini did not herself make at least one dish and also some sweets. . . . Her daily accounts for an unbroken period of eighteen years and two months are recorded in her clear and beautiful handwriting. She arranged my books, kept notes of my bank account. She did everything, and did it well. Her baby looked so healthy that our friends used to call him a prize baby. . . . She loved to keep her own cow, looked to its feed, cleanliness, and milking. She took into her own hands the education of her boy, English, music, tennis. . . . She was a devoted and skilful nurse. She could mix on equal terms and establish friendly relations with rich and poor, Hindu or Mussulman, Indian, European or American. Unlike many educated Indian girls, she loved to wear the conch-shell bangles and iron bangle and to put a touch of vermilion at the parting of her hair. In greeting she preferred the Eastern custom of folding hands instead of shaking hands. She would never take her meals before I did. She would never call me by my name. She was fond of betel leaf, and would prepare the leaves every day. She sought to keep alive the beautiful Hindu custom of touching the feet of elders. She lit the hundreds of little lamps on a festival day.'

Here is another view of Saroj Nalini, by Mrs. Gertrude Brown, wife of the principal of Bankura College : 'It was wonderful the way in which she managed to display in all her undertakings that energy, strenuousness, and thoroughness which one usually associates with an Englishwoman. Saroj Nalini played a really good, hard game of tennis—in a *sari*. She had a garden that was the envy of many of us in which she spent many hours of hard work. With all her outside activities Mrs. Dutt was an excellent housekeeper and a wise and devoted mother. Her house was a model of dainty neatness and her taste was always good. She found time to indulge her artistic tastes, to read considerably both in English and Bengali, and to keep herself well abreast of contemporary events. When she died members of the Mahila Samiti said—"Now what can *we* do for others?"'

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EDUCATION—LOCAL GOVERNMENT—BIRDS

IT is from the minds of women, one in the East—see 'The Achievement of Saroj Nalini' on another page—and the other in the West, that the most stimulating reading comes to us in the country books of the quarter. Miss M. K. Ashby, no stranger to our readers, surveys in her *Country School* (Oxford University Press, pp. 282, 5 × 7½, 6s.) a wide field with such freshness and sound information, based on a long and varied rural scholastic experience and a proper deference to agricultural economics, that her book is a joy. Each chapter is not only balanced and considered, it is vivified with mother wit. The volume closes with a telling presentation of the problem of the rural adolescent. A smaller book, *Schools of To-day* (Dent, pp. 119, 4½ × 7½, 3s. 6d.) by Bolton King, formerly director of education in Miss Ashby's own county, covers some of the ground double dug in *The Country School*. The clarity and earnest spirit of these two volumes must fill us all with new hope.

Among country books technically outside the sphere of human affairs the palm for the most arresting may well be given to *An Introduction to the Study of Bird Behaviour*, by H. Eliot Howard (Cambridge University Press, pp. 146, 4 plates, 10 × 12½, 42s.). Its largeness of view reminds the present writer of the impression made years ago by Havelock Ellis's monumental 'Psychology of Sex.' In passing, it may be mentioned that the thoughts of the reader are carried into the sphere of human relations with searching results. In its own domain such writing as is to be found in this book must powerfully affect the common attitude towards bird life. The reader feels under the greatest obligation to the author's disciplined understanding. The detailed accounts of the behaviour of a reed bunting and a yellow bunting during the season of reproduction are surely among the best things in bird literature and the sketches in illustration of that rapturous but strictly defined period stand by themselves.

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The book ends with an attempt to make a connection story and that involves a consideration of the mind story. The plans of bird territories, particularly four adjoining skylark territories, are full of interest.—More than a hundred pages of annotations appended to a most desirable new edition of Lubbock's (Lord Avebury's) observations on *Ants, Bees and Wasps* (Kegan Paul, pp. 400, 8 plates, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$, 10s. 6d.) make us realize the tremendous rate at which knowledge of non-human creatures and therefore of ourselves is growing.

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To his many other interests Sir Daniel Hall has added for a generation the tulip, and, now, in charge of the John Innes Horticultural Institution, where they say there is a larger variety of tulips than anywhere else in the world, he produces, with his accustomed efficiency, *The Book of the Tulip* (Hopkinson, pp. 224, 21s.). With the assistance of two dozen pictures it tells all that is known and some things that may yet be known about a queer bulb that in its time has sent folk as diverse as Dutchmen and Turks crazy and is now gathering devotees in this country.—*Rock Gardens: How to Plan and Plant*, by A. Edwards (Ward, Lock, pp. 320, $6 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$, 7s. 6d.), is dated by its author from the rock

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221

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Old Friends, by Sir Timothy Eden, Bart.

OAK, ash, elm, and beech ! The names are strong and beautiful. There is a blunt simplicity about them as English as the trees themselves. Nothing little about 'oak', no weakness in 'ash', a rustic strength in 'elm', and a majesty in 'beech' ! But the fitness of our English names should not lead us to overlook their Latin synonyms. If these do not fill us with such an abrupt satisfaction as the curt monosyllables of our native tongue, they have, in their more elaborate and musical grace, a charm which is their own. *Quercus robur*. There is strength in this as well as in 'oak', but there is also something which we miss in our English equivalent, a suggestion of age, an impression of ungainly, twisted limbs. The letter 'Q' alone is coiled and tortuous as the knotted, ancient branches of the tree. *Quercus* would totter to the ground, overcome with years, did not *robur*, following after, hold him rudely propped, in a stern defiance of the advance of Time. In the Latin 'beech', there is about *fagus* a simple, unpretending elegance. It stands easy and secure, an open, friendly word ; till *sylvatica* come with all the mystery of her charms ; with the mysterious charm of letters—'s' and 'l' and 'v' (as 'valleys' charm, and 'violets') ; with visions of rustling woods, and sylvan shadows in sylvan glades, and the light tops of innumerable trees that swerve across the sky. '*Fagus sylvatica* !' We almost see the dryads. We almost hear the song of birds and feel the soft brush of passing wings. *Ulmus* is good and steady. A clownish word, *ulmus*, which fills the mouth and tastes of the country. There is nothing elegant about *ulmus*, though something more, perhaps, than a mere clumsy rusticity. It hints at richness, too, productiveness, at the unwearied, never ceasing toil, the coarse fertility of Nature. Yes, *ulmus* speaks of Nature, a strong, physical Nature, with a smell of earth about her working clothes, and large and liberal hands. *Campestris* paints a more idyllic picture. Here is Nature again, but in a gaily-flowered gown,

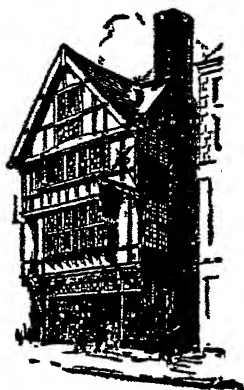
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with the grace and freedom of green fields about her. In *Ulmus campestris* all the countryside is shut ; the parks and meadows, the grazing cattle, the hedges, the waters that sparkle in the sun, the long-eared loping hare, the memories of idle days spent in the shadow of a haystack. As for *Fraxinus*, listen to it ! You break your teeth on the word, it is so tough and hard !



Cats, Weasels, and Dogs

‘I REMEMBER, when in the Littleport Fen district’, writes a correspondent, ‘hearing a countryman give an account of a hawk swooping down on its quarry and soaring away with it. It was soon noticed to be in difficulties and it was not long before it fell. Two or three people who ran to the spot were in time to see a weasel bound away. The hawk was quite dead.

‘I once saw one of our farm cats drop from a stack. I heard a faint squeak and on reaching the place found a dead weasel. There were two needle-like punctures at the back of its ear. The cat took no further notice of the weasel after the kill. At odd times we found dead weasels in various parts of the farm with similarly placed wounds. A miller’s cat near-by had some reputation for weasel-killing. One day it missed its mark and the would-be biter was bitten. The frenzied cat dashed about, and never tackled a weasel again.’

A reader was puzzled to know how a cat, which had had kittens in a remote farm building, where no food was brought to her, was rearing her offspring. On passing one day he saw her swim into an adjoining pond, seize a moorhen, bring it struggling ashore, and place it before the young cats, which immediately fell upon it.

Another reader has heard of a dog which went black-berrying. Alas, he took to gooseberrying and picking up fallen pears. Another dog was an urban dog and when he was taken into the country he was afraid at first to walk on the grass. A third animal which retrieves tennis balls is not a dog but a fox.

The Daily Chronicle

The Sane Family Daily

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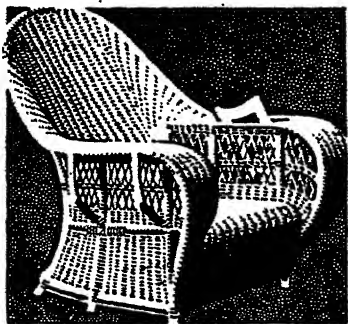
No other paper can approach "*The Chronicle*" in its appeal to women—its household and domestic pages are admittedly the best in any London paper. And the children are not forgotten

"*The Daily Chronicle*" being printed simultaneously in London and Leeds can be on the breakfast tables of Britain every morning of the year without fail

Thus we feel with justice that we may sum up by saying that the "*Daily Chronicle*" appeals to the world and his wife—and family

The Fisherman*Creeper and Stone Fly, by Salfarío*

IT is surprising how many of the simple rules of the dry fly art apply here also. So much so that one wonders that the dry fly purist is not sometimes tempted North to try this fascinating method of catching trout. The dry fly enthusiast can be assured that he will need all his skill and cunning while he will enjoy a complete change of scenery, acquaint himself with a different kind of stream, and discover some new joys in his art. It is but necessary to say that the creeper which is the larva of the stone fly is common to most Border streams, is out about the end of May and beginning of June and that the season lasts little more than two or three weeks. The stone fly approximates as nearly as possible to the May fly in the Midlands and South and is in fact often wrongly described as the May fly by North countrymen. The stone fly is not at all like the drakes in appearance—it is in fact more like a small dragon fly! North country trout are just as interested in the creeper and stone fly as their more aristocratic brethren of the South are interested in a green or grey drake. If anything they show a preference for the creeper and oftener than not a better average will be got with creeper. The creeper season is no ‘duffer’s fortnight.’ Generally, I have found it much easier to take trout with a May fly in the South of England or in France than to take trout from a Border stream even when the stone fly was hatching out good and well. Remember these points about creeper fishing, and this will be easily understood. This lure is used when the stream is dead low and generally when the weather is bright and sunny. Trout lie out in the gravelly shallows waiting for these tit-bits and a trout in shallow water on a sunny day is very easily scared. Both creeper and stone fly are most delicate creatures, and it is vastly easier to flick them off the hook than it is to keep them on. The finest of tackle must be used and



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the smallest of hooks. (The tackle used is similar to a Pennell tackle with the hooks reversed.) The Northern trout go to a creeper as quick as the proverbial lightning, and to take two trout out of six 'rises' is a mark of unusual skill—it is the old story of timing the strike. Personally, I scarcely strike—the trout himself will do all that is necessary if the line is under control. Does all this not suggest to the dry fly man the promise of a new and pleasurable experience?



Health and the Open Air

'Nacktkultur,' by A Medical Man

REGARDING your article, 'Taking off One's Clothes', many readers will be concerned about the part played by women in the 'Nacktkultur' movement. One of the most noticeable things in the photographs is the fact that women are as numerous as they are. In his preface to Dr. Parmelee's book Dr. Havelock Ellis explains—let me mention again that he does not advocate nudity groups—'It is women who are the natural pioneers in these matters, and always have been, as is indicated by the symbolical though prejudiced story of the Garden of Eden in the Book of Genesis. Women have, quite wholesomely, a larger dash of Narcissism in their temperaments, as Milton made clear in his picture of Eve in Paradise. Men, moreover, in these matters are extremely conservative and, only change their habits of clothing, however ugly and unhygienic, with extreme deliberation. Even in the adoption of so admirable a fabric as artificial silk, which women had the good sense to accept at once, men still hesitate except in minor articles of attire'. And he concludes: 'The question of clothing—the significance of its use and the significance of its disuse—has occupied the human mind from almost the earliest times; it always arouses fundamental problems in morals, psychology and æsthetics. The approach of a new attitude of civilization towards clothing must fascinate the attention even of those among us who are still content to drag humbly along the worn-out garments of our immediate refathers.'

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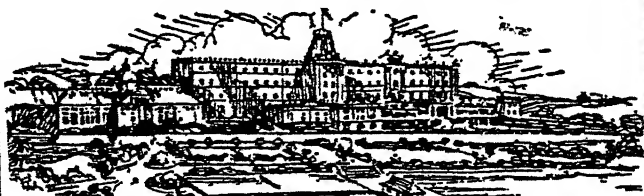
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WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS

MATLOCK

The Garden*Frost Among the Shrubs*

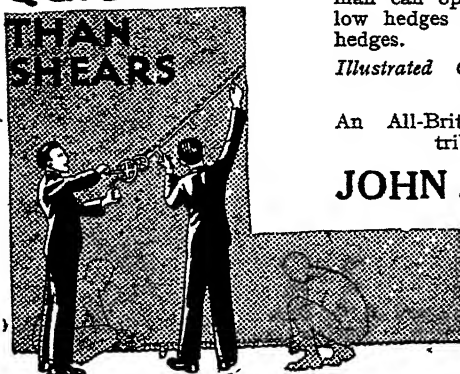
BY midsummer this year (writes E.P.) we knew our fate. We could reckon up our losses in the garden plants and shrubs. The other day I asked the owner of a garden I much admire why he did not figure in the list of names of those who threw their grounds open to the public for the sake of the hospitals. 'What have I to show?' he asked. 'Effects of frost.' And, indeed, those have been some of the chief effects of English gardens this summer. But they have shown themselves in different ways. Some shrubs have been killed outright, others have seemed to be dead and have recovered. The different varieties of *Ceanothus*, for instance, *Veitchianus*, *Gloire de Versailles*, *Papillosus* and so on, looked as dead as plants can till April was out, and then little green buds began to dot themselves along the branches. *Buddleia globosa* looked like a bundle of firewood, and waited till mid-May to show that there was sap in it. *Grevillea rosmarinifolia*, with its lovely nautilus-like pink blossom, looks miserable still, with a branch here and there less grey than the rest, but terribly hard hit; and there beside it stands *G. sulphurea* untouched. *Azara microphylla*, whose tiny blossoms used to scent the summer wind with vanilla, may perhaps pull round; the foliage fell and the tree stood naked, but in June there came signs of new buds. But the real gaps are among the tall heathers. *Australis* and *Veitchii*, that towered above the rest, dried like tinder and split as if lightning had struck them. And the *Leptospermums* and common myrtles—they are beyond hope. Where am I going to get even a myrtle cutting? We have had no frost like this since 1895. And in 1895 most of us did not own these semi-hardy shrubs, and knew nothing about them. Now we know much.

The delightful Cecil Torr, an account of whose books is given in 'Rural Authors', notes that he established two grass walks, crossing one another at right-angles, with hedges ten feet

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GARDEN ORNAMENTS

The Labourer is Worthy of His Hire

THE most indefatigable of gardeners must at some time sit at ease and enjoy the product of his labours and hot summer days are days for quiet enjoyment and reflection. Though the body be at rest and the eye replete with pride the mind will still be active. Note will be made of possible re-arrangements of colour, places there will be where the garden needs pulling together, somewhere a spot calls for added interest. Much help can be got by use of a figure or of vases, a birdbath or small pool. The Bromsgrove Guild recognise that their garden products are placed alongside the most beautiful things that nature, with man's help, can provide and their quality must be in keeping with their surroundings.

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high and four feet thick, made of clipped cypress and looking as solid as walls. I not only like the look of them, but find them very convenient—in one or other of those walks I can always be out of the sun or out of the wind, if either is too strong. The cypress is *Cupressus macrocarpa*, which grows very quickly here.'

To the question asked in the April COUNTRYMAN, 'Why on the north side?' H.R.B. answers: 'Exotics tender to frost like the Californian ribes, are best planted on a north wall. While desirous of sun they protest the more when they feel it while in a frozen condition. The rapidity of thaw is damaging to the tissue; it recalls the treatment of animal tissue frostbitten, which, by the aid of snow delaying its return to normal, is helped to its recovery. May a like influence determine the first attempts at flowering of Eucryphias to be on the shady side.'



Tail Corn

LECTURER (urban) at women's institute: 'Then you turn on the hot tap——' [*loud laughter.*]

A READER has recently encountered a Japanese who was visiting 'every place in the novels of Thomas Hardy'.

BOTH Henry Ford and Sir William Morris are farmer's sons.

THERE have been references to Mussolini's hymn, 'In Praise of Bread'. Mr. G. H. Hallam is kind enough to send it to me and a translation of his own. Here is one verse:

Onorate il Pane

Gloria dei campi
Fragranza della terra
Festa della vita

Honour Bread

Glory of the fields *
Fragrance of the land
Festival of life

The other verses desire that 'Italiani' shall 'amate, rispettare' and 'non sciupate' bread.

A FOREIGN firm addresses us as 'The County Man' another as 'Country Esq.'

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WHO is the author of the following?—'Give me the hillroad, the bleating of sheep, the clouds, the sun and the rain, the graves of dead races, the thatched roofs of living ones, a pipe and a fire when the day is closing, and a clean bed to lie upon until the sun calls in the morning. If friends fail, the hill road never does. There is nothing in faithfulness like to it, and blessed is the man who has found it.' The new Prime Minister

'Our sanitary inspector and surveyor,' writes a correspondent who has just been elected to a District Council, 'has a red, blotchy face and a shaking hand. He has never had any training, and he has held his job for 20 years.'

AT a Connecticut gathering of that American agricultural organization, the Grange, nothing was feasible but a 'social hour', for it was found that during the week the Master of the branch had married the lecturer, that another leading man official had married a woman official and that both couples were on their honeymoon.

MR. JOHN P. MAXTON, M.A., B.Sc.(Agric.), of the Agricultural-Economics Research Institute, Oxford University, joint author of 'A Guide to Agricultural Policy', is the son of the well-known Labour M.P.



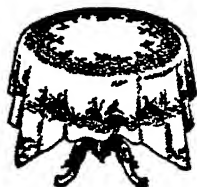
THE COMING OF THE COMBINE.—Readers of the informed article in the last issue of THE COUNTRYMAN by Mr. J. E. Newman, of the Institute of Agricultural Engineering at Oxford, on 'More Machinery in the Fields, Mechanical Wheat Production at a Profit', will not be surprised at the clarity and scrupulous fairness of his 'Report of the Trials of the Combine Harvester Thresher' (Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.) which took place in Wiltshire last year with the praiseworthy assistance of Mr. J. H. Maggs. It is admitted that a grain-dryer must be provided on farms using the combine. And the combine cannot be recommended where straw is an important part of the crop. But climate is no bar, and the conclusion arrived at is that the adoption of the combine as 'a practical means of harvesting should be seriously considered by large grain growers'.

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Pilferings*AT SMYTH COUNTY COURTHOUSE*

WE do not take in the 'Smyth County News', of Marion, Va. But the 'Saturday Review', of New York, does, and it has been reading in it all about the great Steer Trial at the Smyth County courthouse. The issue was between Mr. Roscoe Wilkinson, owner of nineteen steers, and Mr. Henry Staley, in whose pasture the steers were put out to graze. Mr. Staley was suing Mr. Wilkinson for 181 dols. rent of the pasture. Mr. Wilkinson's counter claim was for 199 dols. damages done to his steers. How was this damage done? Well, it appears, says the 'Saturday', that though not stated in black and white, Mr. Wilkinson had understood that the pasture was to be an entirely bachelor preserve. His steers, unagitated by any sort of social excitement, were quietly to fatten for the market. They did so. With no more disturbance than one would see through the plate glass windows of the Union Club, those steers spent a peaceful summer. They thrived and when in October a customer came to look them over they were a fine healthy lot, averaging 1,050 lbs. each, and a contract of sale was drawn up on that basis. Delivery was to be made a fortnight later.

But during that fortnight trouble began. Mr. Staley allowed a Mr. Long to send over a squad of heifers to browse in that pasture. Romance entered the lives of the steers. The steers, Mr. Wilkinson claimed, lost all sense of how a respectable, just-ready-for-the-market steer should live and conduct himself. They looked at the heifers, they neglected their eating, they played tag with the lady cows all over the 190-acre lot. Their days and nights were spent in revels. There was no peace in Mr. Staley's pasture, the serpent had entered in.

On the 24th Mr. Wilkinson came for the steers. They were so bad off, he said, that he had trouble in recognizing them as the same bunch he had bought some days previously.



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WRITE FOR CATALOGUES,

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Gone was the sleek fatness, the contented look. Instead there was a bunch of wild-eyed, worn, ruffled, thinned down, sleepless and disappointed animals. When they were weighed they only averaged around 950 pounds. This was Mr. Wilkinson's counter claim. Not to be selfish, Mr. Wilkinson said through his attorney, he was only claiming a loss of sixty pounds per steer. That made him due, he claimed, about 119 dols. from Mr. Staley.

Mr. Wilkinson had assembled all the foremost authorities on steer psychology now living in Smyth county. One by one they took the stand and told of the secret thoughts of the average steer. The steer, they agreed, is a sensitive animal. He has an imagination. When by himself or with other steers he is generally happy and careful. He eats, drinks, lies in the shade, grows fat and is sold for beef. It is when heifers come into his life that he changes. A heifer, it was brought out over and over again in most delicate language, has times in her life when she is filled with romantic thoughts. She thinks of a little home and fireside and babies playing around the cottage door. Her heart is full of yearning. At such times somewhat the same thoughts get into a steer. He, too, has romantic imaginings, and they are bad for his digestion. It was quite possible that some such things came into the lives of Mr. Wilkinson's steers and Mr. Long's heifers, the experts agreed. Under such circumstances, it was variously estimated, a steer might lose from 50 to 100 pounds in coquetting with a lush young heifer over a 190-acre lot. Afterwards came the closing arguments by the attorneys. Mr. Collins spoke doubtfully of the great loss of weight suffered by Mr. Wilkinson's steers. Mr. Funk began with the history of man. He traced a parallel with the fall of Mr. Wilkinson's steers. 'Who can blame a steer?' he asked. Then the jury retired. They stayed out a good long time. Finally they came back with the verdict. Mr. Staley, of course, was awarded his 181 dols. rent. But from it they deducted 25 dols. to pay for damages to Mr. Wilkinson's steers.

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AS ONE COUNTRYMAN TO ANOTHER

FOR this issue we omit our leading article in order to give the utmost prominence, on the advent of a new Government, to what must be regarded as *the most weighty non-Party declaration on agricultural policy yet published*. Various non-Party agricultural conferences have been held. But at public conferences it is impossible for responsible

The Agricultural Situation

*What Ought to be Done
and*

What Can be Done Now

men, in the public service, or with close Party affiliations, to speak *their whole mind*. It is obviously much to be regretted that the country should lack the guidance of non-partizan leadership by acknowledged authorities at a time when the agricultural situation calls for important decisions. We accordingly decided that, immediately the General Election excitement was over, we should endeavour to meet the difficulty by communicating with representative rural minds and asking *confidentially* for a candid answer to the question, *Can the State help and can it help now?* In order that our readers should feel that replies, which must perforce be printed anonymously, stand for knowledge, experience and responsibility and are not partizan we begged to be allowed to give, separately from the replies, the names of our correspondents. All but two—who are in important positions in the service of the State—kindly agreed to the adoption of what one correspondent was good enough to call ‘a very ingenious device’, a second ‘a stimulating plan’ and a third ‘a great idea’.

As we have had a response so gratifying that the replies would, if printed in full, fill all the reading space even in this enlarged issue of THE COUNTRYMAN, we are glad that we had the forethought to stipulate that we might give the substance rather than the full text of the letters. We do not think, however, that in the necessary work of condensation, injustice has been done to the views of any correspondent. The names of our correspondents are listed below, alphabetically, *the replies being printed in a different order*. We may perhaps be pardoned for chronicling our satisfaction that almost every one of these agricultural authorities is known to us as being a reader of THE COUNTRYMAN. We greatly regret to be compelled to leave over some replies until our next issue :

His Grace the Duke of Montrose. Owns 115,000 acres
The Rt. Hon. Sir Francis Acland, Bart., Forestry Commissioner, ex-Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, ex-Financial Secretary to the Treasury, author of 'The Farmers' Dilemma,' etc.

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Bledisloe, ex-Parliamentary Secretary for Agriculture, chairman of Lawes Agricultural Trust, ex-president Central Chamber of Agriculture, ex-president Dairy Farmers' Association, ex-president Landowners' Association, ex-chairman Farmers' Club

F. N. Blundell, ex-M.P. (Conservative), author of 'The Agricultural Problem'

J. R. Bond, agricultural organizer, Derby C.C.

J. O. Boving, Swedish engineer-farmer, who has written in a thoughtful way on agriculture in the 'Spectator'

A. Bridges, M.A., Agricultural Economics Research Institute, Oxford

A. H. Brown, chairman of Hants Farmers' Union

Hon. Stafford Cripps, K.C., farmer in Oxfordshire

C. Dampier Whetham, F.R.S., chairman Machinery Committee, Ministry of Agriculture, member of Agricultural Wages Board, author of 'Politics and the Land', etc.

Joseph F. Duncan, secretary of the Scottish Farm Servants' Union and member of many Royal Commissions and Government Committees

H. W. France, tenant farmer in Herefordshire, active in the N.F.U.

Lieut.-Col. Fremantle, Conservative M.P., author of 'Health and Empire'

G. T. Garratt, author of 'Hundred Acre Farm', 'Agriculture and the Labour Party', etc.

T. Hacking, agricultural organiser, Leicestershire C.C.

Sir Daniel Hall, F.R.S., LL.D., Technical Adviser to Ministry of Agriculture, author of 'A Pilgrimage of British Farming', 'Agriculture after the War', 'The Soil', 'Fertilisers and Manures', 'The Feeding of Crops and Stock', etc.

The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Hampden, Lord Lieutenant of Herts, chairman of the Herts non-Party conference.

Robert Hobbs, the well-known breeder and judge

A. Holness, organizer, National Union of Agricultural Workers

D. B. Johnstone-Wallace, director of the East Anglian Institute of Agriculture

The Rt. Hon. the Marquess of Linlithgow, chairman of the Departmental Committee on Distribution and Prices of Agricultural Produce, 1923, etc.

E. M. H. Lloyd, author of 'Stabilisation', 'Experiments in State Control', etc.

Captain A. R. McDougal, 30 years a farmer on 3,000 acres

A. P. McDougall, active in N.F.U., founder of the well-known agricultural auction mart.

Archibald MacNeillage, editor of the 'Scottish Farmer'

T. Milburn, principal Midland Agricultural and Dairy College

J. W. Moss, a veteran and much-respected farmer in Essex
Vaughan Nash, C.B., ex-vice-chairman of the Development Commission and member of the Departmental Committee on the Settlement of Soldiers on the Land

J. E. Newman, Institute of Agricultural Engineering, Oxford

The Rt. Hon. the Lord O'Hagan, chairman of the Mansion House non-Party Agricultural Conference

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Olivier, K.C.M.G., ex-Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture

Dr. J. B. Orr, D.S.O., M.C., D.Sc., director of the Rowett Research Institute

C. S. Orwin, director of the Agricultural Economics Research Institute, Oxford, Estates Bursar of Balliol College, author of 'Farm Accounts', 'Farming Costs', 'Tenure of Agricultural Land' (with W. R. Peel), 'Estate Accounts', etc.

Ernest Parke, farmer in Warwickshire

H. B. Pointing, editor of the 'Land Worker'

F. J. Prewett, Agricultural Economics Research Institute, Oxford, author of 'The Marketing of Farm Produce', 'A Survey of Milk Marketing', etc.

A. G. L. Rogers, formerly of the Ministry of Agriculture, author of 'The Business Side of Agriculture', 'History of Agriculture and Prices', etc.

Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bart., M.P., chairman of the farmers' organization in Scotland, and owner of 100,000 acres

R. J. Thompson, ex-Assistant Secretary of Ministry of Agriculture, author of the official series of reports on agricultural statistics, president of Agricultural Economics Society

Christopher Turnor, well-known landowner-farmer, ex-chairman of the Farmers' Club, author of 'Land Problem and National Welfare', 'Our Food Supply', 'The Land and the Empire', etc.

J. A. Venn, Cambridge School of Agriculture

Arthur R. Wannop, agricultural organiser in the South of Scotland

W. O. Watt, the agriculturist some account of whose farming on his own land and for Henry Ford was given in the last issue of THE COUNTRYMAN

Professor T. Wibberley, author of 'War and our Food Supply', 'Continuous Cropping and Tillage', 'Dairy Farming', 'Farming on Factory Lines', 'The Round of the Farm', etc.

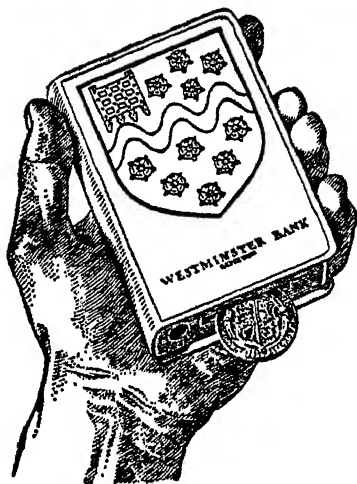
E. F. Wise, C.B., late British representative on Permanent Committee of Inter-Allied Supreme Economic Council, member of Food Council

F. A. Woodley, the farmer a note on whose successful farming appeared in the April COUNTRYMAN



ENGLAND AND WALES

I.—AT the present time in a country like Great Britain, where the industries and commerce are dominant and in ever closer contact with the countryside, because of the development of transport, agriculture is in need of protection against the competition of the industries for men and capital and against the pressure of low prices caused by the unorganized character of farming throughout the world. Protective duties have often proved ineffective and are unwelcome to the great consuming public. In a declining industry they may be a shelter for the unprogressive instead of a stimulus to better production. A preferable method would be the creation of Purchasing Boards for each of the chief articles of food, which would be endowed with a monopoly and instructed by Parliament every five years as to the excess they may give for home and Empire produce above the prevailing world price. The Boards should be commercial organizations, free from immediate control either of Whitehall or Westminster. The excess price paid for the British and Empire part of the produce would spread in the prices



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charged by the Board to the millers and other wholesale purchasers. Since the Board would have the world's stocks to draw upon, control of prices in further dealings would be unnecessary, since any attempt at monopoly could be broken up by obtaining further supplies from the Board. By this method encouragement could be given to improve production at home, capital could be attracted back to the land with the promise of agriculture becoming again a stable industry, and a material bond of Empire would be created which would soon render the Empire self-supporting. All this can be done now.

The farming community requires more education, more technical instruction and advice, and the education should be given free. Collectively, the English farmers have fallen behind in their methods; they can effect many improvements, but the inducement to better practice will come more from the prospect of better prices than from the threat of bankruptcy.

II.—AGRICULTURE, in common with other industries, is suffering from slowly falling prices caused by an appreciation in the value of gold. What is needed is some international action which will tend to stabilize the value of gold and thus limit the fluctuations in the prices of agricultural commodities to those caused by variations in the supply and demand for those commodities alone. The question is being considered by the League of Nations, and if a sound solution can be found the Government should co-operate.

Apart from this, the main cause of the present agricultural depression in this country is the low price of cereals, particularly wheat. Protection and subsidies are open to grave objections which are practically insurmountable, and proposals for stabilizing the price of wheat by State Purchase do not in themselves result in higher average prices. If higher average prices are paid to the home consumer a subsidy is involved, and it would be simpler to pay a subsidy direct rather than embark on State Purchase, which involves enormous difficulties. If subsidies are excluded, it is not clear

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that the State can take any direct action which would ameliorate the depression due to large world crops.

Apart from the special circumstances due to low cereal prices, agriculture is faced with the need for adjusting increased cost of production to current price levels. This is most likely to be done successfully on small farms where little outside labour is employed, and on very large farms where first-class management and organization is practicable. The State might facilitate the formation of small farms, and might investigate and demonstrate the results to be obtained on farms of several thousand acres.

III.—If the general interests of the nation be assumed to be the fullest development of export trade, the State cannot take any action to assist, as increase in home production of food implies a reduction of the capacity to import goods, which are paid for in imported food. If the general interests of the Nation, on the other hand, take into account a permanent loss of a portion of the export trade, then it is necessary to develop the purchasing power of the internal market, which to a considerable extent, implies a greater employment and a higher production from the land. Having regard to the standard of living of the English as compared with the foreign agricultural communities, increased purchasing power of the home agricultural community can never be secured save by Protection.

Apart from these issues, the State can take control of the purchase and sales functions of the agricultural industry, as it did during the War. We have, however, no means of knowing whether in a free world market this State control would be more efficient than the means by which purchase and sale are carried out under private enterprise. Personally, I have no doubt that State control could be made a very great source of economy both to producer and consumer.

In my view it is perfectly practicable for either of these policies to be undertaken now.

On his own account the English farmer can do little for

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himself since his market is largely supplied and ruled from abroad. No amount of organization will avail to raise his prices above the level of the world prices. A strong trading organization, however, on the part of the farmer would doubtless lead to cutting out certain redundant operations in distribution.

A root trouble of our agriculture is: the system of land tenure is worn out and prevents capital going into the land. The only remedy is State Control, and this could be put into force now.

IV.—As the depression is so markedly local in its incidence, being in the main correlated with soil conditions, no general measure of State assistance (excluding Protection) would be justified. Relief granted over a period of years to certain heavy and light land districts, if feasible economically and administratively, might, at a comparatively reasonable expenditure, bring help where it was most needed. A continuation of the recent policy, represented by the familiar and minor forms of aid, seems, owing to its cumulative effects, to be eminently desirable. International agreement upon the subject of gold reserves and stabilization of prices is of the utmost importance. In the case of both local and general forms of internal relief, action is certainly practicable now. In the sphere of world finance the British Government obviously cannot move alone.

In the long run, farmers adjust their methods to altered conditions; apart from this action, which implies on the part of producers willing study of the utilization of manpower and of machinery, the ready adoption of recently provided marketing, transport and credit facilities and combination wherever possible, they can do little.

V.—I AM a believer in what the Labour Party puts forward as a cure for the ills from which agriculture is suffering, but the Labour Party's policy is a part of a great scheme of industrial reconstruction and cannot be torn from

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'But how am I to know where Theft will occur? I wanted insurance to cover Theft anywhere.'

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that scheme without running the risk of destroying a great part of its value.

VI.—AGRICULTURE can never be effectually assisted by the State, or indeed be treated with reasonable fairness, as long as the landlord-tenant system is predominant, with the result that, as an economic proposition, any benefit conferred upon the agricultural industry (even the removal of admittedly unfair burdens) can pass into the pocket of one who merely receives rent—often far too little—for the land, and is not himself actively engaged in raising food upon it or otherwise winning wealth from it. A condition precedent to the fair treatment of agriculture by the State and the confident employment of capital and enterprise in its conduct is therefore either (1) the supersession of the landlord-tenant system (as the usual system of land tenure) by that of occupying-ownership, such as prevails in every country in the world where agriculture is normally prosperous and continuously in the enjoyment of State encouragement and sympathy, or (2) the stabilization of the rent of purely agricultural land (after due and fair valuation), its increase thereafter being only permitted (on a recognized scale) after expenditure of capital upon improvements of admitted economic value. The latter would in fact be an extension to all agricultural land of Evesham Custom, now applicable to land under fruit.

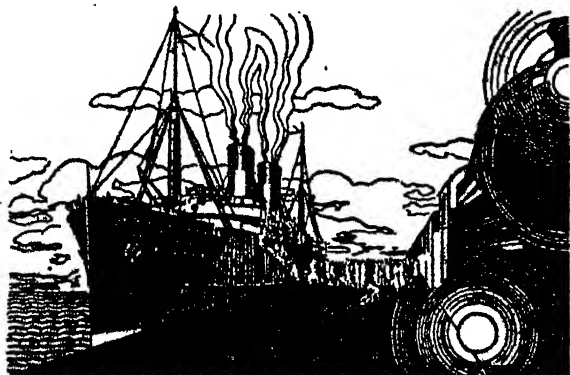
The bulk of the profit on agricultural produce raised in England passes to the middleman or distributor and not (as in other and more prosperous agricultural countries) to the producer. This can only be cured (as in these countries) by co-operation among agricultural producers, not by Government action. In no country in the world has co-operation a vigorous existence except where occupying-ownership is the rule and not (as in Britain) the exception.

However beneficent and enlightened individual 'territorial magnates' may be, there is an inevitable and growing prejudice in a small country like ours, with a population of over 40,000,000, against vast estates such as are to be found

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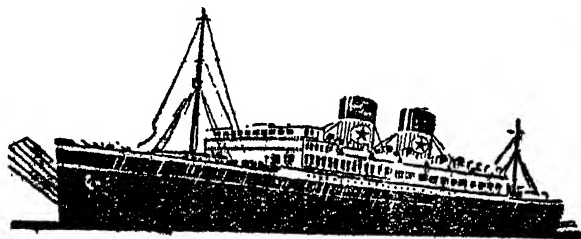
in 'the Dukeries' and parts of Scotland. Such prejudice operates to the political detriment of the whole landed community. A similar prejudice exists against very large farms in areas where much smaller holdings (more intensively farmed) are sound economic propositions. No single individual should be permitted to own more than 5,000 acres or to farm more than 2,000 acres of good agricultural land. But all land acquired by the State or by a local authority for the purposes of 'closer settlement' should be paid for at its full market value (taking into account its value for other than agricultural purposes) and not at the capitalized value of its present net income as farm land.

We are threatened with the loss of our Oversea Dominions or their settlement with people of alien race owing to the inexperience (and consequent disinclination to settle overseas) of our surplus population. Our landlord-tenant-labourer system does not produce successful migrant settlers, like the sons and daughters of the small occupying owners of Denmark, Southern Sweden, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia and other European countries, who develop in a far more suitable environment at home not merely the agricultural knowledge but the self-reliance, resourcefulness and business capacity which are so essential to the success of farming in a new country.

With the present balance of political parties in Parliament and a deep consciousness on the part of all that British agriculture sorely needs, a firmer foundation and a clear and settled national objective, there never existed a better opportunity of arriving amicably at a concordat as a continuing basis of prosperity for our British countryside.

VII.—THE depression in agriculture, which is due to the fact that prices are too low compared with costs, though more localized than is often supposed, is severe in arable farming both on heavy clays and on the most infertile light lands. Even grass farmers, and arable farmers on good loams, though not generally losing money, on the average are making profits too small to compensate for the capital and

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work of management which they put into their holdings. Farm wages, though higher than in any other European country, are low compared with those in other industries in England. Agricultural rents, on the average very little more than before the War, are too low compared with the much higher costs of repairs, etc., and are an inadequate return for the capital invested, originally in equipping the land and continually in its upkeep. Agricultural wages, agricultural profits and agricultural rents should all be higher to secure a healthy state of the industry, unless costs can be lowered to meet the low level of prices.

The causes of the depression may be classified under two heads. Firstly, owing to the slow turn-over, the long, economic lag, of agriculture, it suffered specially severely during the rapid general fall in prices from 1921 onwards. It still feels the after-effects, especially the dislocation between sheltered and unsheltered industries, whereby, for instance, the railway servant and town dairyman obtain their high wages partly at the cost of the agricultural labourer. Secondly, the prices of agricultural produce tend always to be lower than those of other commodities because of the attractive nature of a farmer's work, which draws and retains more men than the economic returns warrant, and also because in some countries peasant cultivators with a low standard of life compete with our more highly paid labourers.

As regards the first cause of the depression, the fall in prices was chiefly due to monetary influences—to the increase in the value of money in terms of goods and services produced by various deflationary measures and effects. The fall in prices cannot be reversed, but, accepting the gold standard as an accomplished fact, a further fall might be prevented by international agreement to economize gold, so as to allow currency and credit to expand in proportion to the growth in the world's business, and thus keep constant the general level of prices. Beyond this, the only remedy is to diminish the dislocation between sheltered and unsheltered industries by lowering costs in the former so as to lighten the

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burdens which they impose on the latter. Towards this the State can do little directly, though all proposed measures should be watched lest they should tend to confirm or increase the natural monopoly enjoyed by sheltered industries at the expense of the others.

The second group of causes—those which tend to make agricultural prices lower than others—are probably beyond State control. They can only be met by diminishing costs, as has been done during the last few years by de-rating, cheap credit, increased facilities for marketing, and encouragement of education and research. These measures have been very much on the right lines; they should be continued, and, where possible, extended.

If all such remedies are insufficient, some men will ask for subsidies or protection. But other industries can make out as good a claim for assistance as agriculture, and subsidies are almost as unlikely as Protection. Nevertheless, if a subsidy were to be given, evidence shows that it can be confined to the soils where arable farming is most depressed, where alone farmers need it, and where alone such heroic measures might possibly be justified.

Some of the most characteristic proposals of the three political Parties would do harm, and not good, to agriculture. (i) 'Safeguarding' or Protection will never be given to food, and, though it has done no harm in its present restricted form, its wider extension might impose a heavy burden on the farmer. (ii) Fixity of tenure favours the bad farmer, who becomes difficult to remove. (iii) Nationalizing the land would do nothing to raise prices or lower costs, and would destroy the present admirable and elastic system of owner and tenant, whereby the farmer obtains cheap capital from his landlord because of the 'amenity value' of land. The worst difficulties to-day are found where the farmer has been obliged to depart from the system and buy his land. From what has been said it will be seen that I think the benefits of State action are limited in scope. Those indicated above could be undertaken or continued at once.



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VIII.—It is unlikely that any new measures proposed for the increase of agricultural prosperity could be anything like as effective as would be vigorous pushing on with those measures which are already in use. A good beginning has been made in attacking marketing questions. In research and education there has been more than a beginning. Under the very adverse conditions of recent years what would have been the fate of agriculture if there had been no compensating educational movement? The laying of a foundation is necessarily a slow business. There is in this case first the getting of new knowledge, then the testing of it, then the education of the new generation of farmers, and finally years must pass before the young generation which has benefited by new knowledge can acquire the necessary experience to do better than its fathers. Though there are farmers and farmers, there is a percentage of the right sort large enough to give the State's educational policy good chances of success. Fundamentally, you must depend on the man and the woman, and education is the prime object.

The British public, chiefly urban and necessarily divorced from all contact with the farmer's business, is a difficult public to serve. It is only in a restricted sense that the British farmer has 'the finest market in the world at his doors.' It is this fine market—open to the world and largely disregarding the effects of season, or the anatomy of farm animals, in the demands which it makes for supplies—that at times reduces the farmer to a condition of despair. It is because of the inelasticity of the demand and because our public do not use up what is grown at home, as do the peoples of self-supplying, or food exporting nations, that the vagaries of seasons bear so heavily on the prosperity of British agriculture. Now it may be unreasonable to ask that the public should eat what the British farmer sets before them, since he contributes but a fourth of their supplies; but at a time when women have gained so large a measure of control of the nation's affairs, it is not unreasonable to invite them to give their attention to this difficult problem of national economy.

A BACHELOR'S DEN

*The following exquisite quotation is taken from
"My Lady Nicotine" by Sir J. M. Barrie.*

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair: the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib, and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture.

Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others.

No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia.

I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

Sir J. M. BARRIE says . . . "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other."

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It is in their power to effect such alterations in the rationing of our homes as would assist farmers, for example, by increasing purchases when foods are abundant, as potatoes were last season, or by modifying demands for particular cuts of meat, which would deprive the butcher of his plea for high prices in the shop (but poor prices on the farm) because certain joints only are saleable. Too little importance is attached to education in the choice of foods, and to the effect which lack of the consumers' co-operation exercises on the prosperity of agriculture. Indeed it may be questioned whether it is not the Danish kitchen rather than the Danish farm, or the Danish school, that yields us the clearest insight into reasons for distresses in our nation's agriculture. Is it not as true to say to-day, as in the sixteenth century ?

For husbandry weepeth
When huswifery sleepeth
And hardly he creepeth
Up ladder to thrift.

IX.—THE smallholder, that is to say the farmer who works land up to say 75 acres, is in point of numbers, though not of acres, the outstanding figure in English farming, and I hope the Government will realize his significance and do what may be practicable to assist him. Certain agricultural economists—somewhat hastily as I cannot help thinking—have written him off the book of national assets as an un-economic factor destined to go down before the marvels of mechanized large-scale farming. (Where are these super-farmers and their profits?) I submit that it is short-sighted folly to dismiss in this fashion, because they are small, ill-equipped men, a class, a large proportion of which knows and practises the art of making the most of land and of doing so at a time when large farms are going out of cultivation and the air is heavy with depression. I submit further that a Government that looks ahead must choose between a future in which great tracts of land are to go out of cultivation and one in which—soil and locality permitting—small occupying owners are mobilized as the second line of defence.

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I am inclined to put first in order of importance among things that the State should and can do, the adoption of measures for preserving and strengthening the position of the working farmer and his wife and family. Let extension go along with this, but first of all let us see that the farmer who is at it from morning to night in his shirt sleeves gets his due. I suggest a few modest and inexpensive and practical steps in this direction as a minimum programme :

1.—Enable county councils, by liberal State grants, to increase their staff of agricultural organizers so that the small man can get the help and advice of which he stands in need and of which, as things are, he is frequently deprived.

2.—Let it be part of the duty of the organizer to bring the small-holders into associations, of however loose and elastic a type, where they can discuss their affairs and get and give practical advice. Organization of some sort is indispensable as a means of gaining confidence and establishing such mutual relations as may issue in practical co-operation. Membership of an association ought in my opinion to be a condition precedent to assistance.

3.—A readily accessible and simple system of credit which Government should proceed to establish in co-operation with county councils and banks. It can hardly be suggested that any of the credit schemes so far thrown up meet the case of the bulk of small-holders. And yet they must have credit if they are to continue to exist.

The State can do little in such matters for the isolated. For an association it can do a great deal. Besides, if the small men who know and do their job are to count as they ought, and are to be ready for the emergencies which appear to be imminent, they must get together.

May I make one or two general suggestions? (a) Agricultural depression is being experienced all over the world and it is much to be hoped that Government will not stint help in men or money required for the elucidation of causes and the working out of remedies at Geneva and Rome. (b) The new and successful type of agricultural marketing in

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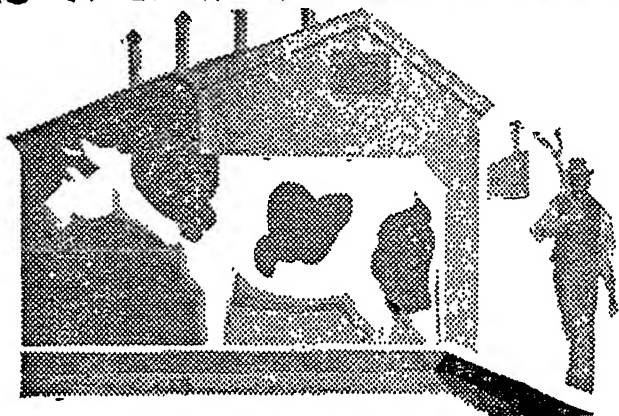
force in Scotland will no doubt be closely watched by the marketing authorities of the Ministry of Agriculture. This pioneer work should open the way for advances in England and Wales. (c) The organization of a State intelligence service, modelled on the general lines of that in the U.S.A., which should marshal and disseminate daily, by wire and wireless, authoritative marketing information, would be a boon of the utmost value to farmers large and small.

X.—WHETHER nationalization or State ownership is desired ultimately, farmers require a course of occupying ownership to give them that sense of self-reliance, responsibility and enterprise which is essential if they are to work out their own salvation. No Government can work out the salvation of the agricultural industry. The first essential, therefore, is properly devised machinery for land purchase along the lines of the accepted systems which have worked successfully in countries which long ago adopted them. The second great measure must be the organization of marketing, and we are nearer organized marketing than ever before. But the farmers must do their part now county by county, and a conference of all agricultural inter-^{est} in each county should be summoned to see what steps can ^{be} taken forthwith to organize marketing in their respective areas. On occupying ownership and on organized marketing depends the regeneration of agriculture. The State must, of course, be encouraging and the public sympathetic; confidence must be restored in the minds of the farmers. Particular attention should, of course, be concentrated upon improving the condition of the 268,000 small-holders in the country who have been so long neglected, but in regard to placing men on the land as independent cultivators, in any artificial way, great care should be taken and the world situation carefully reviewed. If there are sufficient cultivators to feed the world's white population and if the natural increase is sufficient to take care of the natural increase in the population, it is clear that artificially to create more

JULY, 1929

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cultivators would be to increase supply beyond demand. In many food commodities at the present moment supply does indeed exceed demand.

XI.—IF the dying away of cereal growing can only be arrested by guaranteed prices, the sooner wheat is guaranteed the better. I should leave the other cereals alone and make it compulsory to use a big enough proportion of English wheat in home-ground flour to ensure the wheat being used. Research, experimental and demonstration work do good; there is need for research into soil physics as affected by different methods of cultivation, and for experimental farms where different methods of cultivation can be tried. There are plenty of manurial trials and too few cultivation experiments. It is a difficult problem, for success varies with soil and season as in all agricultural operations. A new technique for tractor working must be developed—this could be hastened by informed experimenting. We want to know how far it is possible to adopt methods which abroad have so cheapened production as to lead to the present condition of things.

XII.—THE resolutions passed by the recent National Conference appear to form the most hopeful basis upon which, at the present time, the Government can assist the agricultural industry. As regards the farmers, it seems to me that, working in co-operation with organized labour, the C.L.A. and other organizations of landowners, they should find, by means of local conferences, such as that held at Bedford, means of educating urban opinion.

XIII.—MY answers are :—(a) A State-aided land purchase system similar to the measures already applied to Ireland. (b) The setting up of a committee of enquiry to ascertain why foreign and colonial farmers can sell corn cheaper than it can be grown in these countries. (c) The Ministry to make a yearly forecast of agricultural prices based on a study of international statistics. (d) County demonstration farms run on commercial lines, to test intensive arable farming methods, especially as regards livestock

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production. (e) Branding of all British agricultural products. All these things can be done at once.

XIV.—THE crux of the problem of restoring prosperity to agriculture consists in the low price the farmer receives. The price is low not so much because the consumer is paying low prices for his food, but because of the methods and machinery by which the farmer's produce is marketed. But the distributive interests are so strong that the farmers by themselves are powerless to grapple with them. It is essential that the State should intervene drastically with its legislative and administrative powers to re-organize marketing in the joint interest of producers and consumers, with a view to reducing to a minimum the margin between the price received by the farmer and the price paid by the consumer, and so stabilizing prices. This would involve giving power to the Ministry of Agriculture or to specially constituted boards or authorities working under the authority of the Ministry of Agriculture, drastically to interfere with existing market rights, to interfere with the right of the farmer to market where, when and how he pleases, to organize special marketing corporations (on which of course the farmers' representatives or organizations would have the main authority and influence), and generally, to treat the problem of marketing and of the reduction of distributive costs as of vital national interest and much more important than the vested interests of the distributive trade. It would involve also the centralization of the import of wheat and meat (for there is no other effective way of stabilizing prices and guaranteeing a market at a steady price for the home-produced article), and the control or absorption of the Milk Combine.

Marketing and prices are, in my opinion, more important than land tenure and ownership. But the latter are yet of very great importance especially in relation to the opening up of opportunities for the labourer and his sons and improved cultivation methods. The nationalization, therefore, of agricultural land, which would secure to the community

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increasing land values due to the improvement of road and railway transport, to improved marketing methods and to easier finance, would put the electorate and public opinion into a state of mind in which they would be much more prepared to be generous towards the agricultural industry.

Children's allowances—if I am not travelling over too wide a field—would undoubtedly stimulate the demand internally for milk, meat and other agricultural products.

I see no administrative or legislative difficulty in the way of a programme on these general lines. Compensation on a reasonable basis, dependent on the present net return to the landlord, should be possible, and the management of the nationalized land should be in the hands of local people qualified to undertake it in each County.

XV.—THE limits of State help for agriculture have long been overpassed. For no other industry has the State done nearly so much. No industrialist occupies the same privileged position as does the farmer. For a century past—ever since the repeal of the Corn Laws—his leaders have told him to look to the Government for help and the result is that his self-reliance is sapped and his independence has been replaced by the spirit of mendicancy. He complains that he is the sport of politicians, but it is to politicians, day in and day out, that he cries for help. He asks for subsidies from the State, but there must be no inspection to see that he is fulfilling his part of the contract. He will accept doles from the Treasury, but he is not going to be told from Whitehall 'how to farm'. He will let his stock deteriorate rather than agree to the compulsory removal of scrub bulls. He looks askance at the efforts of the Ministry of Agriculture to teach him how to pack and grade his produce so as to make it more marketable. There is no more reason why we should have a national policy for agriculture than for iron, cotton, coal or machinery. The best service that all Parties can render to agriculture is to leave it alone. The farmer is quite capable of managing his own business successfully and as soon as he realizes he has only

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himself to depend upon he will do it, and not before.

XVI.—THE most essential help the Government can render is better education for the rural population in general, with ample opportunity for continuation of farming instruction later on. Special schools should not, however, follow immediately on the first school, as the child should learn farm work properly before starting at the special school. This special instruction is just as needful for girls as for boys. The proper capacity for the farmer's wife is the only secure foundation for success.

The Government should set up a great number of model farms as training centres—the lack of properly-trained farmers, bailiffs and foremen, is the main reason for so much slipshod farming.

The Government and the county councils must work together. The latter ought to have much stronger farming departments co-operating with farmers' associations set up, encouraged, and helped throughout every county. At present the small farmer feels rather forlorn and unsupported; his only attachment, when he can afford it, is the Farmers' Union, which has a few meetings at the county town but remains something intangible.

The Government and the counties should entirely re-organize all the Farming Shows. The method of judging animals and encouraging a bewildering variety of fancy breeds is entirely wrong. Judging is done for fancy points and not for real utility, and a great deal of unfair mutual prize giving among the judges takes place. This sounds a dreadful accusation, but every farmer knows that it is true.

Also, the Government and the counties should supply stud animals at low fees, and a definite policy should be set up limiting the number of breeds and ruthlessly cutting out the fancy business.

The late Government made a splendid start in helping farmers by introducing the egg-grading and marketing scheme. Let this good work be extended to every kind of produce.



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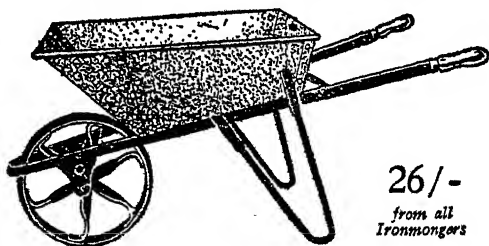
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Short cuts to salvation might be very disastrous if forced on the nation before the standard of education is high enough for the individuals to benefit by them. Any unbiased person who has studied developments say in Denmark or Sweden has found (1) Practically all pioneer work in connection with the introduction of modern methods and more intensive farming was done by landowner-farmers. (2) Co-operation started among these men. (3) These men were the first to send their sons and young men from their farms to the new farming schools. (4) Only later, when the education was sufficiently general, did the smaller farmers follow, and finally (5) The breaking up of the large estates into smaller units began.

It is a shame that here in England so few landowners are really proper farmers. The State and the counties should appeal to every owner of land to take up farming properly or sell out. No man has a right to own land and hold it for pleasure or waste only. We must strive with all our might to create a class of serious hardworking gentleman farmers, to show the way to those who have had fewer chances in life but who will surely follow if a good example is set.

XVII.—THE best way of reviving agriculture is to revive those industries which employ the bulk of the population, *viz.*, coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding, cotton and wool. But purchasing power depends to a very large degree upon monetary policy. Mr. McKenna told us years ago, 'You can get the £ back to pre-war parity, but if you do, you will have trade depression and unemployment with you all the time.' Mr. Churchill returned to the gold standard in 1925. The agricultural index level fell from 166 in October, 1924 to 129 in October, 1928. Sir Josiah Stamp has told us that 'the greatest single evil of our day is the instability in the value of money' and that unless the currency is stabilized in a short period we shall sink to the level of a tenth-rate nation. If these eminent men are right, it follows that unless and until we face this question of monetary policy we are but straining



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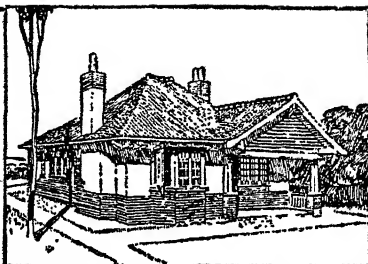
at gnats and swallowing camels. However desirable in themselves de-rating, producers' co-operation, education and the like may be, and they are very desirable, this question of monetary policy far outweighs and overshadows them all. The first thing to do is for thinking men in all parties to back up Mr. McKenna's request for an enquiry. There is nothing to prevent action being taken now.

XVIII.—I HAVE been thirty years in the Government service and have never heard of any proposals for Government intervention which would be of the slightest use.

XIX.—FALLING prices hit agriculture more than industry because of the time-lag between the beginning of production and the sale of the product. Falling prices are the result of monetary conditions, just as rising prices during the War were the result of monetary conditions. Now that the gold standard has been restored in Great Britain and most other countries, world prices are gold prices and depend on the regulation of the volume of money by the central banks. There are signs of a growing world shortage of gold, and unless steps are taken to deal with this problem, the outlook for agriculture is black. The agricultural depression after 1874, which continued for nearly twenty years, was mainly due to the world shortage of gold, as was seen in 1896 by the Minority Commissioners of the Royal Commission of Agriculture. Agriculture cannot prosper in an era of falling prices. It is not easy for the Government or for central banks of any one country to take any effective action. It is however so obviously to the interests of all countries to solve the problem of monetary stabilization that a clear lead from this country in proposing concerted international action would undoubtedly hasten a solution. That action is the summoning of an International Monetary Conference, under the auspices of the League of Nations, to review the short provisions passed by the Genoa Conference of 1923 and to If these an agreed policy for regulating the purchasing power we face th^y co-operation between the central banks.

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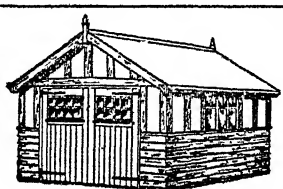
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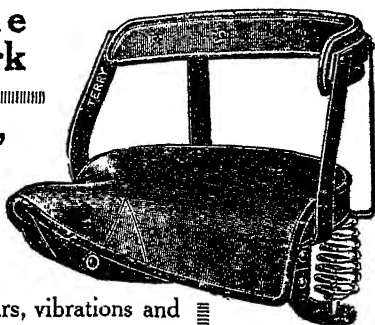
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XX.—THERE could be considerable justification for a subsidy, combined with some kind of guarantee of good farming, in order to assure farmers of a minimum price for wheat of, say 55s., if it could be shown that this subsidy would give agriculture a fair chance of maintaining the amenities as well as the produce of the rural areas on behalf of the whole nation.

XXI.—AGRICULTURE, like all the trades or manufactories, is competitive, and with the growth of intercontinental transport facilities the area of competition is widening every decade. In such a competitive industry there are a number of vital factors. Efficiency of management is a matter of education in which the State can and should assist. The average farmer has very little technical training except by apprenticeship; he has no theoretical training. This would not, in modern conditions, be tolerated in any other industry, e.g., engineering. As to labour, low wages inevitably mean inefficiency. Higher wages do not mean increased cost of production necessarily. In view of the history of agricultural wages in this country it will be difficult to increase the efficiency of labour for some time to come. Present marketing facilities are inadequate and too expensive. No one can afford to cheapen and regulate them unless he will reap the benefit of it. That is, unless the State is going to benefit by increased rents or their equivalent the State cannot afford to make the necessary improvements in transport and markets. This really means that nationalization is the first step, being a condition precedent to the action by the State. As to capital, with a perfectly benevolent landlord capital is available, but the present-day landlord can't afford to be benevolent. It will pay the State to be benevolent if the State is landlord, not otherwise. I see no reason why a start should not be made. Nationalization of all unbuilt-on land should be undertaken.

XXII.—As a preliminary step the Government must say if they are wishful to have a more intensive agriculture with

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a subsequent necessary increase in rural population—300,000 additional workmen could find regular employment. If Parliament is not willing to give the time and energy to this question and holds that agriculture, like other industries, must fight its own battles in the competitive system of the world, we will be wasting our time trying to get the average farmer, who has to make a living out of the land, to adopt schemes which will perhaps ultimately benefit him but, in the struggle to pay rent, wages and living expenses, will not only bring him no immediate cash receipts but rather more expenditure of his meagre and rapidly vanishing capital. If our agriculture is left to the vagaries of world competition, our limited amount of first class land will still be farmed well, and, on an average number of years, will still support a good class man and his family. But on the second and third class land only such men will continue to survive as are not able to find a better living elsewhere. And this man can only take the short and narrow view of things. He himself will have to work hard and long hours and will have no time to spend on the cultivation of his mind. He will have to save his pennies and will get into the habit of doing so to the extent of even avoiding the subscription to his own Union and thereby, seeing that he does not read much, cut himself off from all intercourse with the outside world. He will cut his labour bill wherever and whenever he can, will not spend money on manures, not even on the education of his children, but will eagerly look forward to the time when his boys leave the village school at fourteen and can work on the farm without restriction of hours and without cash payment. He will whenever possible favour a quick cash return, sell his best young female stock when the price seems tempting, and will be ever ready to have a cute deal. To buy a few sheep or cattle well below market value for some ignorant man will be looked upon by him as the high mark of business acumen, and spending money on well-bred bulls or on research work or on co-operative societies he will look upon as the foolish ideas of those who are not practical farmers.



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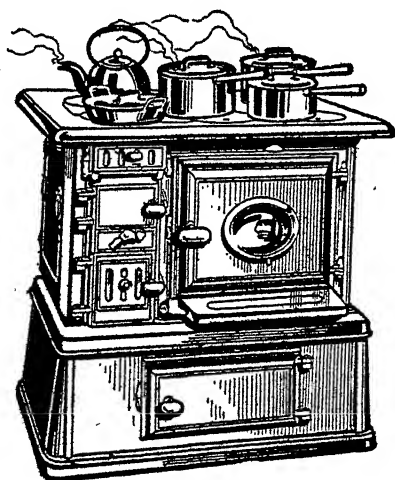
Mentally not a high type of citizen but exactly the type which can survive on our poorer soil without any help from the State. Townsmen and Members of Parliament point their finger of scorn at the poor fellow instead of hanging their heads in shame at the thought that selfish interest forced a section of our fellow men to such a state of mentality.

Hence the first move forward on the part of the nation must be to enable the smaller farmer and the man on poor land to get a somewhat easier living. Legislation has given some little safeguard of income and leisure to the labourer but not to the working farmer and smallholder. He must not be allowed to be at the mercy of the sweated world's price, which in reality means the lowest price the middleman can screw out of him. (a) The Government must fix the price of corn and meat at a fair and stabilized level and must by law compel the farmer to organize his marketing and grade his produce collectively. Voluntary schemes will be wasted on the type of man I have described. In return, the Government can justly insist on more intensive cultivation and good farming and all it entails. (b) The Government must either take over the land and do the work themselves or else find the means and compel owners to rebuild the broken drainage systems, modernize buildings and yards and keep them in good repair. (c) The Government must bring confidence to the cultivator by giving the efficient farmer absolute security of tenure. Land must not be let on yearly tenancy but at least on a term of one or two rotations, viz., four or eight years. In no well-farmed country of the world are farms let at twelve months' notice except our own, I believe. Much bad farming can be accounted for by it. The one year's compensation is ridiculous, all possible deficiencies which a cute valuer can find being put against an outgoing tenant so as to rob him of his very inadequate compensation. Foreign farmers have told me they cannot possibly understand how we can risk taking any farm on annual tenancy. (d) It is the honest truth that so much money has been lost during the last few years that, even given security and stability

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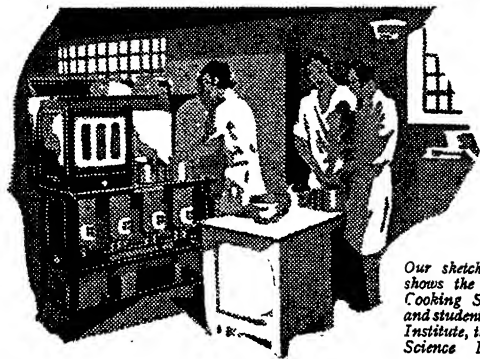
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of prices, farmers will as a rule not have enough available capital to cultivate intensively and it will be necessary to make it easier for approved and honourable men to get credit. The recent Bill for short term credit does not fill the need and has been framed entirely in the interests of the large banks who have better use for their capital than putting it in a decaying and risky industry. It is notorious how short of capital many farmers are, yet only a comparatively small number of short term loans have been taken up. (e) Compulsory insurance against many of the risks connected with the agricultural industry must be run by mutual societies or the State and not for the profit of shareholders. Only a man actually engaged in farming knows of the risks to crops owing to pests, drought or rain during harvest, and the even greater risk to livestock. How many thousands of sheep are buried quietly as a matter of course, how many aborted calves, cannot be estimated but only guessed at. (f) I am aware that the non-farming public is not prepared to pay increased prices for food even though it may mean more employment on the land. As it is certain that the producer must get higher prices than the present level if there is to be any revival of agriculture, it will be for legislators to make sure that such produce is handed to the public at a minimum cost by the middleman. (g) If home prices are to be stabilized and raised to a remunerative level by the State, it cannot be avoided that the State must also control the import of agricultural produce.

Always assuming the nation wishes to make full use of its great national asset, the productivity of our soil and the subsequent employment it would give, I cannot see any reason, except that of private interest and greed, why it should not be practical for the State to take all these measures and take them now. If the State does not help as suggested, the progressive and educated farmers (who are already at the head of many agricultural associations) and the public can do nothing to alter the mentality of a large proportion of the farming community which I have described above. Without State help our farming will not, of course, cease to exist,

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but farmers will adapt themselves to circumstances and a great national asset will be wasted and the opportunity missed to bring 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. of our unemployed to productive, healthy and regular work on the land.

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XXIII.—I ADVOCATE (1) Empower the authority now responsible for Crown lands let as farms to buy farms and re-equip them with buildings where necessary, as occasion offers, the new mortgage corporation to find the money. (Let these farms to carefully chosen tenants and so increase the number of farmers 'under a good landlord'. It is noticeable that tenants of Crown, Church, College and Charity land, that is impersonal landlords, are practically always among the contented and relatively prosperous.) (2) Entirely overhaul and co-ordinate our agricultural, educational and research organization. (3) Do everything possible to foster understanding of and good feeling towards the farmer by townspeople. (4) Some agreement should be possible towards supplementing and co-ordinating into a federal whole all the private organizations now concerned in the wholesale distribution of home-fed meat.

XXIV.—I PUT at the top of my proposals an alteration in our present monetary system after a thorough enquiry.

XXV.—FUNDAMENTALLY, I am convinced, after life-long contact with rural affairs, that the lot of a smallholder is a better life than that of an agricultural labourer; also that all agricultural workers of spirit and energy prefer it, if they can get a fair chance of it. I don't offer to argue this, and I have seen many systems at work, and entirely appreciate the idea of a 'food factory' as an efficient producing machine. But starting with *men*, that is my conviction, and under present conditions I should strongly desire an active forward policy of small-holdings extension (not one of labourers with quarter-acre gardens only, which is a device

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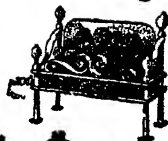
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tying workers to the present farm-system). The first thing a land-worker has to do is to get himself and his family fed and the more this is provided for (as it is not by our wage system) the greater is the national efficiency of agriculture, which is not measurable by the profits of a (limited) number of farmers or by landlords' rents. (There used to be at least twenty-two small farms in my parish. There are now not twenty-two agricultural labourers.)

When I come to consider *farming*, I believe in abolition of private landlordism, enforcement of a proper standard of cultivation by public authority (County Agricultural Committees), reinforcement of our existing county institutions for the assistance of agriculture and for the diffusion of technical knowledge, combined with improved public organization of the supply of manures and implements.

As to the necessity for the improvement of transport and credit facilities, all parties are agreed ; but I do not regard the recent Agricultural Credits Law as anything but a shirking of the problem.

It is imperative that stabilization of the prices of the most important farming staples should be aimed at. This needs (1) international organization—the purpose for which the International Institute of Agriculture was founded by David Lubin (2) national organization of bulk purchase and distribution.

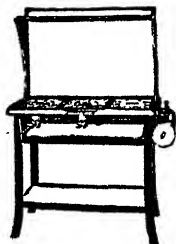
XXVI.—Is it compatible with the general interest of the nation that our lands and our peasants should be in decay ? There is only one answer. The first step is for the State to resume possession of its own land, the sure foundation of her wealth. The second step is for the nation to become conscious of the laws governing finance. Land ownership, science, taxation, marketing, protection or stabilization are of little avail so long as world producers are a constant prey to the greed or stupidity of money changers, who are themselves ignorant of the forces they control. Both steps can be taken at once.

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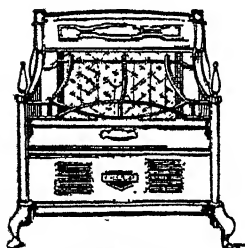
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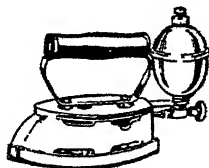
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XXVII.—I do not believe that any State action can ensure the prosperity of agriculture or of any other industry. I believe that the State can assist those engaged in agriculture in three ways : (a) By such international action as may be possible from time to time to bring about greater stability of world prices, and in particular to check the ' disequilibrium ' between the prices received by agricultural producers and the prices received by industrial producers. (b) By assisting farmers to organize in order to obtain a better share of the prices paid by the consumer. This involves an indirect subsidy, which should take the form of the establishment of a Rural Development Board with power to assist, by grant or loan or by the guaranteeing of interest, the setting up, either by co-operative societies or by public utility companies, of the permanent plant and buildings necessary for the marketing of graded and standardized produce, e.g., abattoirs, wheat-conditioning plants, etc., etc. (c) By linking up land settlement with the unemployment problem, and so giving the urban population some interest in agricultural prosperity. The principles of the Overseas Settlement Act might well be applied at home in the case of men who have been tested and found to be genuine workers. I do not know enough about finance to say whether any immediate action could be taken under (a). I think it perfectly practicable for the State to take action under (b) and (c) now.

SCOTLAND

I.—It is in my opinion broadly true to say that there is in Scotland, at this moment, no agricultural crisis, nor do I believe that tenants on the better class of land in the Lothians have lost money in any twelve months since the War. You would get the best results by an enquiry into the problem of light land and of the man on the margin of wheat cultivation, and I should not be at all surprised if a broad-minded assessing of the position should lead you to the conclusion that, for the present, the best hope for such districts lies in a

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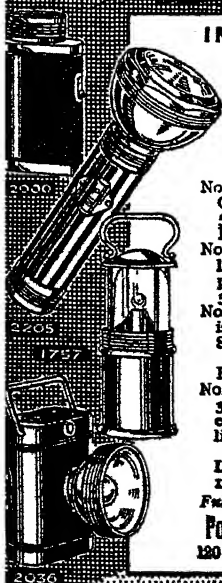
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reduction, rather than in an increase, of working capital to the acre ; that is to say, in reversion to prairie farming with low yields and low costs over large areas, rather than in an attempt to turn losses into profits by an intensifying of methods, coupled, of course, with an increase in working capital per acre. But I keep before me the possibility of putting such land to new use in growing something not at present produced, and I think it would be unwise for the present to advocate a deliberate relapse towards lower standards of farming.

II.—AGRICULTURE subsists on the feeding and clothing of people. British agriculture, even in its most intensified form, is unequal to the task of feeding and clothing forty-six million people. It could feed and clothe a much larger number than it does, but, no matter how intensified methods of cultivation become, Great Britain must import raw material such as cotton in order to employ the millions of Lancashire, and other forms of raw material in order to give employment to millions in other industries. She cannot, therefore, adopt the universal policy of a Fiscal Tariff on imports. That the problem is no ordinary one is proved by the fact that during a period of unexampled industrial prosperity, 1878 to 1900, there was an intense agricultural depression. The only steps the State can take are such as will subordinate all forms of trade and sport, using that latter word in its widest sense, to the interests of agriculture. We cannot subordinate the primary needs of men and women in regard to food and clothing. It does not appear to me to be practicable for the State to take any or all of these steps now for the General Election has placed the power of governing in the hands of Parliamentary representatives numbering less than sixty. The public can assist agriculture by giving a preference in its purchases to home produce. Farmers can assist themselves by learning from their overseas competitors, by aiming at producing the very best and by putting the articles produced upon the market in the most appetising and attractive form.



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III.—THE farmer must have security of tenure and a fair rent or land court, the right to improve, the right to compensation for improvements, including reasonable additions to the amenities of the holding, real freedom of cropping and absolute independence from the game-preserved. These steps are compatible with the general interests of the State and will cost the State nothing. Where either a landlord or tenant fails to carry out the reasonable duties falling upon him, the landlord should be compulsorily sold out or the tenant turned out. For the farm-workers, good wages, houses and holidays should be a first charge on the land. The flat rate for the telephone should be extended to five miles and all road taxation should be spent on roads. No other State help should be given as it merely increases the value of land which the farmer may be forced to buy. There is ample return for expenditure in Agriculture, provided it is done economically by the occupier, freed from the incubus of the landlord ; therefore all subsidies should be abolished. Obviously freedom from the domination of landlords and factors and from increased land values is practicable now ; it exists in other countries. Agriculture is a profitable industry if given a chance. If the farmers are given a chance of getting a reasonable system of tenure they will develop a different outlook altogether and work out their own salvation. At present every effort of theirs towards improved methods, knowledge, co-operation, etc., merely and inevitably results in increased land values. With the best market in the world at our doors, with the best labour in the world on our farms, we are in a very favoured position and with a fair land tenure system we can easily hold our own without any State charity or doles. Anyone who cannot should clear out. I am an ordinary tenant farmer and speak from thirty years' knowledge and experience.

IV.—BASING ourselves upon security of tenure, an advance is practicable and imperative on the lines of land settlement, drainage and reclamation, co-operation, a scien-

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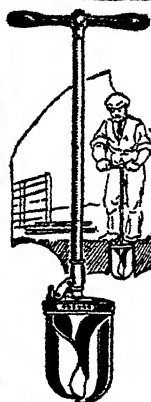
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We understand that no sooner did one of the oldest and best informed students of the agricultural situation learn the result of the General Election than he wrote to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George begging them to make the utmost possible effort to arrive at an inter-Party concordat on the agricultural problem and thus lay the foundations of a stable and prosperous British countryside.

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progress. A better successor than Sir Thomas Middleton, a man of agricultural learning and insight and of the grit which is a speciality of Cromarty, cannot be thought of. The retirement from the Ministry of Agriculture of so useful a man as Mr. R. J. Thompson will be widely regretted.

Women's Ways

ONCE more the National Federation of Women's Institutes has had to go to a bigger hall for its annual meeting. Remembering as we do with gratitude all that the movement has done and is doing for the villages, it is none of our business if it chooses to make progress by, as the resolutions passed show, remaining very much where it was. But there are never wanting signs that there are members who would like to get some sort of a move on. Take, by way of example, the fling that the Pentredwr Institute has indulged in. On the eve of the General Election it invited three speakers representing the three political Parties to address it. The arrangements were prudently made. The order of speaking was by lot. Twenty minutes were given to each speaker. No questions were allowed by the audience, but five minutes were allowed to each orator in which to question the other two. It was all a great success.

May we explain to readers who are new to our pages, that we do not habitually give so large a proportion of our space to agriculture? In view of the importance of the national issues at stake, we have felt justified in leaving out of this issue a large number of contributions covering other departments of country life. In the next number of THE COUNTRYMAN the customary balance will be restored.

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List of Advertisers

BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, ETC.

	PAGE
'BERMONDESEY BOOK' - - -	306
BRENTANO'S - - -	215
'BRITISH BEET GROWER' - - -	303
BUMFUS, J. & E. - - -	219
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS - - -	217
'COUNTRYMAN' - - -	297
'DAILY CHRONICLE' - - -	225
'GLIMPSES OF RURAL SUSSEX' - - -	302
'LONDON MERCURY' - - -	305
METHUEN & Co. - - -	209
'NEW ADELPHI' - - -	304
'OBSERVER' - - -	221
ORDNANCE MAPS - - -	213
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS - - -	219
'RATING AND INCOME TAX' - - -	302
SIDGWICK & JACKSON - - -	211
SMITH, W. H. & Son, Ltd. - - -	223
STAR PUBLISHING AGENCY - - -	221
STOCKWELL, ARTHUR H. - - -	217
'YOUNG FARMER' - - -	304

BUILDING, FURNISHING, ETC.

ACETYLENE CORPORATION - - -	312
AEROGU CO. - - -	289
ANGLO AMERICAN OIL CO. - - -	287
BLOSS, C., & SONS - - -	239
BUOYANT UPHOLSTERY CO. - - -	193
DRYAD WORKS - - -	227
HEAL'S - - -	191
HUTTON'S - - -	235
KINNELL, C. P. & Co. - - -	299
LIBERTY & Co. - - -	233
MATHER & PLATT - - -	154
RUSSELL WORKSHOPS - - -	205
SMITH & WELLSTOOD - - -	285
SUNSHINE RADIATOR CO. - - -	291

EDUCATIONAL

AVONCROFT COLLEGE - - -	301
BRISTOL UNIVERSITY - - -	301
E.F.D.S. - - -	217
HARPER ADAMS - - -	301
HASSALL ART SCHOOL - - -	223

FARM AND GARDEN

ALFA-LAVAL - - -	271
BEEHIVE SUGAR FACTORIES - - -	263
BRITON FERRIC CHEMICAL CO. - - -	299
BROMSGROVE GUILD - - -	231
FOUR O' SPRAY MACHINE CO. - - -	273
HANSEN - - -	231
HARRISON SMITH, LTD. - - -	279
MESSENGER & Co., LTD. - - -	311
PARKER, WINDER & ACHURCH - - -	297
PORTLAND CEMENT CO. - - -	267
SOUTH MET. GAS CO. - - -	277

SUGAR BEET DRIERS - - -	265
TERRY, HERBERT & SONS - - -	279
WILMOT, S. M. & Co., LTD. - - -	275

FOOD AND CLOTHING

ACHILLE SERRE - - -	283
AUSTIN REED'S - - -	Cover, page 4
COURTAULD'S - - -	156
EGERTON BURNETTS - - -	295
FRUIT PRESERVATION, ETC. - - -	301
HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY - - -	229
HUTTON'S - - -	235
LIBERTY & Co. - - -	233
LOTUS - - -	197
ROWNTREE & Co. - - -	259

FINANCIAL

BARCLAY'S BANK - - -	247
LONDON & LANCASHIRE INS. CO. - - -	299
MAGNET BUILDING SOCIETY - - -	249
OXFORD PROV. ASSOC. - - -	297
PRESOTT & SONS - - -	251
WESTMINSTER BANK - - -	245

GENERAL

BURNDIPT WIRELESS LTD. - - -	237
CARRERAS - - -	261
'COUNTRYMAN' DIRECTORY - - -	307
ENO, J. C. - - -	207
EVER READY CO. - - -	293
INC. SOC. OF AUCTIONEERS - - -	306
MILWARD, H. & SONS., LTD. - - -	227
NOTICES - - -	299, 302, 309
N.S.P.C.C. - - -	239
PHILIP'S RADIO - - -	155
PLAYERS CIGARETTES - - -	295
RECKITT & SONS, LTD. - - -	195
R.S.P.C.A. - - -	281
RUSSIAN OIL PRODUCTS - - -	269
SHELL-MEX - - -	203
SLOAN, L. G. - - -	153
SOUTH MET. GAS CO. - - -	277
SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO. - - -	201
SWIFT OF COVENTRY - - -	199
THREE NUNS TOBACCO - - -	Cover, page 3
'WANT' ADVTS, ETC. - - -	309

TRAVEL FACILITIES, HOTELS, ETC.

BLUE STAR LINE - - -	255
L. & N.E. RLY. - - -	251
NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA - - -	257
ORDNANCE SURVEY - - -	213
P. & O. STEAMSHIP CO. - - -	Cover, page 2
SMEDLEY'S HYDRO - - -	229
SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES - - -	257
THACKERAY HOTEL - - -	259

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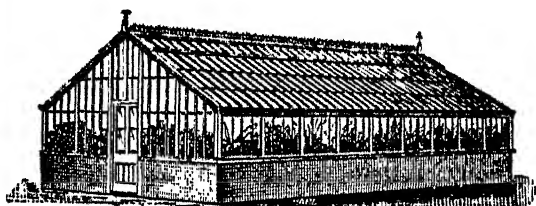
MSS., SKETCHES AND PHOTOS are carefully considered. When stamped envelopes are enclosed, it is the rule to return what cannot be used, but no responsibility for safety while in the Editor's hands or in transmission can be accepted. Intending contributors should pay special attention to the scope of the review and to succinctness.

Suggestions for increasing the value and usefulness of THE COUNTRYMAN are welcomed.

Contents

	PAGE
AS ONE COUNTRYMAN TO ANOTHER.—The Agricultural Situation ; What Ought to be Done and What Can be Done Now	- 240
AS IT SEEMS TO SOME OF US	- 298
ACHIEVEMENT OF SAROJ NALINI, THE	- 208
BLACKBIRDS, A RIDDLE OF, by E.P.	- 180
BOOKS OF THE QUARTER.—Country Books 212 ; General Reading	- 218
BUILDING AND FITTING UP.—A New Kind of Room in the Country House	- 168
CATS, WEASELS AND DOGS	- 224
COLLECTOR, THE.—V. Village Clocks	- 181
COMBINE, THE COMING OF THE	- 234
COMPETITION—My Most Interesting Experience on a Country Road	164
COUNTRY HOUSE AEROPLANE, THE—Round the British Isles, by Colonel the Master of Sempill	- 166
COUNTRY TALES	- 220
FARMING, METHODS OF	- 206
FISHERMAN, THE.—Creeper and Stone Fly, by Salfario	- 226
FOR COUNTRYMEN AND COUNTRYWOMEN.—X	- 196
GARDEN, THE.—Frost among the Shrubs, by E. P.	- 230
GRAVE-DIGGER'S DIARY—1763-1831, A, Part II	- 157
HEALTH AND THE OPEN AIR.—'Nacktkultur', by A Medical Man	- 228
OLD FRIENDS, by Sir Timothy Eden, Bart.	- 222
PILFERINGS.—At Smyth County Courthouse	- 236
QUESTION FROM A CHILD, A	- 202
REW, SIR HENRY	- 196
RURAL AUTHORS.—VIII. Cecil Torr	- 177
RURAL INDUSTRIES.—A Master of his Craft, by Sir W. Beach Thomas	204
SAXON HENCHMEN, by M. Isabel Wyatt	- 206
SIX YEARS' FARMING AND WHAT IT HAS TAUGHT ME.—V. The Farm on its Feet—	- 183
TAIL CORN	- 232
TOLPUDDLE MARTYRS, THE.—New Letters	- 169
VALUES VARY, by Elspet Keith	- 173
WHAT COUNTRY PEOPLE ARE READING.—V. Sale of Dailies, Weeklies, and Monthlies in Scottish Market Towns	- 198

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Facsimile Page from A Grave-Digger's Diary
(facing 157)—Felmersham Church and Bridge 165—Gains-
borough's Parish Clerk (facing 169)—Home of the Author of
'Small Talk at Wreylund' (facing 184)



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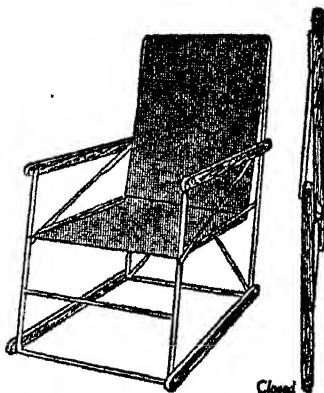
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The Countryman

A Quarterly Non-Party Review and
Miscellany of Rural Life and Industry

*Edited and Published by J. W. Robertson Scott
at Idbury, Kingham, Oxford*

O more than happy countryman if only he knew his good fortune !—*Vergil*
The best citizens spring from the cultivators ; theirs are the enduring rewards.—*Cato*
Agriculture can never regain even a moderate degree of prosperity unless it is treated
on the lines of THE COUNTRYMAN, that is without Party bias.—*Lord Ernle*

Vol. III No. 3 Half-a-crown quarterly October 1929

Is It Cheaper to Live in the Country or in London?—Views of Housewives

SHALL I go on living in town or shall I buy
or build a house in the country ? Shall I go
on living in the country or shall I enjoy a fuller
life by moving to London ? Alas, many people in
the towns whose thoughts are turned towards the
country are under illusions about rural life, while
many people who have to live in the country but
think they would like to be in London imagine
vain things about urban life ! In two series, 'The
Townsmen turning Countryman' (July 1927 to
April 1929) and 'My Six Years' Farming and
What it has Taught Me' (July 1928 to July 1929),
and in various occasional articles THE COUNTRYMAN
has tried to meet some of the needs of town readers.
On the special question, 'London or the Country
for Brain Work ?' the best opinion was assembled
for townsman and countryman alike, in a noteworthy

contribution to our pages last year (April).^{*} Further, in a recent number (October 1928), the moral advantages and disadvantages of life in the country were discussed.

IF town life is given up for rural life, and rural life turns out a failure, it is the woman who pays ! It seemed worth while, therefore, to ask a few women readers in the country to be good enough to help women readers in cities and towns by answering the following questions :

1.—Do you really think that life in the country is more economical than life in town ?

2.—Is the servant problem easier ?

3.—Have you advice on lighting, heating, catering, transport, recreation, social life, schools or public service ?

Our correspondents have produced a volume of interesting evidence on the domestic pros and cons of life in the country which is of real value. It will be useful to explain that among these kind contributors are a number of women who have houses both in the country and in London. Then there are a number who, though they live in the country or in London, have 'tried baith'. The writers of the letters include peeresses, authors, an ex-M.P., an M.P.'s wife, the wife of an artist, the wife of a secondary school-master, two squires'

^{*} By Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Noel Coward, Miss Clemence Dane, Mr. John Drinkwater, Mr. St. John Ervine, Dr. Havelock Ellis, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Aldous Huxley, Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Miss Rose Macaulay, the Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. A. A. Milne, Mr. George Moore, Mr. C. E. Montague, Mr. R. H. Mottram, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, the Rt. Hon. the Lord Olivier, Sir Sidney Partidge, Mr. T. F. Powys, Miss May Sinclair, the Rt. Hon. Sidney Webb, Mr. Humbert Wolfe, and Mrs. Virginia Woolf.

wives, a primary school mistress, the wives of a gentleman farmer, a yeoman farmer and a tenant farmer, housewives in small country houses and cottages, and the wife of the editor of *THE COUNTRYMAN*. But here are the names of our correspondents: Mary, Countess of Lovelace, Lady Redesdale, Lady Denman, Lady Margaret Watney, Frances, Countess of Warwick, Hon. Mrs. Edward Strutt, Mrs. Aikin, Mrs. Anton van Anrooy, Mrs. J. O. Boving, Mrs. E. R. Bullough, Miss I. L. Edwards, Mrs. F. Evans, Mrs. J. L. Hammond, Miss J. K. Jones, Miss J. M. Keith, Miss M. Melland, Mrs. Clement Parsons, Mrs. C. S. Peers, Mrs. E. Powell, Mrs. R. H. Rhodes, Mrs. Robertson Scott, Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mrs. S. R. Wells, Mrs. G. Whale, Mrs. Wintringham, and Mrs. Wyatt. We print some replies with which we have been favoured and hold back a second batch, as varied and informing, for our next issue. In order to preserve the anonymity of our correspondents the replies do not appear in the same order as the list of names. Need we say that if any other rural or town readers have data, experience, or views likely to be of service, we shall be pleased if they will kindly write them down for our January number.

I. (LONDON AND SUFFOLK).—Country living is definitely more economical. In food, even if one pays as much as in the town, one gets a much better pennyworth. Clothes one spends less on, because one does not need so many, and they stay clean longer. And one spends less money on distractions and whimwhams. I can say nothing about servant problems, because the people who have served me in town or country have all been entirely unproblematical

and satisfactory. But I have done the housework and cooking in both London and the country, so I can speak of that : housework in the country is child's play to what it is in town. The country dirt is honest dirt, not grime. Cooking is slightly more arduous in the country. There is the food question instead of a gas stove, and one cannot rush out at the last moment and buy something ready-cooked, or retire to a restaurant. In winter the question of lighting (cleaning lamps, etc.) is rather a burden. Balancing housework against cookwork, I should say town draws with country under this heading. I should say, judging from my friends, that country servants do very well if one does not expect too many graces and refinements from them. It is worth noticing that every good housewife in London tries to get country servants, because they are more hard-working and less airified.

I can say nothing about heating—a Sentry or Ideal boiler is a great help ; among other things it helps to solve the rubbish problem. In town or country, if you want catering done well, do it yourself. Even if one can't afford a cheap car, transport is getting easier every day with buses and charabancs. Regarding recreation and social life, (a) have a job of some sort and don't depend on your neighbours for a *raison d'être* ; (b) entertain your friends for week-ends. They will enjoy it too. A scheme I should like to see tried out would be a co-operation among neighbouring parents to teach their united children. On Monday the children would gather at Mrs. Tomkins and learn from her what she feels best fitted to teach. On Tuesday they go to the Manor where Professor Grubbins (retired) does his bit, and so on. As stars differ in their glory, it is probable that any group of parents would also differ in their distribution of talents : one could teach French but not mathematics, etc. But everyone could teach something. Older children would go to school presumably, as town children do. The great merit of my scheme would be that it procures for nothing in £ s. d. what is very expensive in the country,

and very important anywhere : a variety of teachers. It bores children to learn everything from one person.

There is one general comment I would like to make. You talk of town and country. There is also country town. Of the three estates, this is perhaps the easiest. It supplies gas, and perhaps electricity from the local works ; it simplifies shopping and transport ; and it gives one's servants more society and pleasure. To live on the outskirts of a small country town seems to me the ideal state : from the woman's point of view it is much easier than living right in the country and certainly quite as economical.

II. (OXFORDSHIRE).—Which do you like best—your father or your mother ? Economical ? Neither country nor town is economical. A parsimonious person can get out of spending in a town without being found out or being made to feel guilty. Country life is open, and no niggard can hide there. Country people know you for what you are. If you live in the country because you love it, but have a rooted interest in fine music or good drama, you will scrimp and scrape to get to town for special concerts and plays. But that will not prove that you are a town-lover. It will only prove that our civilization punishes the artist who will pay the price to breathe flower-scented air and lie on clean grass.

What is economy ? True economy is spending recklessly on things that matter, such as clean linen, good roses, fine books, to share with your friends who come to visit you. It is having an open hand for the mother whose baby's needs are greater than her husband's wages, or for the old man or woman whose pension even when supplemented by the sacrificial offerings of a willing family does not run to Ovaltine or rubber hot-water bottles. Economy is rejoicing in the number of things you can afford to do without, such as dinner parties, ices, cigarettes, the very best kind of dress. It is no good having fine clothes that will outlast their mode ; the country demands plain, durable clothing.

You can spend less in the country on things that townspeople think they must have because of the contagion of spending, but you will find that the country sets a higher scale for other kinds of expenditure. The chief economic difference between life in town and in country is that you get better value in the country for your spending. Take men and women whose income runs from, say, £400 to £800, they can have country sweetness, flowers, the song of birds and pure food, and by outearning some of the heated desires of town life, they will have enough in hand to go to town for its real pleasures. How dead must be the human being who is insensitive to the tingling joy of mixing in a city crowd, of sharing a laugh with thousands of other people, of singing in the Albert Hall when it is full. You cannot get *that* thrill in the country. You cannot feel your soul rising in unison up and up and finally dropping in exquisite pearls of sound at the sweep of a great fiddler's bow. Through ecstatic moments he has drawn you to that last searching note and the music quivers with you trembling in mid-air before you share one last deep breath and all the hearers break into applause. The remembrance of the village fiddler's squeaking torment then makes you laugh until you cry.

Do you love your father or your mother? Both! both! both!

Like 'Old Meg' whose 'brothers were the craggy hills, her sisters larchen trees', I have no children and should not speak of schools. But the country is the place where all children ought to learn. It will need a new social structure to bring this about. Elementary teachers are excellent instructors, but the rural child is often soul-starved, deprived, smutty, and the boys are ignorantly cruel to birds. To mingle daily with these children might hurt for life the outlook of a happier-born child. Three labouring class children in a school of the children of a more fortunate class might make all one, but three better-off children in a school of the really poor might make snobs of the three and cause

needless envyings and heartburnings in the hungry majority.

In catering for speed, convenience, variety and generally for price, the town has it every time. But the country housewife, though she has to work hard for it, can get, if she will, pure food : clean milk, pure butter and cream, fresh eggs, vegetables and fruit, etc. It is much dearer than in town unless the housewife is herself something of a smallholder who counts neither her own nor her handmaids' labour.

The town grocer is a machine with a long-nosed steel face that grinds off the parings of your costly victuals and picks out the smallest and dingiest of his good things to make the balance almost touch the notch. In the country your grocer is your tried friend who shares in your public works, goes to personal inconvenience to supply you with a sudden 'corner' of needed bacon when unexpected friends arrive in their car for a week-end. Your country grocer expects to be asked and does contribute to your village outing or other fund with tea or sugar or other good things. Your butcher charges you a high price, but you may take your meat from his cart blindfold. The woman who does your washing is your friend as well as your neighbour, so it is easy to love her. Your maids have planned to work for you while they were still at school, and a waiting queue of fourteen-year-olds is for ever yours if you but 'take an interest' in their welfare. There is no servant problem in the country to the woman with a heart who has learnt to give as well as to take. As for public service all true country people are community helpers.

For dignified, wholesome, clean home life with such natural pursuits as gardening, botanising or the hundred other practical or studious interests, the country is the normal place for normal folk. But it is lived in to-day at a high cost. The town has allurements and conveniences that are ungettable elsewhere. Why otherwise should people make cities? Where a few are gathered together there is common security of things to eat, heat, light and

wear, to hear and to see. But the price of town life is that your aims and ideas become standardized, as also do your dress, your food, and your friendships. The country is more individual ; therefore, for me, the country has it !

III. (SUSSEX AND OXFORDSHIRE).—For the woman with an income of about £700 or £800 a year life in the country offers many attractions, particularly if there are children. One of the chief attractions to my mind is the much less strenuous battle with dirt, which makes one of the great difficulties of life in London. The woman with a small income can have more space for her children in the country, a larger house for the same or less rent, and best of all, a garden. I do not think servants are harder to get in the country ; there are usually girls to be had in the villages, or a widow who wishes for daily work. The social life is much what you choose to make it, and the motor-car and motor-bus have revolutionized country life in its social aspects. To anyone who has no car, neighbours are usually more than kind in giving lifts. There are many very excellent grammar schools up and down the country, such as provided education for Shakespeare and Nelson in days gone by, and many of our most successful men to-day. Opportunities in plenty exist for public service. There are the Women's Institutes, Girl Guides, Church and political organizations, all prepared heartily to welcome the willing worker. All I have written is from the point of view of the woman and child, and it is really the man who cannot very readily find paying work in the country. Nearly every Englishman would prefer to live in the country, but, alas, the present conditions of the countryside make it hard for a man to make a good living out of the land. A woman with a rather small income and children will, to my mind, find life easier and happier in country than in town from a great many points of view. And it must be remembered that country life is by no means dull in these days of easy and cheap transport, when no one is tied down to their own

house, garden and village as they were in days gone by, for lack of means of transport.

IV. (SURREY AND DEVON).—In Surrey, twenty miles from London, practically everything is at London prices. At my other home, near Exmoor, and in sight of the sea,

HOW THEY DEAL WITH THE RAT PROBLEM IN A JAPANESE VILLAGE.—A Sketch by Elizabeth Keith



The boy has brought the rat he has killed to the policeman, who will give him a reward

prices are quite as high as in London. I think things may be a little better in the winter months, but I am not there then. To judge by conditions as I remember them—ten or twenty years ago—which conditions I hope still prevail in the few quiet country neighbourhoods which still exist—the only things that one could count upon to be really cheap were milk and cream, eggs and poultry. Meat, I think, is pretty nearly the same price everywhere, but there may be a few exceptions. Butter, every farmer's wife will tell you, it does not pay her to make except at very high prices. (It is not cheap except near a dairy factory.) Down in the real country I have always found garden produce, especially fruit, extremely difficult to buy. Nobody seems to grow really enough of it. Of course, if people know how to keep a garden and work it themselves, or at any rate with only a moderate amount of labour, they can grow what they please and find it economical. In the two neighbourhoods I have described, the scarcity of servants, or rather the excessive demand which is the root of the trouble, prevails, so that I find it easier to recruit my household in London. In real country neighbourhoods, however, where I have relations living, it is not difficult to get young girls going out to their first place, and also occasional day help is easily got. I rather think that the really trained and experienced maid servant is scarce everywhere. Men are easier to find, also boys. If you wish to live in the country with a small household, say three or four maids, do not attempt to do so in an isolated place. You will find it almost impossible to get or keep servants, and you will have all sorts of difficulties in the way of household provisioning. If your household

STRANGE the number of people who do not seem able to manage wood fires—go quite wrong with the fireplace, the logs, the wood or the poker. On all these matters MARY COUNTESS OF LOVELACE writes in the most practical way in our next number in 'THE ART AND MYSTERY OF WOOD FIRES' and furnishes a fireplace plan,

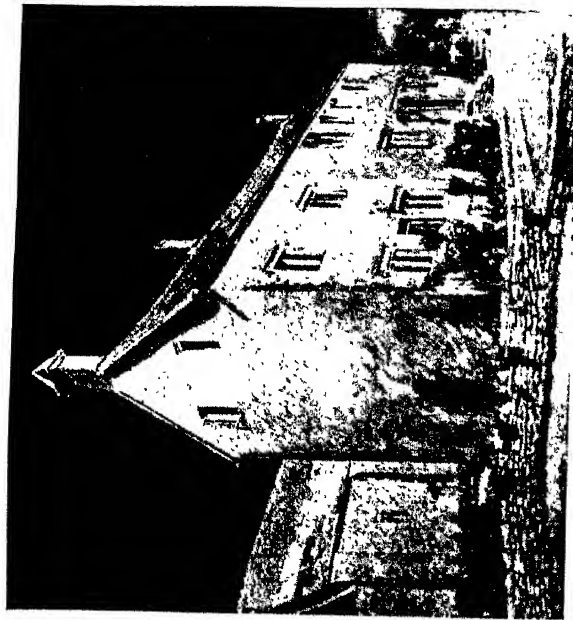
is large and includes indoor men (also gardeners, grooms, chauffeurs, etc.) then you can live where you please, but small households should always put themselves near a village, where women servants can find friends.

V. (HERTS).—Success in home-making in the country is, to an even larger extent than home-making in towns, the result of a trained mind, unfailing foresight, freedom from certain conventional ideas and the power of giving one's soul an interesting time. This last point is probably the most important one. If we women are bored we are deprived of the first and last essential of home-making. If a woman has continuously to go outside her own four walls in search of amusement or to look for others to supply it, she ought to stick to the town. But if her intellect is trained and she is consequently able to take an interest in all that is going on, not only in every corner of her own house but in all corners of the earth, she will certainly have a more fascinating life in the country than in the town. The country gives her time, space, and quiet—she can survey the whole world and its activities in a far deeper manner than she could in any kind of town. There naturally the noise and the hurry make tremendous inroads upon our sixteen hours of daily living. Personally, I have seen more homes that have been failures in the country than in the town. I hesitate to recommend the country to any married couple if the wife is not absolutely the right type. The husband does not matter so much. He is generally satisfied with the place that satisfies his wife. Life in the country can be infinitely more economical, but only to those who can rid themselves of conventional notions, who understand how to plan a house, who have not become hypnotized by too much rusticity and the charms of 'picturesque old houses'—those dirt and labour producing traps. Life in the country can be extraordinarily expensive if one follows the rules laid down even to-day in English novels, with hunting and shooting and the country house atmosphere.

A small income must be coupled to a free mind. The servant problem is easily solved by getting one's maids locally and taking care to establish a good reputation for fairness and understanding. It is fatal to try to bring town-bred maids out into the country.

Of the purely practical problems, water supply seems to be the most important. If you ignore that you are courting sheer disaster. The villagers who have been inoculated for centuries and who take no interest in baths can manage on even the smallest rain-water tank, but those accustomed to nicely-running taps will get desperate without them. Electric light is not so important. There are many good oil lamps on the market nowadays. The Aladdin lamp, for instance, is almost perfect. Gas has a marvellous substitute in the Valor-Perfection stoves. In the kitchen we have the modern continuously-burning coke range that produces neither dirt nor labour, while its twin brother, the boiler in the cellar, hall or corner of the kitchen, warms the whole house without any fuss. Living in a cold house in the country is even more disheartening than performing that unnecessary feat in town. For the rest, one can have as many open fires as one finds pleasure in looking after. House-keeping in the country must needs be done with a resourcefulness and forethought that can be dispensed with in town. But that brings its own reward—the methodical and looking-ahead housewife is generally the happiest one. The stream of tradesmen at the back doors is a peculiar English curse.

The bus services have solved our transport problem beyond our wildest dreams. The social life? Well, is not that what we make it ourselves? The village hall is an institution that has no equal in other countries, but it must be entered in a right and a humble spirit. If you think that it somehow doesn't suit you because you got your musical education in Vienna, then all that can be said is that you didn't suit Vienna either. As for the Women's Institutes, they are on the same level as the Boy Scout movement,



THE STORM

*From a painting by William Rothenstein, by the courtesy of the artist
and 'Abollo*

a perfect product of the English mind at its highest. So-called social service is not so much needed as town folk may think, and in any case no service can equal that of setting a good example of order and industry, simplicity and culture, reverence for the soil and good cheer. Schools? You can sit for a week writing about that question and in the end nobody is wiser. Town and country have both special advantages. The village school has produced many of the American Presidents, but up to now only one English Prime Minister. And until we have a line of the latter we shall probably go on making a fetish of the public school and do our utmost to give our children 'a chance', as we say. I believe that cultured and fully-alive people can live happily and worthily in the country on a yearly income of three hundred pounds or any sum up to the income of Mr. Henry Ford.

VI. (LONDON).—I only know that if I lived in the country the town would see me no more, as I should never find courage to spend the reckless amount of money which the railway demands for carrying me to and from London. As for the hardihood of a woman who lives still farther away and spends £1 to come to the sales and 'save' on buying the various things one can't do without, I give her up. Then there is the fallacy that if you have a garden you live for nothing. I know someone whose vegetables and fruit cost them before they have counted the manure, seed, plants, etc., 35s. a week, their gardener's wages; it may be more than that now. Yet these people grow thousands and thousands of carrots and turnips and beets and cabbage and as they are not within reach of any market they present them to their friends. Sometimes it is true they may have the courtesy of 'bed and breakfast' as a return. Now if I spent 35s. a week at the green-grocer's I'd have lovely results. Clusters of grapes would grace my dessert dishes. In season I could afford an English pine, not to mention asparagus and all the things which one

enjoys only in retrospect, after one has dined with Dives. I've eaten eggs in the country which must have cost at least 3s. 6d. a piece owing to cost of the fowls' food, yet in town I've never paid more than 6d. and that was in War time and they were fresh. It is perhaps true that you get cheaper service in the country, but generally you have to 'break in' the 'breakers', and so lose as much in china and temper as you save in actual cash. Then in town, fires are really cheaper; one does have a chance of filling one's cellar at a reduced rate. For timid people who cannot dare, town is the place. There they have no great emergencies to face. They can, if they are really poor, get a great deal for nothing. Good books from their municipal libraries. Free sights if they are young enough to stand and see them. Delightful enjoyment in countless museums, assuming they have minds in need of nourishment. Our town sunsets leave nothing to be desired. We never run short of water. We have parks with sheep in them if we want to feel 'rural' and now that the dwellers in the country have 'listening in' to make their lot more varied, the scales are equally balanced between us and we have only to envy the countryman perhaps the quiet which is sometimes his during the night-watches but very seldom ours. Sorry to give no help, but if I did have an income and a car I'd choose the country.

VII. (LONDON AND SUSSEX).—Life in the country is more economical than life in town in the following respects : (1) Lower rents and rates. (2) Facilities for recreation and exercise and fresh air generally and consequently the better health of the family. (3) Gardens and the keeping of a few hens help with the housekeeping expenses. There is usually a fair supply of young girls and also daily help, but the more experienced servant is very difficult to get. A cheerful village with a good Women's Institute helps to make the servant problem easier especially if the W.I. is able to persuade the local authorities to give more and better classes in cooking. I have in mind an income of from £300

to £400. It is useless for urban women 'looking forward to living in the country' to base their wish to do so on the beauties of the country as seen perhaps for two weeks every year on the occasion of a holiday. They must be prepared for certain disadvantages such as (1) More irregular and less accessible transport, (2) Earlier hours, (3) Possible difficulties in the obtaining and delivery of fuel and other things on certain occasions, (4) Certain problems as to catering. The family caterer is dependent on local supply. Variation of dishes is more difficult. This is just a matter of getting used to local conditions and a certain amount of organization.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL MANAGERS APPOINT A TEACHER.—

A Reader's Sketch



CHAIRMAN TO CANDIDATE : *Well, Miss, 'tis true they testeemonials o' yourn be proper good seemingly. We be all right sorry as we can't appoint ye seein' your name bain't Tomkinson ; but we does like to keep to teachers o' the same name if we anyways can'. [Extract from a Parish Magazine of April, 1928 : 'To show their appreciation of a teacher's work the Managers always appoint someone of the same name if possible.']*

A Countryman on Holiday in 1758.—An Unpublished Diary

WE owe to the courtesy of a subscriber, Mr. Albert Harland, who was for six years one of the M.P.'s for Sheffield, the opportunity of following the Bedfordshire 'Grave-Digger's Diary : 1763-1831', which has appeared in our last two issues, with a rural Yorkshireman's record of a holiday in 1758. The writer was Richard Sawdon, of Brompton, which is ten miles from Scarborough. Sawdon's daughter married Captain Pierson, who was the father of Mr. Harland's grandmother. The Brompton farm came to Mr. Harland's grandfather, Dr. Harland, of Scarborough—see Smiles' 'Invention and Industry'—and is now owned by Mr. Harland's youngest brother. The diary passed to Mr. Harland from his uncle, Henry Seaton Harland, who obtained it from the widow of Henry Gowan Hudson of Leeds, Mr. Harland's first cousin.

The degree to which the document reproduced is concerned with eating is extraordinary. This profound interest in meals is characteristic, however, of other personal memoranda of the period. Sawdon seems to have been a dullish fellow compared with our grave-digger, but the records of his sight-seeing and his dining are of some historical value ; and he does make us understand how restricted was the point of view of thousands of reasonably well-to-do people a hundred and seventy years ago. There is a monument to him in Brompton church. His diary is reproduced with-

out alteration, except for the insertion of a few full stops to make the meaning clear.

July 10, 1758.—At 11 a Clock set out for Malton. Dined there on a couple of boiled Rabbits & roasted Fowls & at five the same Day set out for York

York.—Arrived at half past eight. Suped on boiled salmon & a Couple of roasted Fowls & Breakfasted and Dined next Day at Mr Ogels with Brother and Miss Farnip. On Thursday Morning set off in the post Chase

Ferrybridge, July 12.—Arrived at four a Clock. Dined on a Couple of boiled Rabbits & beef Stakes with Tarts ; Jellies &c as usual

Doncaster, July 12.—Arrived at eight in the Evening, suped on roasted Fowls, ham & green Pease : next Morning called upon Mr Haugh : returned to our Inn & Dined upon Mutton Chops and roasted Ducks & drank Tea at Mr Haughs. Dined & drank Tea the next Day at his House. On Sunday the 15th went to Church. Heard a sermon by the Revd. Mr Rudd, text Ecclesiastes, Chap. 11th, vers 15th. Dined at the Inn on beef stakes, roasted Rabbits, a rice Pudding, Tarts &c., Drank Tea & supped at Mr Haugh's. Took Chase on Monday at twelve a Clock

Retford, July 16.—at four a Clock Dined on Sammon & Lam stakes : walked out to see the Stocking Weaver at Work. Bought Goosberys of him at a penny pr pound : in the morning some of the Inhabitants was taken into Custodey for Exciteing the Soldgers quarter'd there to Mutany & afterwards striking the Collonel

Grantham.—Suped at half past nine on veal Beef stakes & Tarts. Found Iron upon the road which the Driver observed was tending to good Furton to us all. Breakfasted at nine and then perseeded on our Journey at ten a Clock

Stamford, July 17.—Arrived at half past two at the Georg Inn. Walked thence to Burleigh Castle. Spent three ours in seeing the Paintings, one pice which was Butefull vallied at sixteen thousand pound which was our Saviour Blessing

the Elements : the Whole Painting is extreemley Butefull & esteem the first Collection in England. After seeing the House was treated by a Lady with Peaches. Returned to the Inn at five a Clock & Dined on veal Cutlets & rost Beef and tarts &c. On passing Milton saw the Barriks for Soldiers & ten Thousand Prisners. They was made of Wood & Coverd with tile & apeard like a little village. Chainged & perseeded.

Bugden, July 18.—arived at half past 11. Drank Tea for which they Charged two shillings each. Took Chase at six in the morning

Stevenage.—Breakfasted at nine, walked in the Garden, saw some Courous Shroubs, one pirticlur calld the Sider Bladder

Barnet, July 19.—Dined at four a Clock on beef & a fillet of veal with Tarts, charged 2s 6d each

London.—Arived at Snow Hill and in the Evening walked to see St Palls

July 20.—Went to see the Bank of England which was Crouded with People & large Heaps of Gould, surprising to see & not usal to be seen in Yorkshire with Shovels to take it up. Then went to see the Royal Exchange which is a very Noble Bulding. Then perseeded to Mr Seaton's. He went a long with us to Mrs Comas who soon recolected us & was glad to see us. Drank Tea with us at our Lodgen

July 21.—In the Morning went to see Blackfriars Bridge & the River. Perseeded to Summerset House. Went in to difrant apartments of it, from thense to Drury Lane Theatre to see it. From thence to Charing cross & up pall Mall. Saw Carlton House the resedence of the Prince of Wales. Went through St James and after that to the Kings Pallace. Went to see the Armour. From thence to St James park a long the bird Cage Walk to near Buckingham House. Then went round the Perade & to the Horse guards past by the Duke of Yorks House & white Hall. Bought severel artickels at Shops in the Strand, Fleet Street &c. After that returned to our Lodgens & spent the Evening very agreeable

Sunday, July 22.—In the morning went to St Pauls. Herd a Sermon perticklar Addressed to the Fleet Street Vollanteers who marched in form with musick from the Church Where there was Thouseands of People. We went & Dined with Mrs Combs in Kings Street Holborn. Went in the Evening to the Foundling Chappel. Returned to Mrs Comes and Supped.

Monday, 23.—In the Morning at 8 went to Smith Field Market where we saw a surprising number of fat Cattle. From thence to Bartholomew Hospital. Dined at Home in the Evening. Went to Sadlers Wells & was Highley entertained with three Dancers And the Invashon of England by the Danes. King Alfred Exertions to drive them out of the Country was Astonishing Great, all the Kings & Queens from Alfred to his present Madgstey George the Third past in Succrssion across the Stage

Tuesday, 24.—Being a wet Day was confined in the House till Evening. Calld a Coach & went to the royal Circus where we saw Estradnery performance by Horses and there Riders with a veriety of performance upon the Stage similar to a Play one part of it was calld Blue Bird with Harlquin & Columbine. The House was very full suposed maney Thousands of people was there & is a Butifull place
(To be continued)



‘EMPTY CHURCHES.’—Here two laymen were persuaded to come forward to keep the services going during the clerical holidays. They are men who have touched life at many points, both in England and overseas, have worked their way up from small beginnings, have been large employers of labour, have travelled widely and are interested in many forms of sport. They are thus able to speak to the congregation, which is now large and well-maintained, in a simple and practical manner, unhampered by ecclesiastical phraseology and not without an occasional touch of humour. There may not be men so qualified for the work in every parish, but there are certainly many such in every diocese.—*Front Pew*

A Tory Plan for Land Nationalization
by His Grace the Duke of Montrose

TO some it may seem strange that a landlord—and a Tory one at that—should advocate a policy which is little short of nationalization of land. But the truth is, many things have changed since the War, and not least among them is the fact that landlords, by reason of heavy taxation and death duties, often find themselves unable to do justice or even duty to their estates and those who dwell on them.

It is all very well for city people to say ‘Sell your property’, but even though fools sometimes rush in where angels fear to tread, very few folk are found anxious to buy landed estate, and farmers are least of all desirous of doing so. Why? Well the fact is that in these days of agricultural depression, it pays a farmer best to keep his capital in liquid form, i.e. in cash, or crop, and stock, rather than sink it in the soil he cultivates.

This does not help the tax-burdened landlord, however; and yet he must find the money to pay the exactions imposed upon him. No one likes the idea of ‘confiscation’, or ‘forced sales’ or anything of that kind. If it is right to offer land to the Forestry Commission for afforestation purposes, and be paid cash for it on an agreed valuation, why should it not be equally right to offer land to the Treasury and be credited with the agreed-upon value in respect of taxation, especially death duties?

There is one great advantage in this for the farmer—it would avoid many of those disturbing notices to quit. Whenever a transfer of a part or the whole of an estate to the Government took place all current leases would continue to run their normal course. The Government would simply step into the shoes of the landowner. Furthermore, it would be possible on Government owned land to introduce the system of fixity of tenure with fixed fair rents for the occupiers.

On privately owned estates this is not a good system, for it introduces a Land Court to fix the rents, or, in other words, makes a 'third party' come between the landowner and the tenant, the result too often being that it causes the landowner to lose interest in the management of his estate, and thereby dries up the well of capital so readily available to most good farmers.

The Finance Act of 1909-1910, Section 56 (1) provides in some degree for the Government taking over land; but all that this Section really does is to provide that if the Government want land for any *particular purpose*—and land suitable for that purpose is offered them in lieu of cash for death duties, the Treasury may accept the land in satisfaction of the duties, and upon an agreed price; but no landowner can require the Government to accept land *generally* for taxation purposes. It should be noted that the initiative to offer land rests with the landlord and not with the Government, the whole affair being treated as a voluntary transaction on the part of the landowner.

The point advocated is, therefore, merely an extension of what has already been approved in principle; and surely this is much better than chasing after impracticable schemes for nationalization of land, as advocated on occasion by some politicians.

It would be essential for the success of any scheme of this nature that the Government should pay all taxes, rates, or other burdens, etc., just as if the property was held by a landlord. It would not be necessary to appoint hosts of officials, as the Government could have its necessary Agency work carried out by reputable firms throughout the country. Just as certain manufacturers are entitled to put on their business paper 'On War Office and Admiralty List', so Agency firms employed by the Government to do their work might be entitled to put 'Treasury Agents' on their paper, and act accordingly. There is no suggestion that the Government should itself farm land—for that would indeed be impossible—but there is plenty of room in this country

for a dual system of National Estates and Private Estates ; and wherever it is impossible to carry on the land management under one system there should be an easy process of transfer to the other. What good does it do to anyone to have large blocks of land lying impoverished, with buildings out of date, and all because certain landlords have no money to do as they would wish to do ; and no one else is found ready to relieve them of their crushing burdens. This state of things must end, and people willing and able to cultivate the soil must be given a fair chance to make a decent living.

Whatever steps be taken to terminate the unsatisfactory situation, let them be steps in reason, and removed from all political bias.



Her Grateful Children

NATURE we dearly prize ; and she
 Rewards us for our loyalty
 With gifts, which, as the years recede,
 Increase in worth ; and now we need,
 No guide to tell us where to seek
 The wind that blows upon our cheek,
 Nor where to find the budding rose ;
 We know their haunts, and, at the close
 Of our lives here, dear Mother Earth
 Will take us back : she gave us birth
 And in her bosom we shall lie,
 Her grateful children, loyally.

[These lines were sent to Colonel John Buchan, M.P., by an Oxfordshire neighbour, the late Mr. Vernon Watney, of Cornbury Park, a man of fine generosity in all rural good works. Not long after writing the lines, Mr. Watney while walking in the heather died suddenly.—Editor]



‘ MOTHER ’, said a small boy on returning from church, ‘ those people who were lost are not found yet and the rector said he was not going to ask again ’. The child had heard the banns called.

At a Country Circus

THE country audience swayed and gurgled when one of the two clowns—in his seventies—cried ‘Hurry up, Joe, I’ve got to get ’ome in time to milk the ducks’. A bar of evening sunlight played on the rapt faces of farm labourers, sprouting youths, women with and without babies—one infant in fleecy white hung its sleeping head over the arm of an entranced and unheeding young mother—pink-legged and pink-faced flappers, ecstatic schoolchildren and an old man in corduroys with the face of a Roman senator. The orchestra of four were in turn musicians, door-keepers, programme-sellers, horse-tenders, or humorists. One in a qualified dress suit (over tights) turned out to be the star acrobat. A plump and piebald mare pawed the ground in answer to his questions and then sustained him in his leaps as he whirled the ring in glory to be eclipsed by the more delicate balancing feats of a beauteous lady. In her gyrations she transcended the laws that govern common folk who drew deep breaths of wonder. Her cold scorn, as she acknowledged the Punchinello quips of the ancient clown were in the traditional manner. But her hair was shingled. Gone are the riding ladies with flying tresses. This was a modern. Her modest tights—tights once thought to be a dress of daring—were less revealing than the female bathing suit of to-day. This lady had sat at the entrance, gathering in the sixpences and shillings, for she was the box office as well as the ‘draw’, and her pale, disciplined face wore the same intentness of expression as when later on I caught sight of her in her caravan bending over the sausages for the ring-master’s supper. For the rest, the tradition was complete—horses, ponies, monkeys, dogs and men and an urbane elephant that poised its tonnage with admirable precision on a very small tub, smiled with big disdain as it responded by genuflexions to the clown’s funnyisms, and did clever things lazily with its trunk. Our perilous plank seats were hard, but it was a shillingsworth. A circus is still the perfect

entertainment for a rural audience. Far enough from any big town, not even wireless has stolen its glamour. Who can replace the clown? He held his hearers with the jokes of our great-grandfathers, tumbled when he should, rated the other clown at the right moment, and with unceasing patter covered all thin places in the performance. On the bills, all the entertainers, except the clowns, had Italian or French names, but shared their Midlands or Cockney speech. Between two and three in the morning the artists were pulling down tents and stands, assembling their animals, and getting all in order for the road. One night's performance is all that a little market town is worth. Soon the old clown would be telling clown No. 2 how he had been in the army. 'You, in the army?' 'Yes, I was in the Guards.' 'The Guards! You in the Life Guards?' 'No, silly, not the *Life* Guards—the *Black*guards!' And the accompanying slapping and punching of the tumbling jesters will warm the hearts of another tentful of rural people. There is no need to quote the late Lord Salisbury! —E.K



For Countrymen and Countrywomen. XI

1. 'Have you ever sat on the grass and examined it closely? There is enough life in one square yard to appal you.' What statesman said this?—2. 'Blossomed furze unprofitably gay.' Author?—3. Of what tree was it estimated that it had 7 million leaves which if spread out would cover 5 acres?—4. Who wrote the poem, 'The Gentleman Farmer'?—5. 'Tell me how do the trees which I planted thrive? Is there shade under the three oaks for a comfortable summer seat? Do the poplars grow at the walk and does the wall of the terrace stand firm?' Who wrote this?—6. More than 15 million living creatures were found in an acre of soil. Where?

ANSWERS TO JULY QUESTIONS.—1. 10 million (Julian Huxley).—2. The Sumerians.—3. A part of Cornwall.—4. Arthur Young.—5. The same.—6. (a) Dogs, (b) hens, (c) pigs.

The Fisherman*A Tailor and Big Flies, by 'Salfario'**

HE was a tailor or, more correctly, a breeches maker. His employer was kind and so he had much leisure for fishing. He was consumptive, a hopeless case. Had he not lived at the foot of the Cheviots he would not have lived so long. He was not a cheerful invalid. Gifts of casts and flies were accepted with scarcely an expression of thanks. He gave one the impression that he expected largesse, which does not give much satisfaction to the giver. In the land he lived in it was not warm on a late April morning. As I saw him in the yard of the inn he looked just what he was, poor in body and not a little poor in spirit. He was ill-clad for the morning chill. His equipment was primitive. An old three-piece greenheart—the pieces held together with string as he rested them on the ground before him—and an old schoolbag of canvas over his shoulders. I stopped before him and said, 'Good morning, are you ready to start?' He said, 'I have no flies'. I somehow bridled. It was always so. He never had anything, this man, no flies, no casts, no health, no happiness. I opened my flybook almost angrily. It opened at a place where there were some neat coils of March Browns, Greenwells, Blue Duns—but all almost loch size. They must have been there a long time because I am a believer in small flies. I gave him a selection of these big things and turned away. Almost at once I felt a reaction. I had given this sick man flies I would not dream of using myself. I hesitated, then called out to him. 'Go in and get something hot before you start out; tell them I said so.' But I had not silenced the voices in me. 'That was a mean thing to do, and a poor effort to undo it.' And so I was told by myself all that day. And a windy, blustering, boisterous day it was. The stream was whipped this way and that, troubled and disturbed,

* July, 1929: Creeper and Stone Fly.

just like my thoughts. Few fish rose and when they did it was with no certainty. In the troubled waters rises were often noted just too late. In the late afternoon I met that sick tailor. He had sixteen trout in his canvas satchel. I had ten in my somewhat elaborate bag. Every one of his sixteen was better than the best of my own. I was always a believer in small flies. I still am. But in the early days when trout are not perhaps quite so discriminating and especially on a windy, blustering, boisterous day, when the water is stirred and troubled, big flies—I use the term comparatively—should be tried. It seems, after all, a logical and sensible thing to do. But it needed a sick man to teach me the lesson, simple though it is.



Wild Life and Tame

The Hen and the Rat

‘THE true Nelson spirit!’ exclaims the Rev. Henry Hibberd in sending us this story from Burnham Thorpe: ‘I was shown a hen in this parish which had attacked and killed a full-grown female rat in milk. By way of demonstration the corpse of a full-grown rat was thrown to her. At once she flew up into the air, landed with both feet on the rat’s back, and violently pecked three or four times at the back of its head. She then flung the body away a few feet, rushed after it and delivered another violent attack. Then, satisfied that the rat was dead, she rejoined her chicks’.

ANOTHER story on the same lines comes from a correspondent who says that the other day her retriever brought her a few-weeks’ old rabbit—pursued by the mother which made rushes at the dog. On releasing the young rabbit, mother and child loped away together.

‘Too many queen wasps and nests are destroyed’, ‘A Hunting Man’ writes to us. ‘The article, “Every Queen Wasp”, is good. Wasps do more good than harm, except when there is a great quantity of fruit in close proximity’.

A Deal in Herdwicks

The little Herdwick, shaggy and grey, comes from the Lake District and probably deserves the name of the hardiest of our breeds. It lives on bare high fells, where edible herbage might seem to the casual observer to be non-existent. It produces about the coarsest wool, and almost the choicest mutton of all our sheep.—*Mid Cumberland Herald*

'I'LL tell you what it is, mister. Ye're lookan' gey weel.' 'D'ye think so? Change of air, mebbe.' 'Ay; nae doubt. That'll be it. That'll be it. It's done. gey weel for ye. It has, an' a'.' 'Ay. I'm a good deal better. Nowt like a change. Change o' pasture, ye see.' 'Eh?' 'Ay, for sure; ay. Nowt but weel.' 'When you get over Tidy Brig, eh?' This from the landlady. 'Hello, missis. Ha'e ye found summat? Ay, why? Happen ye're reight.' 'What?' 'She kens summat, does t'missis. There's summat i' t'wind. There is that. She may weel laugh.' 'It'll be—— What? Let's see, now. Happen two-and-twenty year sin'. 'Ay. Gaan' on for that. It will, for sure.' 'Oh?' 'Ay. I kna' it were at t'back end o' t' year as I went to T'Whins. I kna' that.' 'Ye've been theer a conny bit.' 'Ay. A gy bit. A gy bit, we have.' 'You have that. Time slips on.' 'It does that. It does, for sure. Well, it were like this. I thought to mysel' I could do wi' a few yows. I could do wi' a hundred, or theer away. So what does I do but sets off for Ammerset fair. I set off t'neet afooar and, when I gat to Ammerset, I hadn't been theer aboon hauf an' oor when I leets on a chap 'at I kennt. I kennt him weel enough. Ay, for sure I did. We were sittan' talkan' like as ye and me are sittan' talkan' noo, and I says, I says: "I could do wi' a tooathri yows." "Could you?" he says. I says, "Ay, I could that. I could do wi' a hundred, happen." "Why," he says, "I ken a fella as has some to part wi." "Oh?" I says. He says: "Ay." "Oh," I says. "He'll be cooman' i' t'mornin'," he says. "Will he?" I says. He says: "Ay." "I'll happen leet on him," I says. He says, "Sure enough, you will." So I gat up i' mornin', and I trailt up an' doon,

seen' what there was, and efther a bit t'fella drave his sheep in, and they were bonnie 'uns, and a'. Reight bonnie 'uns, they were. Lile Herdwicks. Lile Herdwick yows. Lile wick beggars. He'd a hundred an' fifty on 'em. He had that. He had, for sure. So we gat agaate, and we traadt away ivver sac lang—reight on into t'forencean. We traadt away and traadt away, and nivver seemed to git mich forrarder for a gay lang while. Ay, we did, for sure.' 'Oh, ay?' 'Ay. He ext me—len's see. I think it were six-and-thirty apiece for 'em. Ay, that were it. Six-and-thirty apiece. They were Herdwicks, ye mind. They were that. Reight bonnie 'uns. And sac we traadt away, back and forrard, and at last I bought 'em on him. Ay, I did that. I gi've him thirty apiece for 'em. Ay, thirty apiece. They were gey likely yows, and a'. Ay, thirty apiece. That were it.' 'Oh, ay?' 'Ay. And then we drave 'em to t' station—drave 'em frae Ammerset to Winnermer and truckt 'em theer. Ay, we did, for sure. And we traaned 'em to Burtholme and then drave 'em frae theer. And I leet on Tommy—aald Tommy—Tommy—Tommy What?—Tommy What? Ay, let's ca' him "Tommy What." He were a gay "Tommy What," reight enough. And he'd bought happen twenty or thirty, and we drave 'em a' tergither. A' t'lot.' 'There would be a nice little drove?' 'There was that. There was that, and a'. A tidy drove, as ye may say.' 'They would be.' 'And I put 'em in on t'top o' t'land, and t'lile wick beggars, they were that wick they took some keepin' at hecame.' 'Oh, ay.' 'They did that. When I gat up of a mornin', there they were, trailan' away ower t'other side o' Tidy Brig, away on t'top o' t'rooad, yan efther another, yan efther another, just like a lot o' ducks—for a' t'world like a lot o' ducks.' 'Oh?' 'Ay; they trailed away a' t'rooad to Hillset—reight away to theer. They did for sure.' 'Did they?' 'They did that.' 'Nay, nivver?' 'They did, for sure. They kept me gaan', trailin' away efther 'em.' 'What, they liked a night out, mebbe?' 'By Gens, they



ADJUSTED RICE FIELDS IN JAPAN

Formerly of all shapes and sizes, they were, by the good sense of the village, thrown into a common stock; unnecessary paths and watercourses, bits of waste, even cottages and graveyards, were removed; and every farmer got out more land than he contributed, and all of it more easily worked

did that. They wouldn't stop at heeame, do as I would.' 'They louped t'walls, varry like?' 'Loup? I should think they did loup. They were always loupin' t'walls. You couldn't keep 'em at heeame, do as you would.' 'No?' 'Not ye. They were always ramblan' about somewhar'. A' that land down by t'Newhouse and there away. A' among t'bottom pastures. They fairly did mak' away wi' t'turnips and things like that. They did, for sure. Ha, ha. It were yan body's wark lookan' efther 'em. I nevver sa' sick like. It took me a' my time seekan' 'em. It did, that. They were tidy lile yows, and a'. They did gey weel, and they paid gey weel. On somebody else's pasture, and a'. They did that. They did, for sure. They paid gey weel. I were right suited wi' em. And when I sellt 'em, I were reight suited wi' em. I were that. They did weel, for a' they trailed aboot. They gat summat for their trailean'. They did that. That's what t'missis meant when she said summat about Tidy Brig and t'sheep gaan' ower. I fetched 'em back twenty times, if I fetched 'em back yance. Ay, maer. I did that. Lile Herdwicks, they were. Lile wick beggars. They nivver would stop at heeame.' 'They'd brought their heads wi' 'em, varry like?' 'They did that. They did that. They knew what they were doing. They knew whar' to find summat to eat, and they would be at it. They would, for sure. Lile wick beggars. Ay, lile Herdwicks. But they did gey weel. They did that.'

Are 'Experts' Expert?—Further Views

MR. J. C. WALLACE, PRINCIPAL, AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE, BOSTON, LINCS. : As far as the county agricultural organizer is concerned, and I presume he is one of those experts whom 'A Farmer' objects to, I am certain that the majority of them could run a farm, and run it just as successfully as any other farmer

A COUNTY AGRICULTURAL ADVISER : 'Farmer' has only to visit some Farm Institutes to get this idea dispelled.

The Collector*Chairs**

THE chief feature of country-made furniture, whether executed in oak, beech, cherry or pear wood, is faithful adherence to the fashion of more finished town-made articles. The most imposing specimens of country-made chairs, after the fashion of Chippendale, fetch high prices. There is scope, however, for the collector who desires furniture of character among the masses of carpenter-made examples. The commode chairs, for instance, that formerly graced the servants' hall at the Great House make excellent seats for everyday use. The ladder-back and rush-seated spindle chairs of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Wales, illustrations of which may be seen in Morland's pictures, have a homely dignity which is pleasing. The collector should be on the look out for specimens of the type called Windsor chairs. These are generally of beech. They range from those with straight top rails and cabriole legs of Hogarth's time to those with vase-shaped splats and the later Windsor types of 1840-50. Even to-day plain chairs of this type form part of the modern output at High Wycombe and can be purchased at prices ranging from five to eight shillings. Old Windsor chairs fetch from twenty-five to thirty shillings apiece. Arm-chairs of similar character range from four to ten pounds. The name Windsor chair was derived, it is said, from the fact that George the Third took a fancy to a high-backed arm-chair while he was resting in a cottage near Windsor. It is said that Farmer George ordered some to be made for his use at the Castle. Collectors should remember that every county in England evolved cottage and farmhouse furniture of a regional character. True, the general characteristics of eighteenth-century furniture were derived from the London makers, but the old instinct for craftsmanship, a survival from the Middle Ages, operated.

* January, 1929: Attractions of Simple Furniture. April: At Country Sales. July: Village Clocks.

Taking Tramps into One's Own House, by Frank Gray

The appointment of a Departmental Committee on Vagrancy makes this article by the ex-M.P. for Oxford timely.—Editor

MY experiment, now more than a year old, consists in picking up youthful tramps on the roadside or from casual wards in Oxfordshire. The boys so picked up are taken to Shipton Manor and retained there during a period varying from 14 days to 5 weeks and then drafted as shown. The individual running the scheme during week-ends personally takes the tramps to Shipton. Immediately upon arrival a bath is insisted upon, they are inspected for obvious disease and uncleanness and are immediately provided with a complete set of 'best' and 'working' clothing. Experience has shown that inspection cannot be too careful. The boys during their stay at Shipton are well fed, are required to do a little garden, house and general work the first week, more the second week, and still more the third week. We find

1. That no boy taken from the road is fit to do a week's work in the early stages. He is too weak and dull and may, in the absence of sympathy, gain a bad if undeserved reputation for idleness.

2. The boys have a common sitting and sleeping room inside Shipton Manor, and while they can thereby keep themselves to themselves they have ready access to the rest of the house.

3. A policy of complete and absolute trust is pursued, every opportunity is given to the boys to abuse the trust, and no case at Shipton has ever been experienced of theft or other offence (with one exception) by young or old tramps. This is remarkable when it is understood that tramps, over the age of 20, call at Shipton, some sleep there and all are offered food at the average rate of three per day. Old tramps are not allowed to associate with young tramps.

4. During the times when the boys are not working, the individual running the scheme treats them as equals, playing games with them and trying to create the feeling that there is really no difference.

5. A hot bath, a new suit and a cheery word immediately changed the walk and gait of a boy.

6. Few rules and regulations are imposed upon the boys, but such that are, are insisted upon

7. The appeal made to the boys is that the individual running the scheme is 'up against it' in running the scheme and it is up to the boys not to let him down in their conduct. This appeal is believed to have a great effect upon the boys who in correspondence after leaving Shipton constantly use the expression to the effect, 'I will not let you down'.

8. Before the boys are sent to a job a matron is sent to secure or inspect lodgings and rates of pay agreed upon.

9. Wherever possible, boys are visited by way of encouragement every three weeks and correspondence is encouraged.

10. A high percentage of the boys handled have been once convicted while a higher percentage show 'mental peculiarity'. The latter term is intended to cover a wide field and may on the one hand touch lunacy and on the other a mild eccentricity. The boys dealt with may be considered under two main headings, those predisposed to be 'wasters' and those predisposed to be 'adventurers.' The former include 'work-shys' and defectives, while the latter may include a very fine type of English boy if his future is rightly directed. The same spirit which makes a colonist may start a boy from a village to see a larger world.

Sent to Government Afforestation Scheme	4
Sent to Oxfordshire farmers	2
Sent to a café in Oxford	1
Sent to a London tailor	1
Returned to parents as being too young to work	2
Sent to a factory in Oxford	5
Sent to a College as steward boy	1
Sent to Church Army to await employment in Oxford	2
Sent into private service	2
Sent to a London hotel	1
Still at Shipton	3

*Rural Authors.—IX. Edmund Blunden on The Thresher-Poet**

IN a modest work, 'Nature in English Literature' (Hogarth Press, pp. 156, 4½ × 7½, 3s. 6d.) Edmund Blunden begins by saying of this country that it is, 'all points weighed, astonishingly beautiful, mellow with the pleasantest associations, the republic of birds and flowers, the earthly paradise of horse, sheep, heifer and mongrel, the friendliest meeting-ground of Nature and man'. And then he goes on to write down with distinction the thoughts brought to him by the Nature-poetry of Collins, Keats and Clare, of Vaughan, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and many moderns. There is also a chapter for Selbornians. Nowhere in a volume which is neither too large nor too small is the author of 'The Waggoner' and 'The Shepherd' more characteristic than in his account of the life and work of Stephen Duck, the Thresher-Poet. It is a pleasant task to copy out some extracts :

DUCK was without any modification a labourer in Wiltshire during the early part of the eighteenth century, 'engag'd' (says Spence) 'in the several lowest Employments of a Country Life'. About 1724 Stephen began to be troubled at the rusty state of his arithmetic, and set about improving his mind. Working overtime, he obtained enough money beyond ordinary needs to buy three volumes of arithmetic, which he mastered. But this was only a stage in the transformation of Stephen. A friend from London assisted with a library of some two or three dozen books, including Josephus, Seneca, Ovid, and Bysshe's 'Art of Poetry'. There was a Milton, too, which the poet spelt out with frequent recourse to his dictionary. 'Indeed', says Spence, 'it seems plain to me, that he has

* October, 1927 : 1, George Bourne. January, 1928 : 2, Bernard Gilbert. April : 3, T. F. Powys. July : 4, A. R. Williams. October : 5, The Author of 'England's Green and Pleasant Land'. January, 1929 : 6, Rose C. Feld and H. W. Freeman. April : 7, Hilda Rose. July : 8, Cecil Torr.

got English just as we get latin'. Stephen toiled on, alike with flail and quill, and began to produce 'scattered verses'; these by some magic (common in villages) could not be kept secret, and at length brought gentlemen from Oxford and clergymen round about into the author's company. It is unnecessary to trace the strange story of Stephen further in any nicety of detail; he became a beneficiary of the Queen, was ordained, published his poems with great applause and a strong list of subscribers, and twenty years later drowned himself in the Thames.

The 'Poems on Several Occasions' of this remarkable person, issued in 1736, show all too plainly with what vain endeavour the Farmer's Boy who has unusual curiosity for mental experience elaborates his native style out of existence. If Duck could have been persuaded not to go out of his dialect, nor to seek a subject beyond the limits of his rural years and just imaginings, then we should have had from him a report of Nature as she is in the eyes of the closest witness. But neither the poor smock-frocked poet, nor those partly commendable ladies and gentlemen his patrons, realized that 'the voice of Nature' was possible poetry. His best piece for vigour and exactitude is 'The Thresher's Labour'. The farmer

... counts the Bushels, counts how much a Day;
Then swears we've idled half our Time away:
'Why, lookye, Rogues, d'ye think that this will do?
Your Neighbours thresh as much again as you.'
Now in our Hands we wish our noisy Tools,
To drown the hated Names of Rogues and Fools.
But wanting these, we just like School-boys look,
When angry Masters view the blotted Book:
They cry, 'their Ink was faulty, and their Pen';
We, 'the Corn threshes bad, 'twas cut too green.'

Such is their winter work in the barn; in summer the mowers find the heat of the day too great. After midday,

We often whet, and often view the Sun;
And often wish, his tedious Race was run.
At length he veils his purple Face from Sight
And bids the weary Labourer Good-Night.
Homewards we move, but spent so much with Toil,

We slowly walk, and rest at ev'ry Stile.
 Our good expecting Wives, who think we stay,
 Got to the Door, soon eye us in the Way.
 Then from the Pot the Dumplin's catch'd in haste,
 And homely by its Side the Bacon plac'd.

On the whole, in that poem of the farm-hand's year [the account of the corn harvest is omitted], Duck preserves the truth and maturity which are the inimitable character of country conversations; forgetting that he is ambitious of rising above his low station in life, he allows himself to be the pipe for village experience to play upon; indeed, it is rather the earth, the plough, the sickle, the grain, the flail, the body of the labourer that speaks than the writer of the verses. Unhappily, a barrier had been growing up between the earth and her son and servant, and as we proceed through Duck's 'Poems' we look with but little reward for more of that inspired simplicity. The chirping thrush and finch, the swallows in airy circles, the lurching mongrel worrying sheep, the 'ruffling Breezes cold' out of blushing skies, the doves startled by 'some Musquet's Thunder' into separate and frightened tracks—these must all depart while the exalted Thresher pays the most full-flourished compliments to 'a Screen, worked in Flowers by her Royal Highness Anne, Princess of Orange'. Stephen is altered. The grim Farmer is now

Kind Menalcas, Partner of my Soul.

There is a sad but pleasing incident on this gentleman's land, which must be repeated in the ex-Thresher's own words:

Breakfast soon o'er, we trace the verdant Field,
 Where sharpen'd Scythes the lab'ring Mowers wield:
 Straight Emulation glows in ev'ry Vein;
 I long to try the curv'ous Blade again.
 I snatch the Scythe, and with the Swains contest;
 Behind 'em close, I rush the sweeping Steel;
 The vanquish'd Mowers soon confess my Skill.

After that he attends the Threshers' Feast which Lord Temple has instituted in his honour, and he reflects

Thus shall Tradition keep my name alive;
 The Bard may die, the Thresher still survive.

And the prophecy was right. In vain did Duck paraphrase Ovid and eulogize the great and good ; in vain did he enjoy the thirty guineas a year which Queen Caroline gave him, or play his amiable part as country parson. His life had gone wrong, and his poetry with it.



Country People

NOW that the B.B.C. has got the swing of 'John Peel', let us be sure that everybody has the words correctly. Many people fail to conceive a huntsman with 'coat so grey', so they sing 'coat so gay'. And it is true that a portrait with Peel in a red coat has been on exhibition. But it gives a wrong impression. Peel may have been at times in red, but the evidence of men who saw most of him, piously collected by the 'Whitehaven News', shows that Peel habitually wore a coat of Caldbeck or Skiddaw grey.

'DI PARAFFIN, Di Rags, Evan Sugar, Ann Besom, Jones Rocks are names in use in our village', writes a Welsh reader, 'that is, people are still called after their job, the Di's being respectively an oil shop-keeper and a buyer of rabbit-skins and rags, while Evan's mother keeps a sweet shop, Ann makes brooms and Jones works in the quarry'.

ONE of Mr. Orwin's young men at the Oxford Agricultural Economics Research Institute is Mr. J. M. Bannerman, the Scottish International Rugby forward. He has been in every Scottish International team for nine years, and has no fewer than forty 'caps'.

A DISTINGUISHED literary man makes a guess that Lord Dunsany must be the poet who wished that he had said that he 'would like to go to heaven And sit upon a white horse And ride about heaven'. (See the first instalment of 'The Gravedigger's Diary' in our April number.) The poet whom we quoted was a farm labourer's son.

Six foot six is the height of Mr. James Wyllie, the well-known Wye College agricultural economist.

Building and Fitting Up*IV.—Water Wheels and other Means of Getting Water*

MANY of us in the country who have no experience of water-wheels have liked the notion of having one. Nothing in the ways of water-wheels and turbines is hidden from the author of a sixpenny brochure, *Notes on Small Water Power Installations, with Ten Diagrams*, of which the Rural Industries Bureau has just issued a second edition. With coal and petroleum handy there is not so much inducement in this country as in some others to exploit water power. And it is not every old water wheel which is so built as to be as effective as a water-wheel may be. As to ~~turbines~~, they must be supplied with the full volume of water on which they are designed to work. For moderate falls and comparatively small volumes of water, water-wheels are indicated, the undershot (Poncelet) for about 15 h.p. and the overshot and high breast for about 25 h.p. When modern water-wheels and turbines are in situations in which they can do their best there is not much to choose between them. Unfortunately for water-power plans, the fall of water is often in an out-of-the-way position for the would-be user. For powers not exceeding 10 h.p., however, satisfactory results seem to have been got from using an endless flexible steel wire rope for 500 or 600 yards or even 1,000. But the pamphlet ought to have discussed rams and wind-mills. On the question of public supplies of water, interested readers should see the ninepenny *Report on Rural Water Supplies*, issued by the Ministry of Health (H.M. Stationery Office). Among other things it has useful data on rain water tanks.

'My Six Years' Farming and What it has taught me'.—
In our next issue this instructive series of articles will be completed with the Michaelmas balance sheet.

Our Readers' Motoring Tales

I WAS waiting on Sunday morning at the foot of Ballinacorney hill on the western slope of the Wicklow mountains to test a hill for a forthcoming hill-climb of the Irish Automobile Club. The country people were leaving chapel by pony cart, ass cart and on foot, and we were to wait till the hill—about a mile and a half long—was clear. The Protestant Church service was just commencing and the parson, who knew our errand and the cause of our waiting, invited us into the church. 'Sure,' said he, 'you will spend the time to advantage if you come in to the service—and you need not stay for the sermon'. I accepted. Who could resist such courtesy?

I was short of a passenger to make the full load to test the hill. An old man, of about the weight I wanted, had stood and looked at the car and remarked, 'Sor, that wan's a foine yoke'. I asked him if he was for the hill. He agreed that he was. I asked him if he would take a seat. He looked longingly at the car and, after a few moments of thought, answered: 'Ah, now, Sor, I'll not be riding in her. It would put me out of consait wid me ass.'

Away in the bog land up in the hills, I stopped for a drink of milk. The elderly son of the peasant woman was sunning himself in the glorious mountain air. I made some remark of a friendly kind but there was but a curious smirk and a vacant expression. The woman saw the overture and whispered 'Och! Sor. Don't be offended. Sure he's dark within.'

I had a Cockney chauffeur who, when we happened to be slowed up behind a herd of cows one day philosophized on the extreme personal slovenliness of cows, at any rate as far as their rear elevation was concerned. 'Why doesn't some one groom 'em or put the 'ose on them?' he asked. After a long pause, 'It's a marvel ter me that the dirt don't get through to the milk'. Another long pause, 'Nature's a marvellous thing!'

How to Keep Footpaths Open.—By the Secretary of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society

ONE of the best ways of keeping public footpaths open is to use them. No public highway ('highway' includes footpaths, driftways and bridleways, as well as carriage roads) can ever cease to be a highway in law, except under statutory authority or by order of quarter sessions. But many country byways cease to be public because the public ceases to use them and they become overgrown, the stiles are neglected, the line of the paths is forgotten. Centres of population inevitably shift, new roads are made, and the old paths are perhaps not needed by agricultural labourers; but for pleasure, for health, and for quiet walks away from motor routes, they are daily becoming more valuable, and the public should see to it that they do not allow their rights to be lost. Local authorities can do much to protect these rights of way. First, parish councils have a statutory right to repair any public footpaths in the parish except those by the side of public roads. 'Repair' includes such things as clearing away weeds and undergrowth, making muddy places passable, repairing footbridges and defective stiles, and generally keeping the path, as one of the old legal decisions put it, not 'in a better condition than it has been time out of mind, but as it has usually been at the best.' But this power to repair does not extend to altering the character of a path, as for instance by substituting a bridge for stepping stones or by converting into a metalled way a path subject to a right to plough. Parish councils can also do much by perambulating public footpaths occasionally and making surveys and maps of all reputed public ways. Every parish council should indeed see to it that the ancient Rogationtide custom of 'beating the bounds' is applied to public paths. If a public right of way becomes difficult to use from lack of attention, public opinion should be brought to bear in the first place on the parish council. Anything which makes passage along

a right of way appreciably more difficult than in the past is an illegal obstruction. Thus it is an obstruction to lock gates, to 'bush-up' stiles or plough up a path which has not been ploughed for many years. To heighten a stile on a public way in such a manner as to inconvenience the public is also to obstruct the path. A special kind of obstruction is that created by barbed wire, and for this there is a special remedy, since the Barbed Wire Act, 1893, makes it an offence which may be dealt with summarily at the instance of the highway authority to place barbed wire at the side of any public way so that it may be injurious to persons or animals lawfully using that way.

District Councils are by statute charged with the duty of preventing the stoppage or obstruction of all public rights of way (whether in their district or in an adjoining district) when the stoppage or obstruction would injure the inhabitants of the district; and they can take summary proceedings under section 72 of the Highway Act, 1835, against anyone who so obstructs, or can remove the obstruction and charge him with the cost. This power and duty is not disturbed by the new Local Government Act. When expert advice is needed about footpaths, by local authority, landowner or member of the public, it is the object of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society to give it.



'FACTS.'—A correspondent with wide practical knowledge of agriculture, and holding a responsible position, writes to us: 'I find a difficulty in reconciling the following facts with some tales of general agricultural disaster. A farmer well known to me is engaged in mixed farming in the Midlands with no advantage of vicinity to a town or otherwise (certainly not of education) that I can hear of. Within the past six years he has bought his farm, done a good deal of re-conditioning of buildings and cottages, has paid off his mortgage and is now engaged in building which will cost £1,000. He lives very simply and works very hard.'

The Country for Swimming.—By the Author
of *Several Books on Swimming*

THE river is the home of English swimming. Everybody recalls the reference in 'Piers Plowman.' To swim between grassy banks, hanging trees, in cool green water, through quivering patches of shade and sunshine brings one very near Elysium. The freshwater swimmer in river, pond or lake should aim at this all-round excellence. Breast-stroke will be the beginning—the most valuable of all strokes, since it alone permits the head to be held constantly clear of the surface. Do not be beguiled into the modern vogue of sinking the nose and mouth, for though you gain speed you will lose pleasure. Then continue with dog-paddling—that simple crawling stroke which is ideal for carrying you clear of weeds. Beyond that there is the back-stroke, needed for life-saving; the side-stroke and overarm unsurpassed for grace; the gay, ranging trudgeon, with both arms flinging round in the air; and lastly the beautiful ease and rhythm of the present-day crawl-stroke. But all that is merely the beginning. There are life-saving releases and rescue to be learnt, there is a wide and most fascinating field of fancy swimming. Diving too—it was the necessity for clearing fringes of rushes which lined the banks of streams which taught men to take running headers. These headers should be among your first cares. There are few things more delightful than to run a dozen yards over close-cropped turf; to launch oneself vigorously upward into the air and, with flattened body and straightened limbs, to plunge cleanly into the water, leaving scarcely a splash to mark the entry.—S.G.H. (*We know a village where the schoolmaster, by teaching his scholars to swim, has improved not only their physical health and their cleanliness, but their morale.*—EDITOR.)



SIR HUGH BEEVOR has had 26-year-old *Catalpa speciosa* in abundant flower—a brave sight.

Other Peoples' Countrysides*The Greek Islands—Perugia—Aleppo*

'WE had a wonderful time in the Greek Islands', writes a reader. 'Walked among olive groves with peasants thrashing the fruit down for their children to pick up and put into sacks, frogs croaking like ducks in the ditches—the true Aristophanic Brekekekex-koax-koax—sheets of crimson anemones, black bees with blue wings drinking at asphodel, a nightingale singing in a bush below and a golden eagle swinging in the sky above. And at Constantinople, snow on a north-easter.'

EVERYWHERE that Mary went the lamb was sure to go. But Mary had no notion of making the most of her pet. Whereas an inhabitant of Aleppo, according to Mr. M. H. Ellis, in 'Express to Hindustan', 'takes his pet lamb and dyes its fat tail magenta and its ears green or paints a crimson band round its heart or gives it an orange muzzle, after which it is deemed fit to mingle (on the end of a lead) with the gay human medley in the streets. Every afternoon you may see fifty inhabitants strolling with their mutttons'.

'FROM the window of our room', writes a subscriber from Perugia in June, 'we get the most magnificent view over the Umbrian hills. But it is the colour that is so wonderful, a sort of green like shades of moss or velvet, endless green fields with rows of quaint bunchy little trees going up and down the hills. One seems to see so very far. At 5.30 a.m. a silver green mist over all!'

PRESIDENT HOOVER has been getting up to 1,800 acres of crops from his 1,213 acre-farm in California which he has had for nine years. Cotton followed by potatoes cover most ground, but there are 70 acres of apricots, 130 of peaches, and 435 of grapes.



AN IDEA.—I am going to ask our Women's Institute to have a loose cover for THE COUNTRYMAN so that it can be conveniently lent.—*M.S.W., Wotton-under-Edge.*

Electricity in the Country*Light, Wireless and Gramophones*

AT an agricultural show I have just been to, I did not see a single electric light plant. There seems to be something wrong about that. Electric light is no more expensive than oil and a great deal more convenient. The idea that an electric machine requires a lot of skilled attention is quite exploded. In any case most of the people who make it have an expert who calls around every so often to see that all is going well. The modern electric plants take up considerably less time than trimming lamps. A few switches around the sheds save a deal of fumbling on a winter morning and a hand lamp on a long wire is much cleaner and more convenient than a rusty old storm lamp.

The nearest I got to electricity at the show was a stall selling portable wireless sets. The young fellow told a valiant story about how many foreign stations the sets would receive, but the thing to remember is that while no doubt all these stations could be heard, half of them would not be worth listening to; after all what one wants is loud, clear tone. The sets on the stall could only be refilled with a special size of dry battery, which had to be ordered beforehand; and the accumulator did not look as if it would last more than a week at the most without having to be sent to be filled up again. There are not many places in the country that have not plenty of room for a decent-sized aerial and a wireless set which can use big enough batteries to last some time. The trouble is to know what is good and up to date. One hears so many tales by the local wiseacres, who do not know any more about it than other folk, except for what they find in the catalogues that they get from London. Kolster Brandes make some excellent and cheap sets. A low price is a temptation, and one likes to be able to give work to someone in the neighbourhood, but it is a good thing to see that one is getting something serviceable. If it is necessary

to have a portable—and it was a great pleasure to a friend lately to be able to lend his to a sick farm-worker—the two best at a reasonable price are those made by the General Electric Co., at 23 guineas, and the Burndept at 25 guineas. The Burndept is very selective in its action, when it comes to tuning out a strong nearby station in order to get a distant one, and is particularly clear on voices. Both can be got on an easy system of instalments. Some of the 16 and 17 guinea sets that are about are made more to sell than to use.

It will be possible this autumn to buy a combined radio set and gramophone for under £35 and a good job at that. Speaking of combinations, do not forget the Philips receiver for A.C. mains.

Recently I passed a village public house outside which a small company, including two tramps, were listening to the publican's wireless playing—Brahms!

It is worth remembering that in an emergency a wireless battery can be recharged from a car if it is done the right way. If it is of two or four volts any car battery will do, but if it is a six-volt wireless battery, the car battery will have to be a 12 volt one. Connect up the plus terminal of the car battery to the plus side or red terminal of the wireless battery, and the minus terminal of the car battery to one wire of one of those little inspection lamps they sell nowadays; the other wire of the lamp is to be connected to the black terminal of the wireless battery so that the current from the car battery flows through the lamp into the wireless battery. The lamp should only glow faintly.—EXPERIMENTER



THE recent correspondence about 'Lorna Doone' is a reminder that Blackmore once told a reader of THE COUNTRYMAN that all the profits he made out of his books he lost in his market gardening. 'Perhaps,' added our informant, 'he was too kind to old trees, for he used to say—a hit at Gladstone whom he detested—that no gentleman ever cut down a tree. I think he repeated it in one of his books in which the heroine's father is an ardent garden lover.'

A Riddle of Red Admirals

EVERY October comes round for solving one of the puzzles of the insect world—the end of the life cycle of the red admiral butterfly. Although this is one of the commonest of our garden and hedgerow butterflies, it is not resident with us during the whole year; it does not hibernate or sleep through the winter, as do its cousins the peacocks and tortoiseshells. Red admirals arrive from the Continent in May and June—my earliest note is of an arrival on May 5th of this year—and spread northwards through the country. The mated female lays her eggs in nettle, and the perfect insect appears on the wing in August; then these August butterflies mate in the same way, so that another brood appears on the wing in September or October. And then what happens? You may see red admirals on the phloxes and Michaelmas daisies in October which have evidently only just emerged from the chrysalis. I have watched red admirals flying up to the last day of October, and though I have never personally seen one on the wing in November, I know that other people have done so. But in any case, there comes a late autumn day when every red admiral has disappeared. And what becomes of them? I do not know, and I know no one else who knows for certain. I imagine that they creep into some odd corner and sleep, but I have never found one, though I have found hundreds of hibernating peacocks and tortoiseshells. But if they sleep they certainly die, for they do not emerge from their sleeping place in spring. Why should their life cycle end in this way, so differently from that of their nearest relations, who resemble them so closely in structure, and apparently in strength? That is the riddle.—E.P.



WHERE TO LOOK.—‘In our opinion, the best parts of England in which to look for a farm are Herts, Surrey, Kent, Bucks, and Essex, say anywhere within a radius of 40 or 50 miles of London.’—*Scottish Farmer*

Tail Corn

A FARMER from a neighbouring county who called on us had, during the morning, by means of a simple adjustment on the car he was driving, cut 38 acres of hay.

A GREAT Englishman writes to us: 'This number of THE COUNTRYMAN is almost more like England than ever. The articles seem to me high statesmanship.' While thus vicariously patting ourselves on the back why should we not mention that one of the last acts of the Minister of Agriculture in the late Cabinet was to write to tell us that he had been a reader since the first number and had 'much appreciated' our efforts to 'promote sound views on agricultural questions'? Several other members of the late Government are also readers. In the present Government there are half a dozen, and Mr. Lloyd George and other members of the Liberal front bench are subscribers.

How far does a poultry farmer walk in a day? 'On July 26 the foreman carried a pedometer. He removed the instrument when engaged in more or less stationary occupations, as during work in the sheds. Between 7.30 a.m. and 9.30 p.m. (shutting-down time) the instrument registered 14 miles, 1,480 yards. His average rate of walking is 3 miles per hour compared with the $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ rate of the ordinary agricultural labourer.' The extract is from another of those useful efficiency investigations of Mr. W. R. Dunlop of the Oxford Agricultural Economics Research Institute.

THE EDITOR has been asked to give half a dozen talks from 2 L.O. on 'Our Great Grandfathers' Countryside', that is, the countryside in the eighteen forties or thereabouts. He had thought of dividing the series into: 1. How it Looked then.—2. How the Better-off Lived.—3. How the Farmer Lived.—4. How the Labourer Lived.—5. How Preachers and Teachers Lived.—6. How Women Lived. As the material for such chats is extensive and it is easy to overlook valuable sources, he would welcome suggestions.

HEAL'S

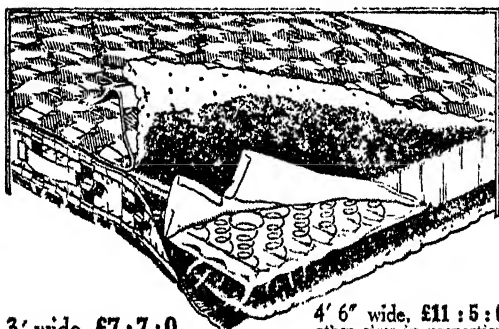
NEW 'HAIRSPRING'

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A Farmer's Notebook

THE COMBINE.—I am told that Clayton's are building 250 combines for the Argentine next year and that a trial lot of Rushton tractors has been shipped to Russia.

FARMERS' WILLS.—The 'Land Worker' has long amused its readers by printing each month a list of the sums left by a dozen or more farmers whose wills have been proved during the previous four weeks, with, above the table, some woeful statement on the financial results of farming published within that time. It now asserts, in its July issue, that, since October, 1925, it has listed 1,007 deceased agriculturists, that none of them died worth less than £8,000, and that the grand total of their estates was £20,339,396, or an average of £20,000. It would be well worth knowing what proportion of the 1,007 did a bit of dealing, valuing, etc.

THE SEQUEL.—I heard a landowner say the other day : ' A tenant of mine's wanting me to lower his rent, but now he's de-rated I don't know why I should and I won't '.

ASKING FOR THE RENT TO BE RAISED—With reference to the cartoon in a recent number I know of two cases in which people have asked that their rent should be raised. The first was an old woman who lived in a cottage of my father's in the Midlands. When she came one day to pay her rent, she stuck down something extra (at about the rate of £2 per annum more). She said she did not consider her rent was sufficient so was raising it. My father pointed out that he was the person to raise the rent, but she got quite annoyed. Finally, I think he had to take part. The other case occurred about a year ago. A farmer (a Scotsman), who rented some fields of my aunt's, came to her and said he thought he ought to tell her that if they were offered openly she could probably get £15 more and he was willing to pay that. She did not agree, but I think it showed a beautiful sense of chivalry, as she had just been left a widow.

METHODS OF FARMING.—I. ' I attend several markets a week. '—*A farmer correspondent of the ' Times '*

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GREAT as was the success of the 1929 10 h.p. Swift, the 1930 model will be universally accepted as the finest car ever built by the Pioneers of the British Light Car Industry.

Its graceful new radiator will harmonise better with the excellent lines of the coachwork, while other chassis modifications will each contribute their quota to the improvement of its performance and the luxurious comfort of the passengers.

Make a point of seeing the 1930 10 h.p. Swift at the Olympia Motor Show, October 17th to 26th.

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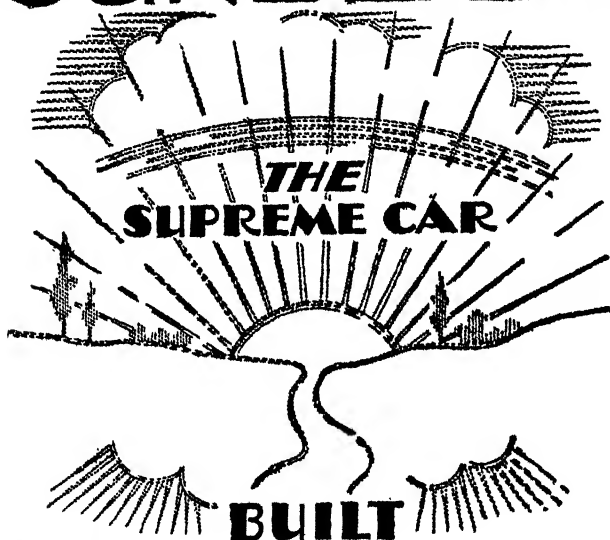
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Local Government and Administration*How to Bring Down the Cost of Building*

WE are always hoping to hear of District Councils, and possibly County Councils, bringing down the cost of cottages by putting their heads together and doing their building in co-operation. The plan of a few cottages being built here by one district surveyor and one little builder, and a few more there by another district surveyor and another little builder, is preposterous. It means unduly high prices, it means imperfect planning, it means graceless looks. If a few Councils clubbed together they could afford to take advice which would give them at once the best building, the best looks and the best accommodation, and all at a moderate cost per cottage. That there is room for economy was shown by a statement of a retired builder at the Rural District Councils Association conference. Before the War, he said, 'builders were content with 15 per cent. ; now they want double'. He was chairman of a housing committee which had built 300 cottages. Some readers may be surprised to learn the rate at which the system of doing their own building is being adopted by local authorities. In 1907 the value of such work was £18½ millions ; in 1924 it was close on £56 millions. In the matter of dwellings, authorities' direct work represented 8 per cent. The savings made by such places as Manchester, Bradford, Newmarket, Bangor, Hull and Newbury by direct building are given in 'Direct Building' (a shilling brochure recently issued by the Labour Research Department), which also explains the difficulties in regard to plant and organization.

Undoubtedly, the best thing the Government can do in its Rural Housing Scheme is to work out a system by which plans, architecturally admirable, can be standardised and materials can be bought for many areas at a time, so reducing costs.

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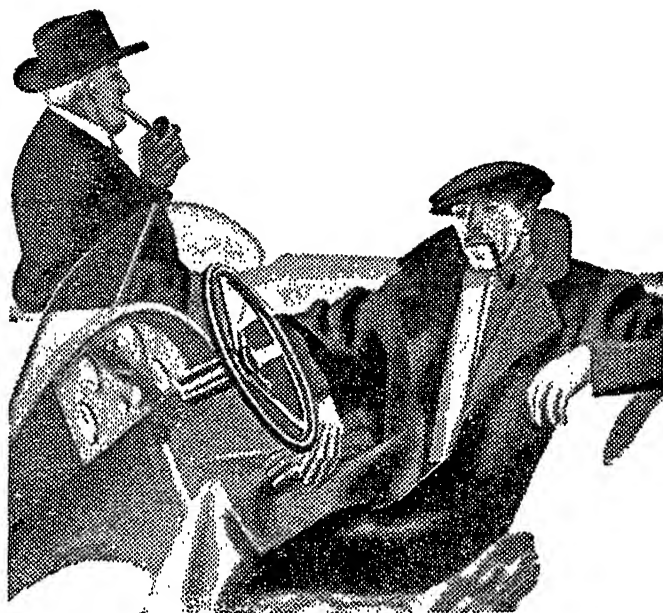
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Farmers and Woodpigeons

WHAT should a farmer do with woodpigeons? It is a simple question, and the answer may be simple too, but I doubt whether all of us could give it. 'The woodpigeon destroys the farmer's crops, and therefore should himself be destroyed'—that is a statement of fact and a logical conclusion, but there are other facts, and there can be more than one conclusion. The first point to notice is that there are two classes of pigeons, resident and migrant; and that it is the migrant woodpigeons and stock doves which come to this country from the Continent in autumn and spring that do the chief damage on the farm. And though it is not possible to claim that the resident woodpigeons do no harm—for too many of them cram their crops with grains of wheat from the standing stooks—it is certainly true that it is the foreign pigeons which eat green fields brown in winter. Also it is true that the resident pigeon in the spring—like that other creature detested by the fruit farmer, the wasp—consumes large quantities of grubs and caterpillars. If we then remember that a woodpigeon's diet also consists of seeds and snails, for there is a record of a single crop containing 1,240 green seed pods of *Veronica buxbaumii*, and another containing 13 shells of *Helix caperata*, we shall begin to realize that the resident woodpigeon mixes benefactions with his evil doing. That cannot be said of the foreigner, and it is against the foreign hordes that the farmer should direct his attention. He will not, however, greatly thin their numbers by shooting, and I am not at all sure that the more economical method of scaring the invaders is not the old-fashioned way of the boy with clappers.

But there can be little doubt that what he should refrain from doing, in any case, is shooting the single bird late in the season, say in March or April. Almost certainly such a bird is a resident pigeon with a mate, both of whom for the next three months will be the farmer's friends.—E.P



Road Sense

"The best part of motoring is when you stop."
 "Agreed, when there's a quiet pipe of Three Nuns to be enjoyed in a spot like this." "What a tobacco! Cool, unruffled, slow-burning—the very antidote to hustle!"

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Poultry*43 Per Cent. from Hens*

POUULTRY-KEEPING figures are no use if they do not extend over a considerable series of years. In the last volume of that remarkably meaty annual, the 'Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society', an unexceptionable authority, Dr. A. G. Ruston, gives fourteen years' figures from a Yorkshire agriculturist's poultry department. The total capital invested is now £1,542, but practically all of it has been built up out of profits following a 1913 investment of £7. The profits for the last year recorded were £667. The return for the fourteen years has been 39, 75, 91, 70, 129, 164, 102, 90, 91, 38, 37, 27, 19 and 43 per cent. As no one can keep poultry so profitably as the farmer—or to use an old phrase from the Editor's out of print pre-War 'Poultry Farming, Some Facts and Some Conclusions', 'the intelligent farmer's intelligent daughter'—the fact that our cultivated land carries no more than 118 head of poultry per 100 acres to Denmark's 200 cannot be too often stressed. Needless to say, it is nonsense to suggest, as has been done, that we can substitute home-produced eggs and poultry for the whole £22 millions worth imported yearly. Most of these birds and eggs meet the needs of households, restaurants and factories which must have a low-priced article. But there is unquestionably room at the top among the best quality produce.

'It is of the essence of the best type of countryman that he isn't widely known', a Statesman once said to the Editor. Problem, therefore, how to reach this type of countryman (not to speak of his wife and daughter and sister) with a specimen copy of our COUNTRYMAN?

Our well-wishers will readily understand that there is no way in which they can help us so much as by keeping on sending us the addresses of people who would be likely to become subscribers.



**Get out of that chair,
Kenneth, and let your
Father sit down.**

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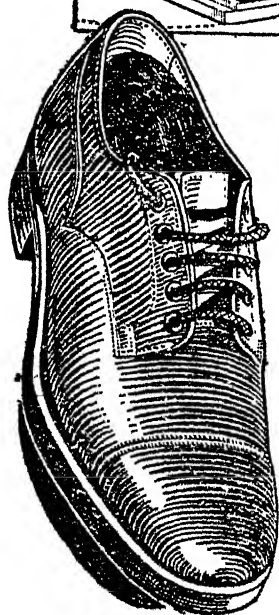
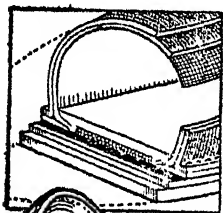
The Planting Season.—I. Facts about Fruit Growing

FROM next month until March it is possible to plant fruit, so this is just the time to get some trustworthy information on the subject. It will be found, briefly, in a paper read by a well-known Essex fruit grower, Mr. W. P. Seabrook, before the Farmers' Club in the Spring (2s. 6d. to non-members), and at greater length, but most cogently, in an excellent book, the entirely re-written 'Modern Fruit Growing' of the same author which Benn's have just published (pp. 278, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$, 58 illus., 6s.). He does not hesitate to say that 'one of the very few agricultural products of this country which are capable of making large profits, both now and in the future, is fruit'. For many years his firm has even been exporting apples to South Africa and the Argentine. He says that 'we could easily produce every apple needed until Christmas, and with cold storage'—costing about a shilling a bushel for six months—'carry on regular supplies until the Australian apples come in April'. 'Counties near London can get their apples on the market at a cost of 4d. per bushel.' Fruit land in Canada and the United States is much dearer than in this country. Mr. Seabrook is not an advocate of dear land for fruit-growing nor of seeking land in fruit-growing districts where values are naturally inflated. 'One can find most suitable spots in every county south of Lancashire and Yorkshire'; excellent land can 'be got in the eastern counties for £20 per acre including house and buildings'. He likes light land, and buying not renting it. One of the most important points he makes is that no more than a quarter of a grower's success is due to growing; the other three quarters is due to skill in packing, grading and marketing. *Verb. sap.* Mr. Seabrook writes on the strength of his father's half-century of experience and his own quarter of a century. 'Mass production of a large bulk of few varieties at the lowest possible cost and of the highest possible grade must be',

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he says, 'the aim of every intending planter'. Many a man who has read a good deal about fruit-growing will be surprised by some of the author's decided views but be none the less impressed by the fact that he writes on the basis not of speculation but of practical knowledge. He is particularly interesting on results from bushes and cordons. In 1926 a man who in 1923 planted cordons—6,000 one-year-old Cox and 900 Grieve—sold £447 worth of Cox and £46 worth of Grieve, besides what his household ate and gave away. Cordons cost £70 per 1,000, wire netting, straining, wire and stakes—'rabbits will travel miles to nibble bark on a frosty night'—£9 os. 6d., supports (iron stakes, straining wire, bamboo canes, etc.) £36 16s., labour £21 and mulching £3, total £279 16s. 6d. The yearly cost per acre of 200 bush apples, tenth year onwards, assuming cost of establishing has been defrayed by interplanted soft fruits, would be : Rent £2, pruning £2 10s., spraying £12 10s., one ploughing and three cultivations 15s., brushing grass £1, thinning £1 17s. 6d., picking £2 10s., carting 10s., packing and carriage £15, manure, £2, total £40 12s. 6d. Average receipts per acre yearly for seven years (1919-25) from bush apples, planted 1907, were : King Pippin (262 bushels) £99, Newton Wonder (230 bushels) £92 6s., Quarrenden (173 bushels) £74 14s., Bismarck (436 bushels) £135 8s. 4d., Worcester Pearmain—'if we were confined to one apple we should choose this variety'—(433 bushels) £133, Cox (81 bushels) £75. For fruit-growing one needs 'roughly at least £50 per acre capital after the land has been purchased ; if a further £25 is available in the event of delayed crops so much the better'.

2. *A Border of Trees*

IN THE COUNTRYMAN for January it was explained how an odd corner of, say, an acre could be made into a pleasant wood for £10. To a correspondent whose corner is damp this suggestion is offered : One would omit Beech and Oak and Sycamore and use Scots Fir, Spruce, Poplar, Willow,

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Birch, and Alder. Of course, it may be that your patch would make less of a little wood than a border. In this case

you would go in for a mixture of forest and ornamental trees. If we reckon the trees four feet apart and the lines four feet apart and the margins six feet on either side we have a width of 32 feet. In the accompanying table the dots represent Spruce or Scots Fir to be cut out as Cupressus ('Cup') needs room. In line six a golden or green box between the flowering plants might look well. You may reckon about 3s. 6d. per tree apart from the Spruce and Scots Fir. Li stands for Lilac in variety, D for Deutzia, Ph for Philadelphus, V for Viburnum sterilis, St for Staphylea colchica, O for Oleria haasti, H for Hupericum elatum, Sp for Spirea in variety, Cup for Cupressus assorted, Lab for Laburnum, Pp for Prunus Pissardi, Dc for Double Flowering Cherry, Ma for Mountain Ash, Bc for Bird Cherry, Th for thorns in variety and Cr for Crab Apples.

3. *Trees do Pay*

IT is a satisfaction to find Mr. W. E. Hiley, Lecturer in Forestry Economics at the Oxford Imperial Forestry Institute, in a position to wind up his article in 'Forestry' (Oxford University Press) on the cost of the production of timber in Britain, with the statement that his calculations—set out in his *A SHELTER BELT* article—are 'distinctly encouraging' to planters: 4 per cent., very nearly free of income-tax.

ENO IN THE MORNING!



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In thousands of sunny healthy homes you'll always find a bottle of Eno's "Fruit Salt." *Wise people wouldn't be without it.* For they know that laziness, sulkiness, headaches, irritability, all come from a system which does not do its duty conscientiously or to time. Eno supplies just that help which Nature needs—gently and safely. Eno is so mild you can give it to any child—and children love its pleasant sparkling taste. *Eno has been known and approved by doctors for sixty years!* Take Eno—first thing every morning. You can buy a bottle at any chemist's, 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6.

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Country Counsel

GARDENER 'MAN SERVANTS'.—A few weeks ago I had a visit from a police constable, who looks after our village and two or three others, with instructions from his superintendent to ask me if I were paying duty on my 'man servant'. This surprising inquiry from the policeman had reference to the agricultural labourer who does some rough gardening for me, looks after the hens, chops sticks, runs errands, and is never in the house except when he brings in wood or attends to the furnace. I told the constable that I had been employing such a 'man servant' years out of knowledge, but that if I were liable I should be only too pleased to pay. I have paid 15s. But I have now had a request from the county accountant to pay another 15s. as 'mitigated penalty'. That, also, I have sent by return of post. Surely there must be thousands of people up and down the country in the same state of civil sin as I am in or can it be that police constable and county accountant are wrong? Of course, I quite understand that Mr. Hardcastle who, when he had visitors, dressed up his outdoor men for indoor service, ought to have paid duty. But how about me?—*Subscriber*. [This is a point about which lots of people are in error. If you look at the licence form you will see man servants defined as all sorts of personal servants that is, gardeners, etc. A neighbour pays on four gardeners and you must certainly pay on yours.—*EDITOR*]

J.P.'s AND CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.—My views on conscientious objectors to vaccination are neither here nor there. Do you know whether I am allowed to cross-examine applicants?—*J.P.*

[Home Secretary Henderson ruled (1924): 'The function of a Justice in this matter—like the function of a Commissioner for Oaths—is merely to take a decision. He has no duty under the Statute to inquire into the grounds, nor is he authorised to do so.' Home Secretary Joynson Hicks said (1926): 'I agree with my predecessor'.—*EDITOR*]

A BACHELOR'S DEN

*The following exquisite quotation is taken from
"My Lady Nicotine" by Sir J. M. Barrie.*

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy, on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture.

Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others.

No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia.

I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

Sir J. M. BARRIE says . . . "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other."

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Health and the Open Air*Swedish Hard Bread**

THE Swedish 'hard bread' that some of us have become so fond of cannot be made at home, a subscriber in Sweden explains. 'Even the Swedish housewives don't attempt that as it needs special machines and specially trained workmen. Such of the English versions of the Swedish hard bread as I saw in England seemed to be modified with a good deal of wheat flour to suit English taste. The English firms making it imported bakers and machines from Sweden. What puzzles me is your sudden enthusiasm for rye. Is it less starchy than good brown bread made of good wholemeal, well baked? I find half wholemeal and half good flour makes excellent bread. Here there is a boon for hard bread made entirely from wheat flour! At first it was rather good, a little like toast, but now, when all the firms are making it, it is not very good, a little like bad cheap biscuits without the sugar.'

'I know nothing about nacktkultur', writes a reader 'but in the warm weather, I slept out on the ground in the orchard for several nights; also from time to time during the day I spent an hour or two naked on the ground within the privacy of a wicker shelter, to read my newspapers and reviews, and, even when there was no sunshine, I felt no chilliness but rather an improved sense of well-being'.

DR. HAVELOCK ELLIS, in a wise preface to the English edition (with twenty illustrations) of Dr. Parmelee's *Nudity in Modern Life* (Noel Douglas, pp. 316, 5½ × 8½, 12s. 6d.), with which we have already dealt in our January issue, says that 'even for readers who while feeling compelled to acknowledge the author's facts cannot at once accept all his deductions, this volume can scarcely fail to prove full of interest and suggestions'.

*April, 1929: Taking off One's Clothes, by A Magistrate. July: Nacktkultur, by a Medical Man.



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Country Books of the Quarter

A SHORT GUIDE TO THE BEST READING

WE forget how much it was that Mark Pattison said a gentleman ought to spend in a year on books. One thing is sure, the man who is interested in farming can assemble a library at a modest outlay. The country book of the month, Christopher Turnor's *Land: Agriculture and National Economy* (Lane, pp. 96, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$) is only a shilling, and a little more money will buy:

Four Years' Farming in East Anglia, 1923-7, Carslaw (Heffer, pp. 135, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$, 3s.), Cambridge Department of Agriculture.

Economical and Financial Results on Five Dairy Farms, 1924-7, Thomas and Blagburn (pp. 36, $6 \times 9\frac{3}{4}$, 1s.), Reading University.

Milk Production: Five Years' Costs and Financial Results, Wyllie (pp. 51, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$, 2s.), Wye College.

Progress in English Farming Systems—Milk Production, Prewett (Clarendon Press, pp. 21, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$, 1s. 6d.), Agricultural Economics Research Institute.

Hertfordshire Agricultural Situation: Can it be improved? (Benn, pp. 47, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$, 2s.) Rothamsted Conferences.

while a valuable Cambridge department of agriculture's *Sugar* report on a hundred farms' results in growing sugar beet, *Beet in the Eastern Counties* (C. Burgess & L.L. Rogers) costs no more than half a crown (Heffer, paper pp. 82, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$) and the *Economics of Sugar Beet Growing: Three Years' Yorkshire Records* (Leeds University Agricultural Department, pp. 56, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$), 9d. only. We have also excellent sugar beet pamphlets from Harper Adams, and the *Journal of the National Institute of Agricultural Botany*, which is the price of THE COUNTRYMAN.—*Land* is a plea for occupying ownership. On that there are differences of opinion. But there can be none on the wide knowledge and experience, the hard thinking and the consistent disinterestedness on which this stimulating and timely brochure is based. It is full of arresting statements. Here are extracts at random:

The land purchase machinery (long term loan) is not well devised and will not appeal to the farmer; the short-term credit system, though on sounder lines, still leaves much to be desired.

ENGLISH SCENES AND BIRDS

H. W. TIMPERLEY

'is a book first to be dipped into when one is on holiday, and then to be re-read without hurry on winter evenings. . . . The essays are concerned chiefly with scenes and birds of the western Shires, and their author has succeeded—here is surely a strong recommendation for discriminating readers—in putting into a delicate and musical prose much of the magic of Shropshire springs which Mr. A. E. Housman captured for all time in his poetry.' *Spectator*

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Manchester Guardian

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JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE

Ex-servicemen on the land have been reasonably successful.

The remarkable results of agricultural organization in Germany are due, not to State action, but to voluntary action.

A fundamental mistake has been made by the National Farmers' Union, particularly at headquarters, in devoting too much time to the political side, too little to the direct organization of the industry.

We shall return to this patriotic author who concludes with characteristic common sense: 'Even were Protection possible, the reforms and developments I have advocated'—there are sixteen of them!—'would be just as necessary'. With regard to the four publications from Cambridge, Reading, Oxford, and Rothamsted, we are reluctantly compelled, in an issue in which so much space is given to agricultural discussion, to content ourselves merely with noting their uncommon quality and their real value in laying the foundations of sounder thinking.—*The Crop-Growers' Companion*, by John Porter (Garney & Jackson, pp. 463, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$, 8s. 6d.) is a new thing well done by a competent man.—By getting advertisements, the Ministry of Agriculture has been able to produce for 6d. (H.M. Stationery Office) the fourth part (221 pages and 39 illustrations) of *Markets and Fairs*, dealing this time with Eastern and Southern markets, and for half a crown H. C. Long's particularly serviceable *Weeds of Arable Land* (139 pages and 101 illustrations.).—The ninth volume of the *Pig Breeders' Annual* (N.P.B.A., 92 Gower Street), which starts with a lucid article by Mr. J. Hammond, of the Cambridge School of Agriculture, on fertility, is excellent.—We find in Mr. Gill's noteworthy half-crown *Essex County Farmers' Union Year Book*, a fine portrait of the Hon. Edward Strutt and a statement by Sir Rowland Biffen that rust costs the world £100 millions a year.—Edwin R. A. Seligman, a well-known American economist, comes to the conclusion in his *Economics of Farm Relief* (Humphrey Milford, pp. 320, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$, 15s.), that 'the Government can provide no panacea', but a Government Farm Board, 'in removing obstacles, affording opportunities, equalizing conditions and taking emergency action can do its share' etc.

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And the cabbages, the fat stupid cabbages spread
 Their vacant features in a sleep they have not earned,
 Dreaming again of the white butterflies who had said
 Such faithful things last summer, and never returned,

is by Rupert Croft-Cooke—he calls himself ‘a very young man’—in verses called ‘Kitchen Garden’ in *Some Poems* (Galleon Press, pp. 77, $5\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$, 7s. 6d.).

If there were a rural Order in this country Rosalie E. Bosanquet should have it for a painstakingly-edited and pleasantly-produced collection of significant local lore, got together with the help of the members and men friends of the Cambo Women’s Institute, *In the Troublesome Times* (Northumberland Press, Newcastle-on-Tyne, pp. 198, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$, 2s. 6d.). Cambo is in Northumberland in the Trevelyan country and gave birth to Capability Brown. A narrative of old-world life which Mrs. Haldane, the mother of Lord Haldane, wrote with her own hand when she was 98 is striking. We of the Cotswolds are interested to learn that in Northumberland stone slates used to be pegged on with sheep bones.—Readers who have relished ‘The Grave-Digger’s Diary’ must make a note of the *Diary of the Rev. William Jones, 1777-1821*, edited by O. F. Christie, his grandson (Brentano, pp. 299, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{3}{4}$, 21s.), and *Old Sussex and her Diarists*, written by A. J. Rees (Lane, pp. 164, illus., $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$, 6s.). The Hertfordshire parson’s naïve account of his troubles with his wife, his parishioners and himself, and the faithful picture he gives of the rude times in which he tried to do his duty make the diary unusual. One anecdote only. In a parish where the preacher was chosen by election, a hackney coach bore a bill, ‘Foster and Jesus Christ’! *Old Sussex* is much given to eating, but there are other matters. ‘I had brought mee from London’, says a diarist of 1657, ‘an apricock tree, 1s. 8d., two Kentish peppins, 2s. 4d., two Flanders cherries, 2s. 6d., 26 roots of Provence roses, 5s. 6d.’—In a format of distinction the Cambridge University Press has published a desirable edition of Arthur Young’s *Travels in France* (pp. 479, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$,

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12s. 6d.), edited skilfully by Constantia Maxwell, author of the well-known 'selection' from *A Tour in Ireland*. In fifty pages of introduction the editor furnishes a useful summary of this remarkable work, a translation of which the French Government distributed to 20,000 communes.—Among ecclesiastical books which are not a weariness to the spirit must be included the sprightly and informing *English Parish Church* by E. A. Greening Lamborn (Clarendon Press, pp. 160, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, 3s. 6d.) with 80 or more serviceable illustrations. 'Near this place lie several of the Sanderses; the Last Day will disclose the particulars' was an epitaph worth saving, and it is useful knowledge that Leominster church has its ducking stool, Barlow its dog whip and Clodock its tongs for catching dogs; and that at Howden there is a parish coffin, while the great fighting helmet of Sir William Barentine at Haseley may be worth £1,000. The earliest inscription in English is at Brightwell Baldwin in our own county, the year being 1390.—Many visitors to churches must have been puzzled by a primitive form of sundial consisting of a few lines cut directly on the stone. In *Scratch Dials, their Description and History* (Simpkin Marshall, pp. 63, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 6$, 2s. 6d.), Dom Ethelbert Horne, who published twenty-two years ago *Primitive Sundials*, is learned, with the aid of sixteen plates, on sundials which are Saxon and scratch dials which came over with the Normans.—*Old Cottages and Farm Houses of Norfolk* by Claude J. W. Messent, A.R.I.B.A. (H. W. Hunt, 14 Orford Hill, Norwich, pp. 248, $7\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$, 10s.), three-quarters of it pen and ink sketches by the author, is a work not only of local patriotism but of practical worth. In Norfolk the building materials include clay lump, carstone (a gingerbread-coloured sand-stone), clunch (hard chalk), wattle and daub and half-timber and weather-boarding.—*The Week-End Book* (Nonesuch Press, $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$, 6s.), five years ago 332 pages, is now 516, and, after about a score of impressions and two enlargements, is to be had in a new and illustrated edition of which 27,000 copies have been printed—sound evidence of the

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national liking for the country and of the particular excellence of this original guide to a good time outdoors and indoors.—The verses in *Bird and Beast in Picture and Verse* (Daniel, pp. 48, $10\frac{1}{4} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$, 10s. 6d.) are by Dudley B. Hill, the pictures in colour by Hugh Scott.—*Feathered Friends of Stream and Shore* (R.T.S., pp. 110, 7s. 6d.) is a quarto by Eleanor E. Helme, F.Z.S., with 16 sympathetic coloured plates and other illustrations by Barbara Briggs, F.Z.S.; *Down the Stream* (pp. 132, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$, 5s.) by the same author and with 8 coloured plates and several line drawings by the same artist, is for children.—Will the early numbers of the *Road Travel A.B.C.* (Road Travel Publications, 59 Oxford Street, pp. 160, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$) a sixpennyworth which is not so complete as its prototypes, become as valuable as the early issues of Bradshaw?—*Devon and Somerset*, by S. E. Winbolt in *Bell's Pocket Guides for the English Counties* (pp. 320 and 262, $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{8}$, 6s.) has the merit not only of being adequate editorially but of being in format and in pictures (by the admirable Edgar and Winifred Ward) delightful.—All that Sir George Douglas says in his preface in praise of *The Blameless Sport: Piscatory Excursions in Prose and Verse*, by W. W. Morris (Methuen, pp. 220, $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$, 6s.) is justified by this lively, helpful pocket-worthy volume.—Uncertainty about the divining rod will be made more uncertain by a shilling pamphlet, *The Mystery of the Divining Rod: The Experiences of an Amateur Dowser* (Campbell Service, 19 Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C.), in which an artist, Ernest Christie, recounts with diagrams and straightforwardness his remarkable experiences.—Mr. F. E. Field (appropriately named) and the Northamptonshire County Education Committee have done an instructive thing. They got the schoolchildren of the county to make for their different parishes—there are 305—a survey and map which enabled the Ordnance Survey to prepare a county map coloured brown for cultivated land, light green for grass and dark green for woods. We could wish there were more brown.—*Billiard Secrets*, from the ex-

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LIFE IN FREEDOM



4/6

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The Observer

THE OLDEST & GREATEST SUNDAY JOURNAL

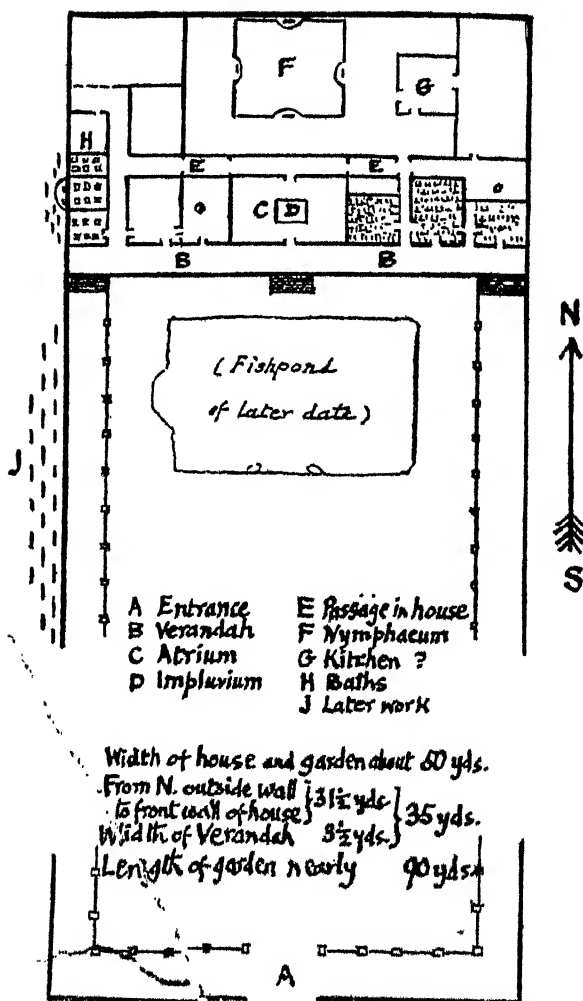
IN his London Letter to the 'New York Herald
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*'The Observer in my opinion
is now the best paper in
England, whether daily, weekly
or monthly.'*

1791

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1929



HORACE'S SABINE FARM (See page 394)

Maps for the Countryman

TO the dweller in Rural Britain, the topography of the district in which he lives is always a source of joy and interest. Every true Countryman delights in a map which enables him to become thoroughly familiar with the country. To show clearly on a map, not merely towns, main roads and railways, but such detail as byways, lanes, footpaths, woods, streams and the lie of the land, a scale of at least ONE INCH to a mile is necessary.

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The Ordnance Survey has just published a Land Utilisation Map of the county of Northampton in three sheets (each 20×30 inches, price 7/9 the set, post free). Printed in colours to show cultivation, it is of interest and value to all engaged in Geographical and Agricultural research.

Full particulars of the Ordnance Survey Maps, with specimens and index diagrams, can be obtained from the Director-General, Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton. When writing, readers of THE COUNTRYMAN should mention this announcement, and the County or Counties in which they are specially interested. *[Advt.]*

perienced hand of Wallace Ritchie (Bell, pp. 156, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, 3s.) with 41 diagrams and a chapter on snooker, well written and full of the right kind of information and counsel, will be conneed with profit and satisfaction in many a country house this winter.

The map (preceding page) is one only of many excellent illustrations in *Horace at Tibur and the Sabine Farm*, by G. S. Hallam (Harrow School bookshop) which has now reached a second edition and will be a delight to many of our readers. The old monastery, adapted for domestic life by the compiler's father-in-law, contains within its walls the remains of Horace's villa.

'Gah, that's nowt ; thou'lt cut thy finger off a'most afore thee can do sicklin' a'right' is one of the unexpected rural touches in the *Life Story of a Phrenologist*, a portly twelve and sixpennyworth which is sent us by J. Millott Severn, of Brighton.—The half-crown *Dorset Year Book* (H. Ll. Watkins, 274 Gresham House, Old Broad Street, E.C.2) now runs to 270 pages (illustrated).—From the Folk Press, 15 Ranelagh Road, S.W.1, comes the excellent half-crown *Somerset Year Book*—felicitations on its reaching a 27th volume of 175 pages—and a characteristic 'book of rural lore and anecdote' by the veteran Walter Raymond, *Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree* (pp. 271, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, 6s.) which has a fine portrait of the gifted author on the dust cover.—Not the least interesting article in the new Worcester Magazine, *The Three Pears*—congratulations to Mr. R. J. Williams, to the local school of arts and crafts and to Worcester on its promising appearance—is about Tudor House.

General Reading

A LIST of books most in demand at Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus's during the past quarter and some of the best books announced for the autumn, which will keep the country resident from missing works of importance :

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ESSAYS AND MONOGRAPHS.—Blunden, *Nature in Literature*; Dimnet, *Art of Thinking*; Huxley, *Do What You Will*; Gadd, *History and Monuments of Ur*; Granville-Barker, *The 1870's*; Hewart, *New Despotism*; Home, *Charm of Surrey*; Jeans, *Universe Around Us*; Le Corbusier, *The City of To-morrow*; Lucas, *Turning Things Over*; Mrs. Lucas, *French Cookery Book*; Ludwig, *July 1914*; Mottram, *History of Financial Speculation*; Robinson, *The Penn Country*; Russell, *Marriage and Morals*; Streeter, *Primitive Church*; Thompson, *Crusaders' Coast*; Whitehead, *Aims of Education*.

FICTION.—Armstrong, *Sleeping Fury*; Attenborough, *Rich Young Man*; Belloc, *Missing Masterpiece*; Brett-Young, *Black Roses*; Chesterton, *Poet and the Lunatics*; Deeping, *Roper's Row*; Ertz, *Galaxy*; Frank, *Karl and Anna*; Galsworthy, *A Modern Comedy*; Greene, *The Man Within*; Kataev, *The Embezzlers*; Lucas, *Windfall's Eve*; Mackail, *Another Part of the Wood*; McKenna, *Happy Ending*; Masfield, *The Hawbucks*; Maurois, *Whatever Gods*; Morris, *Brertherton*; Noyes, *Return of the Scarecrow*; Priestley, *Good Companions*; Renn, *War*; Royde-Smith, *Summer Holiday*; Sabatini, *Romantic Prince*; Sapper, *Temple Tower*; Stern, *Petruchio*; Wallace, *Red Aces*; Walpole, *Hans Frost*; Wodehouse, *Summer Lightning*; Yates, *Blood Royal*.

PLAYS.—*The Plays of John Galsworthy*; Galsworthy, *The Roof*; Herbert, *La Vie Parisienne*; Shaw, *The Apple Cart*; Sil-Vara, *Guprize*.

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What Country People are Reading.— *VI: Sales in Ireland**

AFTER England and Scotland, Ireland. We have pleasure in giving below the sales of weekly papers in a town in the Irish Free State with a population under 10,000. (There are only five towns in the Free State with populations between 5,000 and 10,000.) Nothing is said about daily papers. Nor are Sunday papers counted. But the accuracy of the figures which are given may be relied upon :

Family papers such as 'Answers', 'Tit Bits', &c.	1,058
Sport, cycling and motoring	450
Religious papers	292
General news, including wireless	218
Literary and personal ('Times Literary Supplement', 'T.P.'s Weekly', 'John Bull', &c.)	79
Agricultural, poultry, gardening	78
Technical, drama, professional, engineering, &c.	29
Commerce and Finance	7

2,211

TO PUBLISHERS WHO HAVE HEARD OF RURAL ENGLAND.
 —We have all passed on the road some amateur gipsy's motor caravan, or a dealer's motor with a two-wheeled, covered trailer containing young pigs or calves. But there is an addition to rural motor traffic still to be welcomed, a book pedlar's van. Any number of books might be sold in the country, to its great advantage, if private persons or market town booksellers or the publishers themselves would take to book-peddling. One of the largest book distributing businesses in the provinces was built up on a basis of cheap book sales in the villages : Twenty years ago it had sold a million copies of its own edition of the poets. (That the sales should have included nearly seventy thousand copies of Bloomfield's 'Farmer's Boy' may now seem remarkable.)
 —*Durham*

* July, 1928, Sales in a Group of Agricultural Hamlets ; October, 1928, Sales in a Market Town ; January, 1929, Sales in a County Town ; April, 1929, Sales in a Scottish County Town ; July, 1929, Sales in Scottish Market Towns.

OCTOBER, 1929

399

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The Arts in the Village*Music*

SOME three years ago I was asked if I would play the Saccompaniments for the village vocalists at a concert in aid of the local hospital. The songs, all in solo form, were of the most dreary and sentimental kind, rendered rather exciting to the accompanist, however, by the amazing art with which the singer, beginning his song at his highest pitch, gradually descended the scale, until, at the end of the stanza, he was reduced to a husky croaking. Perhaps I indicated in some way that I thought very little of the quality of their songs and of their singing, for I was asked to form a singing class. From that time until the present we have met every week. Occasionally the fashionable and great attend and throw themselves with disrupting enthusiasm into our class. But very soon people of this sort retire and our class resumes its proper character of farm labourers, their wives and their elder boys and girls. Not one of these villagers has any knowledge of music and the older members cannot even read the words. The music is learnt by continuous repetition. At least, having once mastered the melody, rhythm and words, the singers never forget them. We began by singing folk-songs in unison. Then slight harmonic features were introduced in the closes. By gradual steps, so gradual that the class has never become aware of the revolution wrought upon them, we have proceeded to the singing of madrigals unaccompanied. Village people are not demonstrative, but, as they have attended faithfully for three years, it is safe to assume that they enjoy their singing.—X

M R. KIMBER, who received a silver trowel from the English Folk Dance Society at the laying of the foundation stone of Cecil Sharp House (for which some £31,000 has now been subscribed), is himself a bricklayer, and after the ceremony went off to a job of work. He it was who led, on a snowy day in Oxford, the first morris

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dance Cecil Sharp ever saw. This famous Headington dancer—he is a jolly square-faced man—has been given the gold medal of the Society, which was also conferred on Sharp and is to be awarded to an American benefactress of the movement. The folk-dancing party which is just off to America and Canada as the guests of the Canadian Pacific Railway includes such old friends of Sharp's as Mr. Douglas Kennedy, Miss Karpeles and Mrs. Robert Hobbs. Mr. Clive Carey, Miss Avril and Miss Holst are also members of it. Visits will be paid to several of the universities. The English Folk Dance Society has now more than 50 branches.



Country Tales

RURAL policeman committee man to a suggestion at a village committee that there should be nigger minstrels, 'That'll make 'em clean their teeth'!

'A LITTLE bit of scientific may be all right,' said a farmer of whom a speaker at a Rural Community Council's Conference spoke, 'but it don't take much of it to spoil a decent farm'.

'AND will you please bring your community singers with you,' said a rural resident to whom someone proposed community singing.

'Don't you see no change in me looks, ma'am?' asked the old dame. 'Oh, you've got your new glasses then, Mrs. Huddy?' 'Yes, ma'am, I've bin to the optikan's'.

'Mr. Thomas Hardy is not my favourite rural author,' remarked the old lady who lives in Rose Cottage on £500 a year; 'his tales would have been so much more pleasant had he introduced persons of education and refinement'.

At the mothers' meeting the rector's wife had read a story about a poacher. The members were 'upset'; 'she had no call to take off our men'!

You can cap some of these stories. Pray do so and help to keep the countryside smiling.—EDITOR.

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 By wishing, dreaming, weeping, willing, thinking, feeling,
 speaking, trilling,
 And thus the wells and rivers filling,
 Would gardens more harmonious blow
 Than in the way of soil and stone
 Of sun and rain and wind and snow ?
 'Twould hardly be so good, I trow.

E.K.

'THE old gardener died last night,' writes a reader. 'In the midst of his fearful pain he told the maid where the potatoes were and said what was to be done with the frame if the sun came out.'

FOR a fifteen years' period my friend had grown his onions always on the same ground, and I have never seen a harder or brighter-skinned crop. His currants and gooseberries are all single upright cordons in wired cages. His cherries were also in cages but had not borne well. Many people would imagine that bees would have no difficulty in entering cages of three-quarter inch mesh. My friend said, 'As quite 90 per cent. of bees come to their end through injuries to their wings, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they discover the danger to their wings from the wire mesh and avoid the cage and, therefore, the cherries at a stage when the cherries would benefit by their ministrations'.

A WARM welcome to the seventh edition of Robinson's engaging *Wild Garden or the Naturalization and Natural Grouping of Hardy Flowers with a Chapter on the Garden of British Wild Flowers*, containing Alfred Parsons' eighty illustrations (Murray, pp. 223, 8½ × 5½, 7s. 6d.)

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AS ONE COUNTRYMAN TO ANOTHER

WE again omit our leading article in order to emphasize the importance of and provide space for a further batch of letters (bringing the total to sixty-two) which conclude what has been

The Agricultural Situation
Sixty-two Authorities' Views on
What can be done

recognized to be the most weighty non-Party declaration on agricultural policy yet published. This we preface by a complete list of the writers, who could hardly be,

it will be agreed, more representative or more responsible:

Rt. Hon. Sir F. Acland, Bt., author 'Farmers' Dilemma, &c.

Lord Bledisloe, ex-Parliamentary Secretary of Agriculture

F. N. Blundell, ex-M.P., author 'The Agricultural Problem'

J. R. Bond, agricultural organiser, Derby C.C.

J. O. Boving, Swedish engineer-farmer

A. H. Brown, chairman of Hants Farmers' Union

Hon. Stafford Cripps, K.C., farmer in Oxfordshire

C. Dampier-Whetham, F.R.S., author 'Politics and the Land'

J. F. Duncan, secretary Scottish Farm Servants' Union

L. K. Elmhirst, landowner in Devonshire

John Evens, Chairman, Farmers' Club

Sir C. Fielding, ex-Director of Food Production

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H. W. France, farmer in Herefordshire

Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Fremantle, M.P.

G. T. Garratt, author 'Hundred Acre Farm', etc.

T. Hacking, agricultural organiser, Leicester C.C.

Sir William Haldane, Development Commission

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 W. O. Watt, farming own land and for Henry Ford
 Prof. T. Wibberley, author 'Farming on Factory Lines'
 E. F. Wise, member of the Food Council
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 W. Wright, M.P., ex-farm worker
 and three well-known public servants who do not wish their
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WE have the pleasure of laying before our readers the following additional letters (arranged in two sections, the first from England and the second from Scotland,) regretting only that it has been imperative rather ruthlessly to condense them:

ENGLAND

XXVIII.—‘UTTERLY INDIFFERENT FARMERS’.—

There is any amount to be done (*a*) in getting the farmer more for what he sells, (*b*) in helping him to produce it cheaper, (*c*) in helping him to turn out a larger proportion of it first-rate (which largely comes down to giving his labour more interest and better prospects). Further, we need (*d*) land drainage, (*e*) real security for a good farmer when an estate is sold, (*f*) a fair share of new cottages in country districts, (*g*) a local authority to look after land and agricultural questions only. It is practicable to do all these things, but farmers themselves are so utterly indifferent that it would be a very difficult and wholly thankless job. It is perfectly heartbreaking to try to help them. Farmers could do almost anything and will do practically nothing, and as long as this lasts the public will of course do nothing either.

XXIX.—THE METHOD OF CONTROL.—I feel strongly that something more is needed to assure good farmers that their improvements will not involve them in increased rents or similar penalties; that farmers who farm intensively and well shall not suffer the penalties of over-production, i.e. there should be guaranteed markets; and that if the State does undertake to foster good farming there should be some supervision of the use to which land is devoted. You may have a change of central government, but the intentions of a progressive body would not go far if they depended on reactionary local administration.

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XXXI.—CHEAP POWER.—There is much land which could be made to yield a fair return by proper management, but this requires money to begin with ; much land is in need of drainage, liming, proper manuring and cultivating. Cheap power in the form of farm tractors seems to me to be the best means to secure the greatest output per man and so allow the farmer to pay the best possible wages.

XXXII.—A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF GRAIN.—Let the Government say, ' There must be a year's supply of grain in the country, as much as possible of it home-grown, for which a fair price will be paid '. This would bring all our arable land under remunerative crops again. The wealth that would thus be assured would gravitate to the towns and make them prosperous. Farmers need fixity of tenure, for I have found that to obtain maximum crops it is necessary to apply phosphates, potash and lime three years ahead, which means farmers must sink capital in the land and need years to get it back. Market rings and knock-outs should be made illegal.

XXXIII.—JUST EDUCATION !—From a lifelong knowledge of conditions in North Western Europe, I feel that your contributor XVI in the last number hits the nail on the head on the need of better general education.

XXXIV.—SUBSIDISE WAGES.—A bonus of 20 per cent. on the wages paid on any farm would help the problem of unemployment, would result in better farming and more bountiful crops, and would encourage the farmer towards intensive and progressive cultivation.

XXXV.—NON-PARTY ACTION.—I strongly favour a non-Party treatment of farming.

XXXVI.—THAT £150 MILLION.—This country never will be able to produce all the meat or breadstuffs required. But there are other branches of farming, at present largely treated as side lines—bacon and pig products, milk and milk products, butter, cheese, eggs, soft fruit, and vegetables. If it were profitable to do so, all the needs of the nation in these

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directions could be supplied by the farmers of this country (yearly imports, £150,000,000). There should be concentration on an improved and specialized production, a development of the national mark scheme, and a gradually increasing limitation of imports. Farmers will have to improve their methods of production so as to bring their costs down to a level more nearly approximating to the costs of production in importing countries, as the country will not stand any appreciable increase in the cost of living. It is essential to ensure that the home producer is not knocked right out in bumper years by a flood of cheap foreign food. As conditions are now, risks are so great that capital is not attracted to any form of Agriculture.

XXXVII.—THE CHEMIST AND THE ENGINEER.—The natural development of British farming in the direction of live-stock farming is made possible by the conversion of young grass into cakes for winter use and by the intensive and extensive growing of forage crops. This can be done by taking advantage of the recent work of the commercial chemists and the engineer.

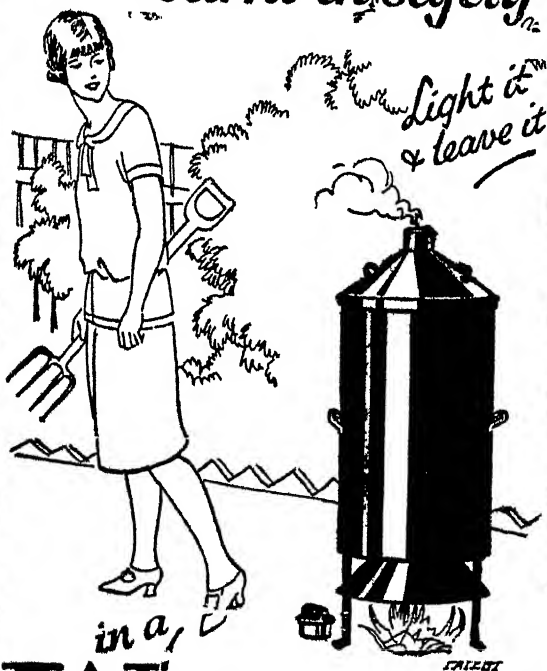
XXXVIII.—‘SETTLE DOWN TO BUSINESS’.—After all that has been done for agriculture in education, de-rating, freight, etc., it remains for the farmer to settle down to business and make his industry what it certainly can be made, a success. Technical knowledge, advice and guidance are available on every hand, and the farmer must alter his individualistic ways. In my judgment, no further State help is required. The farmer must intensify his cultivations, organize his labour and create and ultimately sell his produce in the best possible way in the best of all possible markets, which is at home and on his doorstep.

XXXIX.—A CONCORDAT.—I am in favour of a conference between the political parties and a settlement on national lines.

XL.—ALTER THE EXISTING SYSTEM.—We cannot maintain cultivation because the land is not equipped for

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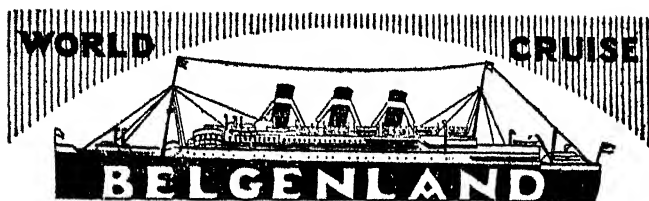


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economic production. The estate system has broken down absolutely and we must get the land out of the control of the private owners who are allowing it to become derelict. Much land is not properly farmed because so many farmers have neither the skill nor the enterprise. We ought to insist on occupiers being fit to use the land they occupy or make them quit. Our only safety is to organize marketing by compulsory powers and so eliminate the waste of distribution. The ironing out of the fluctuations in price caused by the imported article and the securing of a steady price would greatly assist the arable farmer. If farmers will not make the necessary effort and voluntarily submit to the measure of discipline involved in the organization of markets and distribution the State should supply the driving force. It is surely time that the farmers, as a whole, faced the facts and sought some other solution of their problem than the two crude alternatives which seem to bind their horizon. Either there is to be a *laissez faire* policy, under which each farmer is to muddle along in his own way, without interference from anyone, which means, in effect, the continued oppression of the worker or he is to enjoy a Protective system of State subsidies. Neither of these things is possible. The worker must be fairly paid and the State cannot help the farmer with corn subsidies. There are other ways of helping him, if he will at the same time begin to help himself. If the farmers will not accept such help as may be given to agriculture without violating its character as private enterprise it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the existing system must be altered to a degree sufficient to achieve the fullest development of our agricultural resources.

XLI.—‘ THEN AND NOT TILL THEN ’.—‘ The more one thinks of this subject the more difficult it becomes because even in our small country the requirements are so varied. On the best lands smaller farms of 70 to 200 acres, where the farmer, his wife, sons and daughters can do most of the work, will carry on because they work 12 to 14 hours a day to



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provide cheap food for the urban dweller who works 8. The State can do nothing at present. No Government can go far in advance of public opinion and the public want cheap food. The best lands will continue to pay their way, but, if present costs and prices continue, moderate land must go down to grass. Result, fewer men will be employed on the land, and less food will be produced at home. Then, and not till then, the public may wake up to find out that home production is desirable.

XLII.—‘THEY ARE A DRAG ON US’.—I am reading the ‘Folk High Schools of Denmark and The Development of a Farming Community’ by three Danes* and I am wondering if it is possible to lift up and educate the class of farmer we in the N.F.U. are continually battling with. They are a drag on us. We dare not go too much against their narrow views as they are so largely our rank and file. If we had lecturers coming to our village, they would have to be of an outstanding order to get an audience of the very men we want to lift up. My shepherd would be there, also a few local tradesmen, but most of my neighbours would be missing. It would have to be a great personality, a natural evangelist, to draw them. How are we to get hold of them or their sons, who are as hardworking and as ignorant as their fathers? Failing such a spiritual uplifting of the uneducated smaller farmer, there seems to be no other than the Labour Party agricultural programme. And further it will be the quicker method. The other would mean waiting for the death of the present generation, if not of the next.

XLIII.—‘O PIONEERS!’—The great need is a resuscitation of the pioneering spirit. The farmer, the landowner, the administrator, the scientist, one and all have allowed themselves to fall into a morbid condition. This has resulted in a vast deal of talking accompanied by the minimum of purposeful action. The State and State-aided institutions

* This excellent book, now in a second edition, is published by Humphrey Milford at 6s.



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can never take the place of the pioneer. It is, however, for the State to foster rather than to stultify the pioneering spirit. It is perhaps a serious stricture on recent legislation and State activity that the contribution to improved agricultural practices made by the land-owning class is a continually diminishing one. This suggests, among other things, that the Ministry of Agriculture's schemes of agricultural research and education are not fundamentally sound and require fearless revision with a view to closer co-ordination so that the best use may be made of the really substantial body of scientific knowledge that has accumulated during the last two or three decades. It is quite certain, for example, that the research institutions, the agricultural departments, the colleges and the county organizations are not translating new scientific knowledge into sound practice designed to meet the conditions of the times to nearly the extent which the new knowledge calls for. Keen-minded farming land-owners (very far from negligible in numbers) and progressive farmers with capital (there are plenty of them) must not for a moment think that because there is a State organization for their benefit there is no need for investigational farming on their own account. It is, and always will be, for the well-informed practical man to 'invent' new methods of farming—and it is new methods of farming founded on scientific knowledge, in sympathy with the tastes, prejudices and pockets of the consuming public that more than anything else will put the agricultural industry firmly on its feet again.

XLIV.—HOME PRODUCTION AND A METHOD.—To make any scheme palatable to the town electors a guarantee of reduced food costs or at any rate of no increase in cost of living would be essential, and such guarantee is secured by the proposal to fix a 7d. price for the 4lb. loaf and a 5s. price for home-grown wheat, between which there is ample margin for miller and baker's reasonable costs and profits. I do not see that this is more Socialistic than fixed telegraph, telephone, railway and waterworks prices.

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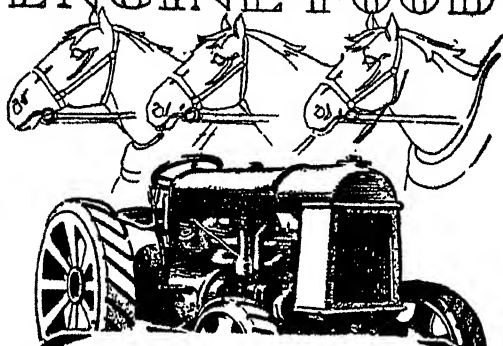
XLV.—HAVE WE MADE A BEGINNING ?—We have not yet begun to look seriously upon agriculture as a business. We have chairs of agriculture in our universities, but no chairs of farm economics or management. Secondly, the future of the supply of fresh food in this country at the cheapest possible rate to the consumers, with a maximum possible profit to the farmers, will depend upon the representatives of the organized farmers meeting the representatives of the organized consumers, and upon the one knowing very thoroughly its costs of production, and the other its costs of distribution. Thirdly, a revolution is needed in our attitude to the village school, which should at all costs be saved to the village and established as the one link between the village and the outside world. If we could see in the village school a village college in embryo and not just an elementary school, our whole attitude to village life might undergo a radical revolution.

XLVI.—CHERCHER LA FEMME ! I do not believe that any agricultural policy will emerge from the country, but will only come as part of a general re-organization of our arrangements for feeding our townspeople. Any land policy which involves public control will certainly have to be imposed by the towns, yet it is clearly an absolutely necessary preliminary to the towns helping the industry. They will not help an industry so disorganized as farming is, especially with no guarantee that the advantage will stay inside the industry and will not filter through to the landlords.

It seems essential to rationalize and probably place under some kind of public control, the distribution of liquid milk,* and this might be done for the larger towns, either by co-operative societies or municipalities. There might also be a hastening up of the Ministry's work in fruit and vegetable marketing. Do we consider the farmer's disadvantages in sending his food to a market which is dependent on the most

* Another correspondent says he knows a street visited by 24 different milkmen.

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casual and ill-trained housewives in existence. Not one English woman in a thousand has any idea of buying food 'in due season'. She will buy oranges in the middle of a greengage glut. She has no idea of using up second-class meat and the poorer joints, so that there is no market in England for the large amount of poorer meat which must be produced in the ordinary run of agricultural work, that is from dairy cows. The public could render enormous assistance, but I do not think that it will, unless we can get the people in the towns to look upon our agricultural land and farms as their own estate. At present farmers are not popular, nor do they really deserve to be.

I am no believer in farmers' co-operation, especially if it means carrying the process right through to the consumer. These societies have no chance if they go butting into the retail trade of our large towns, though they may run small scale shops in the little country towns. There is more hope in mass bargaining through the N.F.U. and the milk policy of the annual collective bargain might be extended to pork, which is another commodity in which foreign competition is not severe.

XLVII.—A NATIONAL GRANARY AND CORN NOTES.—As different articles of agricultural produce are bound to vary in price relatively to one another, it is necessary to fix on one of them and stabilize that. The obvious one is corn, because (1) it is most necessary and (2) it can be accurately graded. The fluctuations in the price of corn are produced by (a) good and bad seasons, (b) manipulation by dealers, (c) relative fluctuation between the prices of the metal standard of value and of the commodity (corn). Cause (a) has been nearly cured by the development of transport; causes (b) and (c) must be attacked. It is not in the power of the State to stabilize prices elsewhere. But within its own boundaries it can do a great deal by accumulating a reserve stock. It is just as easy for the State to accumulate corn to-day as it was for Joseph in Egypt, and it is even more

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important for us who live on an island. The evidence given before the Royal Commission on the supply of food in time of war, shows that wheat can be kept in good condition for at least nine years. There could therefore be no serious difficulty in keeping it for two or three.

Contracts for growing such and such an acreage, at such and such a price, for grain of such and such a standard, would be made with farmers in the early part of each year. In times of good (English) harvests the State would buy more largely from English farmers, thus preventing financial loss accruing to them as a consequence of doing their work too well. On the other hand, should there be a world shortage (produced either by world-wide bad seasons or by manipulation of the market), the State would sell its surplus by retail and thus prevent prices from rising on the poor. When 'family allowances' come they should be paid in State 'Corn Notes', and contracts should be entered into by the State with millers and bakers all over the country to accept these notes in exchange for so much flour or so much bread of standard quality. This would gradually, but only very gradually, supplant the unreal metal standard of value now in use.

XLVIII.—DISTRICT LECTURERS.—Develop agricultural education, particularly the agricultural advisory service. The appointment of district lecturers, which has proved so successful in Yorkshire, Devonshire, and some other counties, should be extended until the whole country is efficiently covered. Our monetary system and the return to the gold standard have a great deal to do with the depression.

XLIX.—MORE ASYLUMS !—Britain can feed its own people and we are not overpopulated and there need be no unemployed problem. But a nation whose statesmen import millions of pounds' worth of foodstuffs while we have 1,500,000 unemployed needs more asylums.

L.—'THE FIRST MEMBER OF SOCIETY'.—The first thing needed by the agricultural party is a firm belief that agriculture is the only thing that matters and that the farmer

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is the first member of society and the rest are just hewers of wood and drawers of water. If they know that they will arrive somewhere. If the towns do not eat what the British farmer produces they will soon be reduced to a diet of chilled rabbits and monkey nuts with tinned peaches as a treat. Soon no doubt the free trader will say that breeding children in England is uneconomic. He will have all children bred in Egypt where food is cheap and clothing inexpensive. The resulting worker will be brought to England to work in mines and factories, kept in barracks and fed on fish meal. All children will be drowned at birth and parents heavily fined. What is wanted is a firm belief in Protection and no inferiority complex.

LI.—IF I CAN'T FARM the State can't help me.

SCOTLAND

V.—CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS, NATIONALIZATION AND THE FARM WORKER.*—Farming is a highly-skilled and complex business, greatly varying in correct method according to local and other conditions. Whether the farmer has only one or more uncertain conditions to meet, his business is very speculative and demands judgment and forethought. Such forethought is the more difficult, because the business policy he adopts must commit him for a long period, seldom less than a year and generally much longer. He cannot change or modify his farming policy, to adapt it to altering market or other conditions, nearly as readily as most other producers can do. Changing market conditions are probably our farmers' greatest difficulty. The production of food in this country is under the constantly altering influences of Overseas supplies, and this country is so definitely committed to Free Trade in food, to keep industrial labour cheap enough to pay for our main food supplies from abroad, that it is waste of effort for the farmer to agitate for tariffs or subsidies to

* We are allowed to state that this contribution is by Sir William Haldane. The fact that he has forty years' practical experience of farming and is a member of the Development Commission gives importance to his views.



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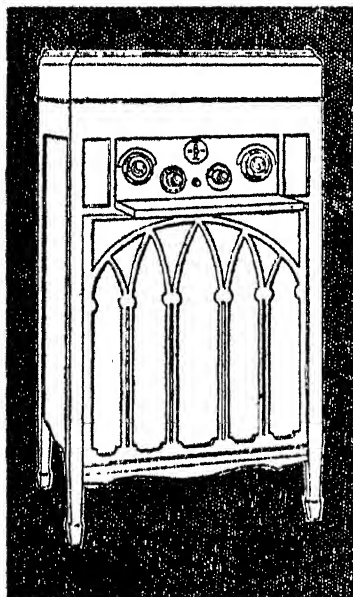
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protect his production like the Protection given to agriculture in most other countries. Thus it is that British farming must tend more and more to produce whatever is least competed with from abroad, such as whole milk, which now represents a very large proportion of our farm production. Poultry production is now substantially more important than wheat. The Census of 1925 showed that well over three-fourths in value of farm produce in England and Wales were live stock products—about half of which was meat and nearly a third milk. In Scotland the position was somewhat the same, except that the proportion of meat products was slightly higher and milk definitely less. The production of fruit, vegetables, etc., in England considerably exceeds in value its whole corn production, wheat, barley and oats. It seems to be becoming clearer year by year that British farmers must concentrate on producing those special articles and qualities of food with which imports from abroad cannot or do not compete, and leave alone the commoner products which other countries can produce cheaper on virgin soil or with better climates, and cheap transport. Particularly through the introduction of refrigerating processes, there is little to choose between the ordinary home and foreign meat in attractiveness to the home consumer.

Farmers are in two classes : those whose skill and local and other conditions enable them to produce food of such special quality as to secure to them that limited better class market where the buyer considers quality more than price, and on the other hand those farmers less fortunate or less skilled who have therefore to supply the common or general competitive market where price is the predominant factor. This division applies to those who either supply the market direct or do so indirectly as in the case of breeders who cater for those who finish the product for the consumer market. Broadly speaking, the farmers who can skilfully supply and market produce of superior quality are prosperous while the other class have continually to struggle for existence. The quality market is limited though it must not be regarded as

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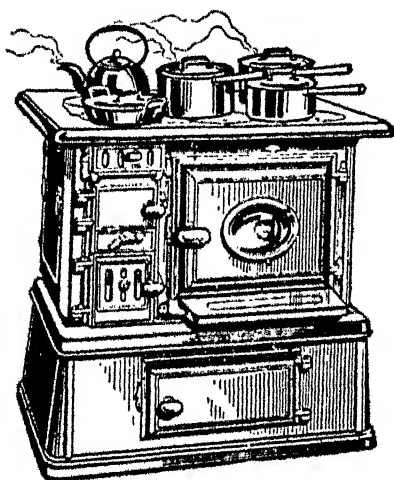
exhausted. Supply creates demand and there is constant evidence that even the present demand is not yet fully supplied. It is by concentrating on the quality market and encouraging it to the utmost that our farmers can do most for their own advantage, and it is here where knowledge, enterprise, and energy tell to the fullest and bring most success. The farmer of the opposite type is the man who suffers most in existing difficult conditions and in the latter class must be included the very considerable number of so-called farmers who have fair enterprise and energy but lack the knowledge which study and experience alone give in the intricate business of farm production. The surveys of different districts in Scotland conducted by the Board of Agriculture in the last two years were most interesting as showing the variations between success and failure, in conditions apparently similar, depending largely on personal qualities.

Improvement in knowledge, practical as well as theoretical, combined with training in the energetic use of knowledge, will do more than anything else for the improvement of British agriculture. But such knowledge must be constantly helped and encouraged by the State. Education is never ending in its application to the individual as well as to the mass, and there are many gaps still to fill. One requirement of great importance is good marketing facilities. This is now being gradually dealt with and to it greater attention must be applied. Another is the supply of knowledge to the farmer in gauging the future of our home markets, for he has need of information as to probable future conditions in a business demanding such a long view of future demand and supply. In the United States great attention is given to this, every farmer having before him market forecasts prepared by Government experts. These forecasts are undoubtedly of enormous value. In this country we have practically nothing of the sort, notwithstanding the fact that we require these forecasts much more as to our markets, open to the whole world, than the American farmer does with his markets highly protected from abroad. With the material they

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Land nationalization is claimed by many as the most substantial remedy for present farming conditions. It is right in principle that any monopoly affecting the production of national requirements should be vested in the State. But the management of land is a highly-skilled and difficult business and one to be entered on with caution. For the State to undertake it by any sudden action and without careful preparation would be inviting troubles and disappointment which would result in such State policy being reversed. The amount of bad management of land under existing conditions is the strongest argument against private ownership, but the same argument would be turned against the State even more strongly if State management failed to any considerable extent. Let the change over be approached gradually by the State acquiring the worst-managed land and in its good management showing what it can do, and training up those who can carry on the process efficiently and further. Good management by or under the State would be a vast improvement on existing conditions which give a modified uncontrolled permanency of tenure to the tenant farmer, resulting far too often in unqualified men holding on to farms, spoiling the land, and wasting its use in a struggling existence.

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range without regarding the future personnel. It is the rural working class we must look to as the main reservoir from which our farmers of the future are to be drawn, and the efficiency and prosperity of farm industry in coming years will depend mainly on the education and training we now give to the youth of that class of the community. In Scotland the effect of education, in this class somewhat more advanced than in England, is showing itself already in marked manner. Legislation and public administration must aim to give scope to the exercise of the mental powers and character so being developed.

VI.—‘BRAIN WORK’.—I really do not know or think there is any great panacea for bringing agriculture to a prosperous condition ; it is all a matter of sympathetic treatment by any Government in power in the way of remedying many small grievances, and the rest is brain work on the part of those engaged in the industry in the direction of modernizing their business methods. A certain amount of ‘safeguarding’ should be applied so long as this policy is favoured and allowed to other industries. I refer particularly to the importation of foreign skim milk, foreign potatoes, foreign malt, barley and ground flour or oatmeal. The necessity for safeguarding must depend however on evidence being produced that the foreign produce is receiving unfair artificial aid in competing with ours, such as Government transport or freight subsidies, or is being produced with too cheap labour, or is not subject to proper and desirable purity standards. The cost of transport of goods is of vital importance, but this must be more a matter of organization, and making more use of the motor haulage available. Most of the co-operative effort to-day is directed by farmers who are not trained business men and meet only for an hour or two occasionally. This is no use in modern business. There is an opening for ‘business brains’, with an understanding of agriculture, to do good work, and I think we have made a good beginning on these lines in the Scottish Milk Pool and Scottish Wool Growers’ Society, for here we have full-time managers, and they give

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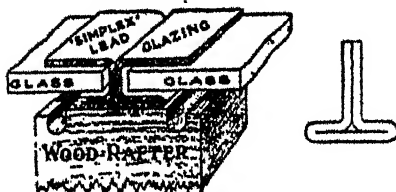
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VII.—GET RID OF DISEASE.—Tuberculosis and contagious abortion cause very heavy losses in animal husbandry, and in addition the first is certainly, and the second may probably be, a danger to public health. The 1924 Act, which provides for the slaughter of animals in relatively advanced stages of tuberculosis, is quite inadequate. Some inducement to secure the whole-hearted co-operation of farmers is required to clear out these scourges. There is almost universal distribution of the infection. The Government in co-operation with the local authorities might carry out tests on a uniform basis throughout the whole country and free of charge to the farmers. A payment of a small amount per head, say £1 for small herds and smaller sums for larger herds, would be given to farmers with herds certified free from these diseases. The amount of money needed for the first three years would be very much less than one would think. As the number of herds clear increased, it would be easier and less expensive for large herds to be made clear and kept clear and the payment per head could be reduced.

VIII.—ALL FOR £100,000 A YEAR.—I would suggest: Legislation: (a) Provide for drainage areas controlled by public bodies, with powers to rate on landlords whose land is improved, but not necessarily to the full extent of the cost. In Scotland there are scandalous instances of land wasted owing to lack of drainage; (b) Enable farmers to secure the proper maintenance of waterways and drains above and below their holdings; (c) Eliminate the 'scrub' bull by a system of licensing; (d) Compel the marking of eggs, cheese, potatoes, etc.; (e) Give powers to farmers, with or without the consent of the landlord but under suitable safeguards, to obtain compensation on the termination of their leases, for the erection of silos, the installation of electricity and other permanent improvements; (f) Make the transfer of land easier and cheaper.

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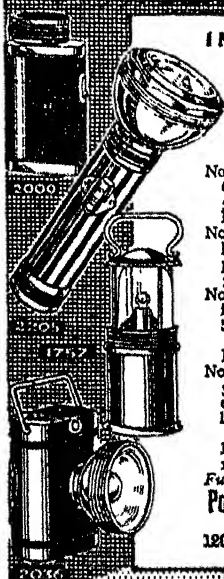
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The advanced registration of dairy and beef cattle should be set up. Superior strains of swine should be identified by means of recording schemes. In place of or in addition to county organizers and agricultural instructors, highly-trained specialists should be stationed in appropriate areas for consultation by farmers. These specialists should be acknowledged authorities upon a particular breed of stock or agricultural crop. Pamphlets and leaflets describing recent advances in farming practices should be more liberally circulated.

It is practicable for the State to take any or all of these steps now. The proposed legislation would involve very slight expense as supervision could, in most cases, be paid for by fees charged. Further research and the education proposals would require considerable funds, but £100,000 per year would be an ample provision for some years.

IX.—STRENGTHENED AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEES.—

(a) Extend the assistance given to farmers in the organization of improved and collective marketing, with co-ordination of the efforts being made. (b) Establish county agricultural committees or authorities with extended powers to supervise and improve farming conditions. (c) Survey and improve housing conditions of farm and other rural workers. (d) Accelerate and improve schemes of electrical development, with transfer of control to local authorities. (e) Better financial provision for agricultural education and research, with greater concentration of effort on the provision of education for adult workers, combining technical, cultural, and

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social aspects. (f) Co-ordinate and reform road and rail transport. (g) Extend facilities for land drainage. (h) Reform the game laws to allow tenants greater freedom to prevent destruction of crops, poultry, etc. (i) Legislate for live stock improvement, such as the abolition of the scrub bull.

X.—PROGRESS AND PUBLIC CONTROL.—What agriculture requires—and I think all these steps are practicable—is (a) more capital for drainage and improvement in permanent equipment; (b) compulsory grading of produce; (c) more stable prices for cereals and potatoes. I do not think that (a) is compatible with private ownership of land and I believe (c) involves some form of public control of markets.

XI.—‘I CAN GET ON QUITE WELL.’—My trouble is that I do not particularly wish the State to help me; I can get on quite well at my farming. That does not alter the fact, however, that things are not in a very good way. A large area of land known to me in East Anglia has recently been laid down to grass. I am of opinion that it is a panic measure by incompetent landlords and chicken-hearted farmers frightened by surly labourers. In Scotland I think they are managing to adapt things pretty well. I see changes to meet the conditions going on all round me, and farmers as a whole do not seem to be other than fairly cheerful. The men are reasonably well-paid and are manifestly better off than ever before, judging by the well-cared-for look the children have. There are about 60 children on my farms and not a pinner in the lot. All the young men have motor cycles and needless to say something on the carrier.

The reduction of the margin between the farmer and the consumer is the business of the State rather than of the farmer as the public will be the greater gainer.

I do not think that agriculture has been badly treated by the State in recent years now that the unfair burden of rates has been lifted. Also large sums are annually spent in research, agricultural education, diseases of animals, sugar beet subsidy, etc.—all however with the idea of cheapening

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food—and the farmer has some special privileges with regard to taxation. Assuming, however, that the State wishes to give further help to agriculture, I would suggest :—(1) The landlord and tenant system is getting very much out of date. (2) Liberal assistance to marketing schemes. These will need much more than cash assistance. Farmers are by the nature of their occupation, generally unfitted to deal with the large questions of organization involved. The help of some very able business men is required. (3) Assistance to drainage schemes, both trunk and field. Drainage is most important; it may convert land almost worthless into a subject capable of making a substantial contribution to the national wealth. The rent of land drained by public assistance might be restricted to interest on the owners' contribution. The public would be well repaid for their share by the employment given and the increased volume of production and trade afterwards. (4) Housing. Ginger up the local authorities. (5) I think the army and navy should occasionally be fed on home produce. It seems illogical for the State through the F.M.B. to advertise 'Buy British' and the British soldier and sailor always to have foreign beef. No one thinks of having our warships built in Holland, although the Dutch might do them cheap. (6) An enquiry into how the large sums paid for research are being spent. I have an idea that main issues like abortion and tuberculosis are neglected. Then there are a multitude of small things, from concerted measures against vermin to asking the tithe owner to pay his share of the maintenance of the land of which he claims to be part-owner.

IN our next issue we hope, on the basis of these sixty-two expressions of opinion and of other information and experience, to suggest the lines on which common action may be possible.

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As it Seems to Some of Us

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'The Agricultural Vote' Illusion

ARE 'the agricultural vote' and the 'agricultural constituency' myths? The 'Scottish Farm Servant', the editor of which was an unsuccessful candidate in Moray and Nairn, declares that they are. In estimating the number of farmers in a county he takes the number of holdings over 5 acres and multiplies by two to include the women voters. For the farm workers, he takes the number of men over 21 employed on all holdings over an acre, excluding the occupant and his wife and domestic servant. He finds that only in the crofting counties does the proportion of voters who are holders of land reach 1 in 4; in the principal farming counties it varies from 1 in 20 to 1 in 6. As for the workers, 'the votes of farm workers and their wives, including the sons of farmers, do not exceed 1 in 4 in the county constituencies; in most of the counties the farm workers form 1 in 6 of the voters'. Combining the figures for the masters and men and the women folk of both, 'in not a single constituency in Scotland could the votes of those engaged in agriculture control the representation.' Comparable figures for England and Wales are difficult to obtain because most of the counties contain several constituencies, of varying degrees of rusticity. It is certain, however, that there is not a single county in which the agricultural vote (taken in its widest sense to include masters and men and their wives and dependants) controls the representation.

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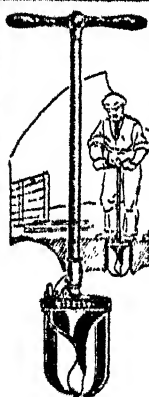
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Wanted, a 'Waterstaat'?

NOT nationalization of land, but nationalization of water is the topic that would have interested many countrysides this summer. As town water supplies, which furnish most of the water used in Great Britain, are largely municipalized, it may be that we are well on the way to water nationalization. If it be suggested that townspeople have little to complain about regarding their water supplies, how about country people? (See 'Report on Rural Water Supplies' *passim*.) And what must be the end of the cities' go-as-you-please seizure of English, Welsh and Scottish lakes, not to speak of their higgledy-piggledy river-tapping? County and district councils are at the same take-it-where-you-can-find-it game with local springs. And it is not as if it were only a matter of the quantity of the water economically available. There is the quality. Good water does happen to be the first need of life. In Holland they have a department of State for water, the Waterstaat. An historian may yet marvel that England should have added to her Land Ministry an Air Ministry before going in for a Water Ministry. How long must we wait, whether by the aid of a new Ministry or the Ministry of Health, for the rationalization of our water supplies?

'Come to Britain'—and have Indigestion!

THIS is such a perfect place for a little holiday; I never saw a lovelier coast', writes a reader. 'But—the catering! And lumpy beds, meaty meals, careless service. I wonder if there might arise a profession for women who would go round

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such country hotels showing the owners where they fail, and letting them see why people simply drive here to see the place and depart.' We can offer one word of hope. The other day we saw outside a roadside inn in Wiltshire the legend, 'OMELETTES' ! What, it may well be wondered, is the real reason for so much rural cookery being so bad ? Surely, in some measure, snobbery ! Did we not lately overhear a Scottish housewife in England say : 'The Scottish cook of the best kind has the same idea as the French housewife ; she makes as much of everything as she possibly can. When I go home and do any cooking in my mother's kitchen I am made to feel guilty by our old Scottish servant if I am extravagant. Here in England my servants make me feel ashamed if I try to be economical' ? No doubt things would be better in the countryside if County Education Committees saw to it that girls had more (and better) cookery instruction and more (and better) domestic economy lessons. But more (and better) teaching of moral and social standards is also needed ; and here parsons and ministers of all denominations as well as the teachers have to do their bit.

Edward Carpenter

ONE of the most courageous spirits of the countryside—and what the countryside needs much more than moral courage we do not know—has passed away. For long, as his faithful friends knew, Edward Carpenter had been physically and mentally prostrate. But now and then there was a flash. When one of our readers, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, visited him this year and told him how

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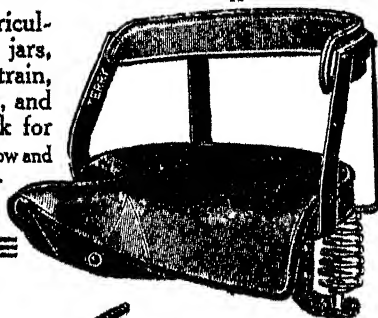
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well he still was in looks, the veteran ejaculated, 'Disastrously well !' It was by Carpenter's 'Civilization, its Cause and Cure' that many of us, as young people, were first stirred. THE COUNTRYMAN is glad to have been able to publish the snapshot of the veteran in his 84th year which appeared in our issue of January, 1928.

An Open Air Museum

FOUR years before the War—following earlier pleas by the Curator of the Pitt Rivers Museum and Mr. Ruskin Butterfield—the Editor of THE COUNTRYMAN made an earnest appeal for the establishment of an Open Air Museum. Many of our readers have no doubt visited the Danish and Swedish Open Air Museums, with their remarkable collection of rural buildings and contrivances which might so easily have become firewood or iron scrap. The proposals in 'The Times' for a National Open Air Museum for our own country are cheering. The secretary of the Society of Antiquaries reports that he hears 'almost weekly' of the destruction of interesting things suitable for such a Museum. What need we of further witness? No one will complain if people who think that such Museums should be county affairs set to work on their own lines. Indeed there is a great deal to be said for local Museums. In 1910 an ex-President of the R.I.B.A. pronounced the notion of an open-air museum 'Utopian'; but, as the late Dr. Bather wrote, 'no one familiar with the Open Air Museums of the Continent would say so'. Indeed in 1910 there was no difficulty in getting support, not only from Fellows of the R.I.B.A. but from such men as



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the President of the Society of Antiquaries, the Director of the British Museum, the Principal Architect for Scotland and the Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments. We are glad to hear that representatives of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Museums' Association, the Folklore Society and other organizations are now co-operating with the Royal Anthropological Institute in the endeavour to get something done. Think of the fine old farm waggons—including, no doubt, some made by George Bourne—the windmills, timbering, stocks and pillories, and agricultural machinery and implements of all sorts that have been destroyed because there was no place to put them. And why should not an opportunity be given to old thatchers and hurdle and wattle makers to provide posterity with specimens of their skill? Part of the Museum would be, of course, indoors.

So Near but Yet so Far

THE COUNTRYMAN office is lit by its Town electricity. So are the houses of two neighbours not a mile away and within a quarter of a mile of each other, lit by their own electricity. As the electric power company's cable is only two miles off, it might be thought that, after all the talk about rural electrification, we should all three of us be on the cable before long. Not at all. If rural electrification does not get along faster than it is moving at present we shall be making our own light for many years to come. Yet in a British Association paper on the New Zealand dairy industry there is again news of the part played in its success by machine

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milking 'facilitated by the development of the abundant hydro-electric power resources of the country'. New Zealand farms are certainly not at as short distances from one another as 'THE COUNTRYMAN' office and its two neighbours. And how about rural Denmark, which has to have much of its electricity brought from Sweden, and has neither hydro-electric power nor coal to make that part of its supply which it produces itself? Some of the facts are faced in a half-crown's worth lately published by the Clarendon Press for the Institute for Research in Agricultural Engineering at Oxford, 'Electricity in Agriculture'. One point on which particulars are given is the operation of travelling electric ploughing sets in France: 'the contractor arranges to tap the nearest high tension line and to run a temporary overhead line, often a mile long'.

A Domestic Shortcoming

NO plan in warfare has been more successful than the flank attack. But the reformer is always slow to grasp the fact. Our local bishop, a local landowner, and other good men and women have been fulminating in the Press this year against the flower Goths. But, while continuing to offer resistance to the enemy frontally, why not also assault on the flank, in two columns, in fact, (1) with teaching through the schools—the business of the Board of Education as well as of individual teachers—bringing home the mystery as well as the loveliness of the single flower, and (2) by all of us setting a good example in our own houses, both with garden and wild flowers? The yield of certain flowers is no doubt improved by picking, but anybody who has

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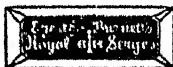


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lived for a few years in Japan must be impressed by the low quality of much of our domestic mass flower decoration compared with that Japanese display of a single spray or flower by which all its beauty and wonder may be comprehended. Few of us, indeed, are wholly without sin against taste in this matter. If we were only to set ourselves to try to gain the finest effect in our houses with the smallest number of flowers our example would be quickly followed by the young maids in their own homes, the true method of the advance of rural civilization in ever so many directions.

Outside the School

IN Idbury, we are glad to say, the two most beautiful sites in the village are occupied by the school and the Council cottages. Sir Alfred T. Davies, the third edition of whose *Cult of the Beautiful in the School* (Humphrey Milford, pp. 36 $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$, 1s.), has a good foreword by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, pleads that schools should have fine sites finely used. He reminds us that in France for a quarter of a century, the Governmental regulations for *écoles primaires élémentaires* have required that each school court shall contain not only a little garden but trees. No recollection of the present writer's years in Japan is pleasanter than that in so very many villages the best site was given to the elementary school. Sir Alfred pleads for more than fine sites. He asks for seats and flowers and a sundial, even bees! 'The master of the little country school in Powysland who added bee-keeping to the attractions of his school playground found it so potent a charm that his hive soon increased to

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six. And not only so, but those bees and their hives led in that school to the formation of a miniature joint-stock company among the boys—shares 6d. each ; to the keeping of proper accounts and the publication of an annual balance sheet ; and, last, to the distribution among the shareholders of a dividend at the rate of 208 per cent. on the capital invested !’

The Persistent Cyclist

THAT was an excellent story, told in Manchester the other month, about the veteran ex-editor of the ‘ Guardian ’, who, in his eighties, when his family has not its eye on him, still cycles. He had a slight accident one night and a policeman addressed him, ‘ Aren’t you connected with one of the papers ? ’ ‘ I am,’ was the reply. ‘ Well,’ said the constable ; ‘ you tell ’em they ought to be ashamed of themselves sending out an old man like you at this time of night.’ However things may be in the towns, we do not believe that the day of the cycle—possibly an improved cycle—is over in the country. Cycling—sitting erect on a good machine—remains the healthiest and cheapest recreation, and, with the revolution in road surfaces, a delight that riders of twenty years ago never dreamt of. Three quarters of a million cycles are made in Great Britain in a twelvemonth, and we are glad to think that all of them do not go to Africa.

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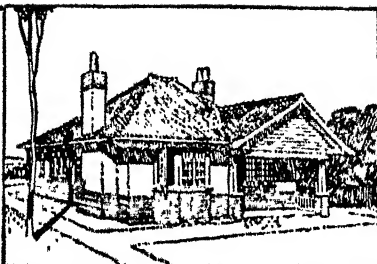
write),’ he says, ‘a most serious drought, which, apart from its threat to the farmers personally, may easily make a difference of tens of millions of pounds to the value of crops, meat, and milk produced in our country. These millions are a loss to the whole nation. A short crop may even put up world prices to some extent. Yet the B.B.C. announcer expresses regret that “the weather is becoming unsettled,” that “the fine weather may not last,” etc., instead of hoping that a threatened calamity may pass away.’

Our Relations with our Relations

SOME of us have been reading with profit a history of British civilization in two fat volumes. A piece of material for the next volume is surely those amazing photographs of companies of lions in the African wilds as much at ease with Colonel Maxwell as cats on a hearthrug. It is not only that the photographs class quite definitely vulgar gunmen with their heads and skins obtained by potshots from motor cars. Like the creation of a spacious new zoo out in the country and the passionate protests which have been made against the inhumanity with which so many of the great apes, nearest in intelligence and sensibility to mankind, are treated during their capture and their transport to Europe, they register an advance in imagination and fine feeling which must be counted to us for righteousness.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE AIRCRAFT.—We regret that the third article in this series—the first of which was written by the Hon. Nigel Norman and the second by Colonel the Master of Sempill—has not reached us in time for this issue owing to the absence of Captain de Havilland.

1928
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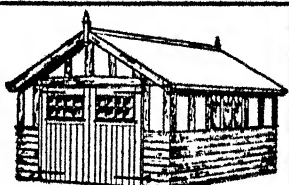


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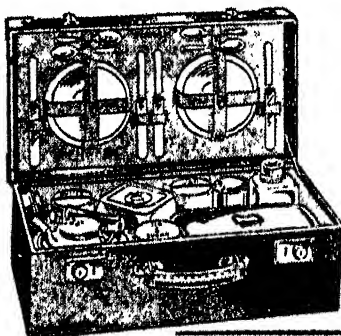
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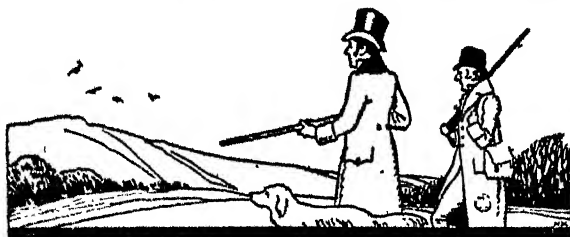
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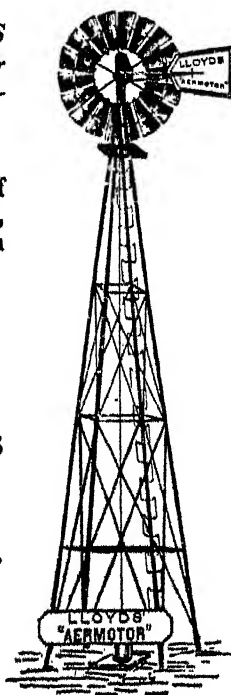
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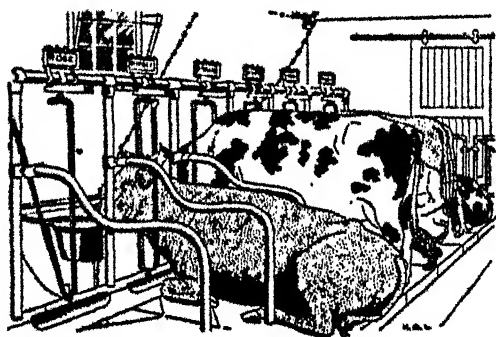
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List of Advertisers

BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS,

<i>etc.</i>	PAGE
BLACKIE	403
BUMPS, I. AND E.	397
CHAMBERS, W. R.	395
CONSTABLE	387
'DAILY CHRONICLE'	445
DANIEL COMPANY, C. W.	447
DRYAD PRESS	457
HOGARTH PRESS	401
JONATHAN CAPE	383
KING, P. S., AND SON	380
KNOFF, ALFRED A.	399
METHUEN AND CO.	385
'NEW YORK NATION'	474
NOEL DOUGLAS	395
'OBSERVER'	391
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS	397
'REVIEW OF REVIEWS'	474
SMITH, W. H., AND SON	401
SOLLUX PUBLISHING CO.	381
STAR PUBLISHING AGENCY	391
STOCKWELL, ARTHUR H.	459

BUILDING, FURNISHING, etc.

ACETYLENE CORPORATION	480
AKROGON CO.	435
BLOSS, C., AND SONS	459
BUOYANT CHAIR	371
GROVER AND CO.	417
HARRISON SMITH	403
HEAL AND SON	393
KINNELL, C. P., AND CO.	461
LIBERTY	375
MATHER AND PLATT	466
RUSSELL WORKSHOPS	429
SMITH AND WELLSTOOD	433
TILLEY LAMP CO.	470

EDUCATIONAL

AVONCROFT COLLEGE	464
BATTERSEA POLYTECHNIC	472
E.F.D.S.	464
HARPER ADAMS COLLEGE	464
HARSHALL ART SCHOOL	455
LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE	443
SHAFTESBURY HOMES	470

FARM & GARDEN

ALFA-LAVAL CO.	421
BEATTY BROS.	471
BEEF SUGAR FACTORIES	423
BRITON FERRY CHEMICAL CO.	468
BROMSGROVE GUILD	405
KELWAY AND SON	405
LLOYDS AND CO.	409
MESSINGER AND CO.	479

PARKER, WIMPER AND AITCHER	447
RUSSIAN OIL PRODUCTS	473
SUGAR BEET UNIONS	422
TERRY, HERBERT, AND SONS	451
TOWERS AND GRIFFITHS	451
WILMOT AND CO.	415

FINANCIAL

BARCLAYS BANK	413
FIRST CO-OPERATIVE TRUST	453
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE	407
LONDON AND LANCASHIRE INS. CO.	401
MAGNET BUILDING SOCIETY	409
PRESGOTT AND SONS	469
PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO.	315
WESTMINSTER BANK	411

FOOD & CLOTHING

ADRIEL SERRV	455
APRIN REED'S	COVER, PAGE 3
BRADFORD RIDING BREEDERS	477
COFFRATED'S	439
DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA	449
EDMONT BURNETT'S	457
LOTUS	373
ROWNTREE AND CO.	COVER, PAGE 1

GENERAL

BORNEO WIRELESS	411
CARRERAS	379
'COUNTRYMAN' DIRECTORIES	475
ENG'S FRUIT SALT	377
EVER READY	439
N.S.P.C.C.	401
NOTICES	459, 460, 477
PHILIPS RADIO	471
PLAYER'S CIGARETTES	455
RECKITT AND SONS	317
R.S.P.C.A.	441
SIRHAN PICNIC OUTFITS	465
SUNBEAM	367
SWIFT OF COUNTRY	365
THREE NINE	369
TUCKER, F. H., AND CO.	447
VAFER	405
'WANT' ADVERTISEMENTS, ETC.	477
WATERMAN'S	313

TRAVEL FACILITIES, HOTELS, etc.

BLUE STAR LINE	419
CRADY-DON	459
NIFFON YOKEN KAIRA	453
ORDNANCE SURVEY MAPS	393
P. AND O.	COVER, PAGE 1
RED STAR	417
SMEDLEY'S HYDRO	449

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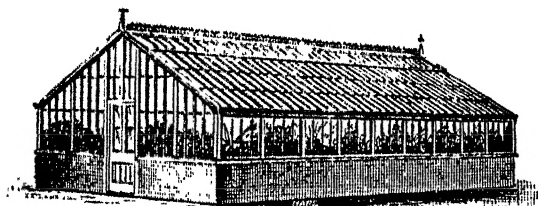
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Contents

	PAGE
AS ONE COUNTRYMAN TO ANOTHER.—The Agricultural Situation: Sixty-two Authorities' Views on What Can Be Done	406
AS IT SEEMS TO SOME OF US	446
ADVERTISING BOOKS IN A VILLAGE	396
ARE 'EXPERTS' EXPERT?	345
ARTS IN THE VILLAGE, THE—Music	400
BLACKMORE AND HIS TREES	360
BOOKS OF THE QUARTER—	382
BUILDING AND FITTING UP.—IV. Water Wheels	353
COLLECTOR, THE—IV. Chairs	346
COUNTRY CIRCUS, AT A, by E.K.	339
COUNTRY COUNSEL.—Gardener 'Man Servants'—Vaccination	378
COUNTRY PEOPLE	352
COUNTRY TALES	402
COUNTRYMAN ON HOLIDAY IN 1758, A, Part I	332
ELECTRICITY IN THE COUNTRY	359
FARMER'S NOTEBOOK, A	364
FARMERS AND WOODPIGEONS	368
FISHERMAN, THE—A Tailor and Big Flies, by Saltario	341
FOOTPATHS OPEN, HOW TO KEEP	355
FOR COUNTRYMEN AND COUNTRYWOMEN.—XI.	340
GARDEN, THE	404
HEALTH AND THE OPEN AIR.—Swedish Hard Bread	380
HERDWICKS, A DEAL IN	343
IS IT CHEAPER TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY OR IN LONDON?	317
LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION.—How to bring down the Cost of Building	366
MOTORING READERS' TALES	354
OTHER PEOPLE'S COUNTRYSIDES	358
PLANTING SEASON, THE—	372
POETRY.—1. Her Grateful Children 338 ;—2. God Knows—	404
POULTRY.—43 Per Cent. from Hens	370
RED ADMIRALS, A RIDDLE OF, by E.P.	361
RURAL AUTHORS.—IX. The Thresher-Poet	349
SWIMMING, THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR	357
TAIL CORN	362
TAKING TRAMPS INTO ONE'S HOUSE, by Frank Gray—	347
TORY PLAN FOR LAND NATIONALIZATION, A, by the Duke of Montrose	336
WHAT COUNTRY PEOPLE ARE READING.—VI. Sales in Ireland	398
WILD LIFE AND TAME.—The Hen and the Rat	342

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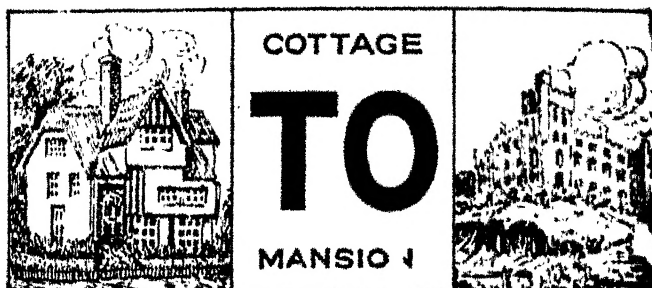
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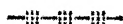
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